LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PZ3 Copyright No.

Shelf W168 Wi

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The Wife of Two Husbands

BY

MARIE WALSH

Author of

"HAZEL KIRKE," "SAINTS AND SINNERS,"

"For Love of Gold" &c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED.

CHICAGO:
MORRILL, HIGGINS & CO., PUBLISHERS.

IDYLWILD SERIES. Vol. I. No. 6, May 10, 1892. Issued weekly. Annual Subscription, $26,00.
Entered in the Postoffice at Chicago as second-class matter.

THEY DID NOT NOTICE HIS ENTRANCE. P. 99.

9

THE WIFE

OF

TWO HUSBANDS.

BY

MARIE WALSH.

AUTHOR OF "HAZEL KIRKE," "SAINTS AND SINNERS." "FOR LOVE OF GOLD," ETC.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
COPYRIGHT
MAY 2 1892
WASHINGTON.

15100 X

CHICAGO:
MORRILL, HIGGINS & CO.
1892.

PZ3
.W168Wi

1892.
COPYRIGHT
by
MARIE WALSH.
All rights reserved.

CONTENTS.

Chapter		Page
I.	Covet not thy neighbor's wife	7
II.	Dawn of a second love	17
III.	Over the plains	29
IV.	Wilson's assassination	36
V.	Friends in need	41
VI.	Coming events cast their shadows before	48
VII.	A Mormon wife's trial	61
VIII.	The three strangers	68
IX.	The escape	80
X.	The widow's infatuation	94
XI.	A mad marriage	108
XII.	Professor Hobart's mesmeric power	125
XIII.	Murder will out	137
XIV.	Ernest Van Tine's western home	150
XV.	The wife of two husbands	159
XVI.	Emma's journey to Utah	173
XVII.	A Mormon household	184
XVIII.	A Mormon convert	192

Chapter		Page
XIX.	Kate Vaughan's betrothal	209
XX.	The broken promise	220
XXI.	A Mormon father's fanaticism	237
XXII.	Baffled	249
XXIII.	Kate Vaughan's despair	265
XXIV.	Too late	278
XXV.	The midnight funeral	300
XXVI.	Emma's resolve	309
XXVII.	The missing links	321
XXVIII.	"They shall take who have the power."	332

THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

CHAPTER I.

COVET NOT THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE.

Dick Melton was a cool dare-devil by nature, and a born soldier; he belonged to the tiger order of men. He was tall, well-formed and was thought handsome by those who only look at the features and do not study the meaning of their expression. Character cannot be entirely hidden. A man cannot always wear a mask; at times a sudden expression will light up his countenance and betray some sinister thought to the keen observer.

Richard Melton's hair was light brown and he wore it cut close to a rather well-shaped head; his eyes were of that cold shade of blue-gray, in which, at times, a cruel flash may be detected; his nose was straight with the pinched nostrils, which disclose to the physiognomist the crafty nature of the man; the beauty of his mouth was marred by the sensual curve

of his lips. Still he was admired by many; but it was the admiration one would have for the good points of a horse.

Ernest Van Tine was the exact opposite of his friend. He was not quite as tall, but his figure had the easy grace of a gentleman. Perhaps he may have inherited his bearing, for he was better born than his friend, adverse fortune having compelled him to mingle with the honest, hard working middle class.

Ernest would probably not have been termed a handsome man, but he had a face that women, children and even the very dogs loved; it was a face that could be trusted. His eyes were blue, with an open, honest look in them which invited the confidence of all who approached him. His nose and mouth were large, though well shaped, the latter feature had a benevolent expression, and when he smiled his whole face became illumined as with a gleam of sunshine, while his white, even teeth showed through his heavy, dark brown moustache. His dark chestnut hair lay in clustering curls around a high, white brow. He was an honest, whole-souled man, one whose presence in the army, but especially among the men of his own regiment, wrought a good influence. All his comrades loved and esteemed him, while they disliked and even feared his friend, Dick Melton.

These two men, so unlike in appearance and character, had rather a romantic history. Ernest Van Tine's father had been a gentleman ruined by a commercial disaster. He had removed from Pittsburg to Chambersburg after his failure. The cottage in which Ernest Van Tine was born, was but a few feet distant from the one in which Dick Melton first saw the light of this world. These two boys were nearly of the same age and were brought up side by side, attending the same church and school.

When they arrived at manhood's mature years, they were both inspired with a tender passion for the same girl. Emma Church was one of the prettiest maidens in Chambersburg. Her father kept a small dry goods store in the town, where Emma assisted him; and a very pretty saleswoman she made. Many of the sterner sex walked far out of their way to buy a trifle at Church's store just for the pleasure of having pretty Emma Church wait upon them.

Prior to the breaking out of the war, Dick Melton had paid marked attention to the belle of Chambersburg, and his handsome person had made an impression on her heart. Love's young dream is more often fed by the imagination than by the real emotions of the heart, So it had come about that he had been Emma's accepted lover for more than two months before he enlisted in the 10th Artillery.

When Ernest Van Tine learned that his friend had

won the heart of the girl whom he also loved, he determined to conquer his passion, and, if possible, devote himself with greater zeal to his country.

Two months before the Battle of the Wilderness Dick Melton obtained a furlough and returned home. During his sojourn in Chambersburg, he prevailed upon Emma to become his wife. A week after his marriage, he rejoined his regiment as his leave of absence had expired. He returned in time to participate in the Battle of the Wilderness. The slaughter on that battle field, was perhaps never equalled in the world's history. Virginia had her soil deeply stained with the blood of friend and foe during those dreadful days.

Soon after the battle commenced the woods caught fire, and the forest, with its flaming trees, lighted up the field of carnage.

The scene was a realization of Dante's "Inferno." The "Blue" and the "Grey" mingling in a confused mass while the dying were consumed by the flames; even the helpless wounded were cremated. Those who were able staggered from tree to tree, putting out their hands in a dazed sort of way, for the smoke from the battle and the burning timber blinded them. These poor martyrs groaned aloud in their anguish, as their poor scorched hands fell helplessly to their sides. Human endurance succumbed to the inevitable, and many of these brave men reeled and fainted, overcome

by the intense heat of the flames and the torture of their undressed wounds.

One company of determined men tried to fight their way through the devouring element and reach a safe retreat about a mile distant; but they were overcome by the smoke and fell down suffocated, to be burned to a mass of human ashes.

The 10th Artillery, which had been held in reserve by General Burnside during the first day's fight, were stationed about half a mile from this terrible scene of carnage and suffering, and not far from the impromptu hospital which the surgeons had erected.

The only accident that occurred to the 10th, was from the explosion of a shell which tore the clothes from the back of one of the gunners. They watched the progress of the battle, and when the shower of iron rain fell most rapidly, they joked about their approaching end, or at the fate of some comrade as he was borne from the field. The finer feelings of men become blunted as they grow accustomed to such scenes of strife.

Towards noon on the first day of this great battle, Richard Melton suddenly turned to his friend and said: "Ernest, I don't think I shall answer our roll-call again."

"Why Dick, what do you mean?"

"That I have listened to my last reveille," replied the soldier, with a sigh.

"Cheer up, Dick," exclaimed Ernest, "we may both escape as we have done in many a hard fought battle before."

But Dick shook his head and said: "No, Ernest, I feel certain my hour has come."

"Nonsense, comrade, you feel depressed seeing so many brave men fall."

"No, Ernest, I have a presentiment that this is the last battle I shall fight."

"Upon my word, I am ashamed of you, Dick. I know we are in a pretty queer place, but I believe that my Heavenly Father will protect me as He has done all through the war."

"Ah, I wish I had your faith, Ernest," answered his friend, with a sigh.

"Come, cheer up, don't be downhearted. Why, man alive, where's your pluck?"

"It's not the want of pluck, my boy, for I am ready to do my duty; but when I think of Emma, and feel I may not live to see her again, I must confess that I feel miserable."

"Tut, tut, man, don't talk like that."

"I must, Ernest," replied Dick. "I want you to promise me that if I fall in this battle, and you escape, you will take a message to my wife."

"I will, Dick, though I hope you will live to be your own messenger," answered Ernest, as he

stretched his hand across the gun-carriage and grasped that of his comrade.

"Tell my wife, Ernest, when you return to Chambersburg that I died like a man, and she must not mourn for me. She is young and may have a long life before her; tell her to marry some good man, who will protect her and make her life pleasant. Don't forgot my words, Ernest."

"I will not, Dick. If I should be more fortunate than you in this battle, I will faithfully deliver your message."

"Thank you," replied his friend.

They had no time to say more. At this moment one of General Burnside's aids was seen to leave his side and ride rapidly towards Colonel Wentworth, who commanded the 10th. He brought an order for the regiment to move a short distance further up the road, so as to hold in check a Confederate battery which had just taken up a position on the opposite side of the wood.

The gallant 10th wheeled around, and in less than a quarter of an hour, had taken up its new position. As soon as the boys of the 3rd Virginia Artillery saw them they gave a wild howl, which was answered by a wilder one from the "Boys in Blue;" before the echo of their cheer had died away an artillery duel had begun.

Dick Melton's presentiment was realized; a por-

tion of his regiment was captured with their guns. Ernest Van Tine could never understand how it was that he escaped, but he found himself thrown violently backwards into the Union ranks just as he caught a glimpse of the gray uniforms in front, and with rare presence of mind, he turned caught hold of a gun-carriage, and thus saved himself from capture. All his endeavors to find his friend were made in vain. The woods were burning all around him, and amid the volumes of smoke and flame, he could not tell friend from foe. On the morning of the third day the cool courage of the Federal troops and their superior numbers enabled them to regain, in a measure, some of their lost ground, though it cost General Grant some of his best men. When the roll was called there were many absent from the ranks—they had gone to answer the roll-call beyond the borders of this world.

Immediately after the fight, the dead were buried and the wounded removed as speedly as possible. Ernest, having escaped unhurt, was one of the party detailed to remove the wounded. He was quite unmanned by the scenes of helpless suffering around him. Here he saw a poor Union soldier supporting a dying Confederate in his arms. The Northerner was holding his canteen to the Southern boy's lips and trying to comfort him in his agony. Some of the unfortunate wounded fellows begged not to be

moved; all they desired was a drink to quench their thirst.

One of the strangest sights that Earnest Van Tine witnessed that day was that of an officer of the Federal army, who held in his arms a boy of some eighteen summers. They were brothers. The youngest had been on a visit to their grand parents in Virginia when the war began and had joined his fortunes with the South. Tears were streaming down the Union soldier's face as he looked upon his dying brother—sons of the same mother. He thought of their innocent childhood, and of the mother who had taught them to lisp their first prayer, and of her agony when she would learn that her youngest son had died on the battle-field of the Wilderness.

Ernest shuddered when he thought of Dick Melton's premonition and remembered his message to his wife. He felt that he should indeed be compelled to send her the sad tidings of her husband's death. His only hope was that Dick had been captured by the Confederates when their company had made the last charge.

After Ernest had removed a number of the wounded and rendered all the assistance in his power, he joined a company of men who were engaged in burying the dead. He looked over their list, but as he did not find his friend's name there he began to feel

confident Dick had been captured and was on his way to Libby Prison.

The party had buried nearly a hundred men, and as they were returning through the field, they discovered three dead artillery-men belonging to Van Tine's regiment. They immediately recognized two of the bodies, but the third had his head entirely shot away, so that recognition was impossible. Ernest put his hand into the dead man's jacket pocket, and found a letter without an envelope. He shuddered, as he saw it was signed "Emma Melton."

"Comrades," exclaimed Ernest, "this is the body of poor Dick Melton; see, here is a letter from his wife."

Ere the sun had set over the battle-field of the Wilderness, that headless trunk had been consigned to a soldier's grave.

CHAPTER II.

DAWN OF A SECOND LOVE.

The war was over. Regiment after regiment returned home and were mustered out of service The day that the 10th Artillery returned to Chambersburg was an exciting one. The thinned ranks and tattered battle-flags spoke volumes to the sad hearts of all who had lost either father, brother, or husband. Those who did return were eagerly and warmly welcomed for their own sake, and on account of their dead comrades.

These war-stained veterans found their town sadly altered in many respects.

The marks of Early's Raid were apparent everywhere. The ruins of the burned buildings, the scorched and defaced homes they marched past, sent a sharp pang through many a brave man's heart as he gazed on the wreck of what had once been a home.

There are many of the inhabitants of Chambersburg who remember that July morning when they awoke from their slumbers and found the Confederates in possession of the town. The advance of the Confederate army, commanded by General Ewell,

on the 27th of June, stole down the Blue Ridge under the shadows of the night and entered the little city.

General Ewell had chosen his time to make this raid when he knew the Federal forces were employed elsewhere and when he believed the two great camps of Cameron and Curtin, outside of Harrisburg, were comparatively empty of troops. General Ewell cut the telegraph wires as soon as he entered the town, and placed sentinels near every avenue that led to the place, in order to prevent a surprise. This raid was made for the purpose of replenishing Southern supplies; they needed food and clothes of every description. Accordingly they entered all the stores offering Confederate money in payment for their purchases. Except in a few instances, however, the wretched shop-keepers told the men to help themselves.

Old Joe Church was one of the few who resisted the invaders; he refused to allow his goods to be taken. As his store contained a great many articles which the Confederates wanted, the poor, old man, owing to this resistance, was very roughly handled. Indeed, had it not been for his daughter's pleading, he would have been killed. She told the enemy to take what they wanted, but to spa e her father's life.

Before the General left Chambersburg, the town was fired, and the block on which Church's store was located was entirely destroyed. Joe Church at-

tempted to save the small remnant of his stock, and while thus engaged, he was struck by a falling beam and severely injured. In spite of all his daughter's tender care, he died in a few weeks after the raid, and Emma was left alone to fight the battle of life.

The beautiful young widow tried to bear her double bereavement as bravely as she could, but it was a hard struggle to toil for bread, day after day, with a heart overwhelmed by grief.

Emma sat in a poorly furnished room, in which every article was plain and old-fashioned, and yet there was an effort to give it an attractive air. On the snowy bureau cover stood a glass of water holding a bunch of roses. The only window was wide open, admitting the sunshine of a hot July day. The sound of many voices floated upwards on the air, the cheerful talk of the pedestrians, the merry laughter of children, the noise of the wagons and their drivers, to all of which the young widow paid apparently no heed.

The noise of her sewing-machine could be distinctly heard above that of the street, as Emma's swift fingers guided her work towards the needle.

She was so intent upon completing her task that she did not heed the excited cheers of the multitude until the sound of martial music made her suddenly start from her seat, exclaiming :

"It is the 10th." She went swiftly towards the

window and leaned out. Her slender, supple figure and beautiful face, as the sunbeams fell upon her, would have realized either a painter's dream or poet's fancy. Her features were of the Grecian type, her eyes were large and dark, and of that shade of blue-black which we so seldom find. Her plentiful dark brown hair was simply smoothed away from her temples and gathered in a knot at the back of her head. Her plain black dress was buttoned to the throat ; everything about her was unpretending in the extreme, and yet there was in her air and carriage a certain distinction not to be concealed by sordid surroundings.

Her large, serious eyes turned thoughtfully away from the window, and snatching up a black straw hat she passed swiftly from the room, down the stairs to the street below, just as her husband's old regiment turned the corner of the square and marched past the house.

That evening Ernest Van Tine called upon his friend's widow. Emma wept unrestrainedly as the past rose before her, and as she saw Ernest and thought of her young husband's sad fate, she felt inclined to murmur against the will of Providence. She listened to Van Tine's account of the battle in which her husband had lost his life, and received the message that he had brought from the dead. After the first out-

break of grief she mastered her emotions sufficiently to thank Ernest for his kind sympathy.

A few weeks after the return of her husband's regiment, she obtained a position as saleswoman in a dry goods store in the town. Her daily life was one of toil and weariness. She found her position in a stranger's employ entirely different from what it had been in her father's store, and at times she felt utterly miserable.

Ernest Van Tine had opened a blacksmith's shop in the vicinity of Foster & Co., where Emma was employed. At noon, on their way to dinner, he generally managed to meet the pretty little widow, and have a short conversation with her. If it rained, he invariably waited near the door of her place of business with an umbrella. Gradually his attentions became more marked. At first Emma felt she had no right to receive his addresses. Were not all her hopes buried in that distant grave in Virginia? After a time, in spite of herself, her thoughts would wander towards Ernest ; she was grateful to him for his many acts of kindness and his unobtrusive attentions. A month passed, and she longed for his presence, and counted the hours till her daily task was finished, and she was at liberty to take her evening walk, during which she was always sure to be overtaken by her lover. The image of her dead husband grew fainter

and fainter every day, and the past began to seem like a dream.

Once in a while she took herself severely to task for her inconstancy to the dead, to whose memory she had vowed to remain loyal. But Emma had to learn that the human heart is a mystery ; and that some of our best and noblest impulses, come to us after the first flush of impatient and unreasoning youth. She had believed in the theory that the heart could know only one perfect love, and she felt ashamed of herself when she began to realize that she loved Ernest Van Tine with a more perfect love than she had ever felt for Richard Melton.

The second love now dawning was a far holier and purer love than the other, for it was founded on sincere respect and admiration for the earnest, devoted man, whose only care in life seemed to be to contribute to her happiness.

The wooing progressed slowly and, but for an accident, Ernest might have continued to pay silent court to his dead friend's widow for a much longer period of time.

One quiet Sunday afternoon Emma thought she would take a short walk. She had felt ill at ease all day ; as usual, she had been fighting the battle within herself, trying to recall the virtues of the dead and not to dwell upon the happiness that was, she felt, within her grasp. Putting on a broad-brimmed hat,

WHAT IS THIS? P. 23.

she walked rapdily out of the town towards the valley of the Blue Ridge, crossed the bridge and wandered on to one of her favorite haunts—a little nook formed by a great craggy rock and a group of trees. The wood robins usually haunted this spot, but now it was strangely silent.

What is this? Something flung in a heap—a human form, a familiar garb, a face ghastly with pallor and blood; a face so well known to her that she reeled and uttered a wild shriek. Then her senses returned. She felt his pulse and found none. Help must be had. Oh, Heaven, grant it may not be too late!

She flew down the road to a house where she was well known and frightened the occupants by her pale face and startling story. Farmer Joyce and his son started for the place and a man was sent for Dr. Roberts.

They placed Ernest on a bed in Mrs. Joyce's best room, while she and Emma anxiously waited for the arrival of the physician. When Dr. Roberts examined him, he said: "He is not dead."

Emma exclaimed: "Thank God!"

"It is an ugly wound, and he must have bled considerably. It was a mercy you found him."

"That it was," said Farmer Joyce, as he entered the room. "You see he took Major Pratt's horse to try his hand at taming him and was thrown against the rocks. I tell you that beast should be shot; Van Tyne is the third man he has nearly killed."

"As I can testify," said the doctor. "There was Jack Hastings, who was laid up two months with a broken arm, and Ned Gibbons had just such a wound in the head as this poor fellow has. I had hard work to pull him through."

"I can't, for the life of me, think what makes the men so reckless. I suppose this chap thought because he had been in the army he could manage the brute," said the farmer.

"Doctor, do you think you can save him?"

"I think so, if Mrs. Melton will stay here and nurse him—we all know what a good nurse she is; besides, I could not undertake the case without a nurse."

Emma replied as calmly as she could that she would do all in her power.

"And I will give her all the help I can." said Mrs. Joyce.

Dr. Roberts took his departure, after giving a few directions, saying that he would call early in the morning. The good farmer left the room with the doctor. Mrs. Joyce looked at Emma compassionately and said: "Will you come down, or shall I send you up some hot tea? You look deathly yourself."

"Send me up something, if you please," was the tremulous answer. She wanted nothing but to be alone for a little while; her thoughts were in a strange whirl. She leaned over the unconscious man and looked at him with tender eyes in which could be read

the secret she had so carefully guarded, murmuring aloud: "Can it be that he is dead?"

Ernest was not dead yet; his blue eyes unclosed slowly at the sound of her voice and looked up into her face with an expression of deep tenderness, while his lips curved into a faint smile. For a moment he gazed at her as though taking a mute farewell, and then relapsed into unconsciousness.

"Oh, Ernest, Ernest, my darling!" wailed Emma, as she wept unrestrainedly.

For weeks the poor fellow hovered between life and death. They were terrible weeks for Emma, who rarely permitted anybody to do anything for the invalid save herself. Day and night she tended him, with the care and devotion which a woman gives only to the man she loves. Ernest had grown so thin and white that his recovery seemed almost impossible. He was a mere shadow of the strong, powerful man who was thrown on the rocks. It seemed strange that he should have gone unharmed through some of the most terrible battles of the war, to be brought so close to death through the trick of a vicious horse.

One night during his delirium, Ernest imagined himself again in the war in Virginia with Dick Melton. He raved of the awful Battle of the Wilderness and of Dick's message to his wife. Emma listened to him with a beating heart, which throbbed with joy when she heard him say: "Dick, I will take care of

Emma. I always loved her; yes, Dick, long before she became your wife."

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Emma. "Surely he will live."

She flung herself on her knees and breathed a fervent prayer to her Heavenly Father for Ernest's recovery and then sat beside the bed in an agony of suspense, listening to the clock as it struck hour after hour, straining every nerve to watch her patient and note the slightest change.

Dr. Roberts had told her that the next few hours would decide Earnest Van Tine's fate.

When the physician entered the sick room the next morning and felt the patient's pulse, he turned at once to Emma and said:

"He is out of danger; you have saved his life."

"Thank Heaven for all its mercy," replied Emma, solemnly, bowing her head.

The good doctor thought that Emma was deeply interested in his patient; but he was a wise man and made no comment.

From this time Ernest's recovery was slow but certain. He used silently to watch Emma as she moved about the room, anticipating all his wants and one day he said to her:

"I am deeply grateful to you; your care has saved my life. Emma, I shall be sorry that you did all this if you will not take care of yourself. You are beginning

to look thin and pale ; will you not go and lie down ? I can ring for Mrs. Joyce if I want anything."

"No, Ernest," answered Emma; "you are very kind, but I do not feel tired." She looked at the clock as she spoke and found it was time to give her patient his medicine, so she carefully poured out the drops and handed him the glass. Ernest took the medicine and, as he handed back the empty glass to Emma, he caught her hand and kissed it, exclaiming :

"You are a noble woman."

Emma felt the hot blood rush to her face and hastily left the room to avoid showing the agitation she felt. After she had gone, Ernest asked himself if he had offended her ; this sudden retreat from the room alarmed him. The event, however, only strengthened his determination to end as soon as possible his suspense. Besides, he feared that Emma might not understand the nature of his love ; she might believe it to be only gratitude for the life she had saved.

When Emma entered the apartment, after a few hours' rest, she made a charming picture for the sick man's eyes. She had changed her dark dress for a white one ; a dark crimson rose nestled at her throat, and a lovely soft flush was in her cheeks. Turning to Ernest, she asked :

"Shall I bring your supper ?"

"Not yet, if you please ; come and sit down beside me, I have something I wish to say to you."

She took a chair, drew it quietly beside him and waited to hear what he had to say.

"Emma, thanks to your care, I shall soon be well, and I am thinking of going out West to settle."

"You surprise me, Ernest."

"I have thought of going there ever since the war closed. It was on your account that I remained here so long."

"On my account?"

"Yes, Emma. Before the war, when both Dick and I courted you, and he was fortunate enough to win you, I tried to bear my disappointment bravely. Now that my friend is dead and you are alone, I may confess to you that I have loved you for years. I was afraid to ask you to be my wife sooner on account of that distant grave in Virginia. Emma, do not let a false kindness influence your answer, if you cannot honestly give me the love I covet."

Bravely she raised her flushed face to meet his anxious eyes.

"Why do you wrong yourself and me with such a thought? You have all the love that my heart can give; how much that is, I will prove to you when I am your wife."

With a low "Thank God!" he drew her close to his side, whispering: "My darling, my darling, I will try to make you happy!"

CHAPTER III.

OVER THE PLAINS.

When Ernest Van Tine's health was fully established, he married the beautiful young widow, and left Chambersburg for St. Louis, where they expected to join a party of friends and cross the plains.

The Pacific Railroad had not yet been built, and the journey across the continent was one of peril, for the Indians disputed the white man's right to share their soil. It was not until the year 1870 that the Pacific road was finished, and the isolated valleys and mountains brought into direct communication with the civilized world. The traveler of to-day cannot well understand the sufferings of the early settlers in the far West.

The newly-married couple were as happy as it was possible for two people to be. They lingered in St. Louis making preparations for the long journey they intended to make. At times, Ernest was almost sorry that he had brought his wife West. It had been the dream of his life to go to the great western country and build a home for himself. Now, however, he

began to feel that it would be wiser to remain in St. Louis, and not expose his wife to the hardships of life in a new and unsettled country. He said something of this to her one morning, after he had listened to the heart-rending story of the murder of a band of emigrants.

"Emma, if you would rather settle here, I will not go any farther West. I dread to expose you to the perils of such a life."

"I am braver than you suppose, Ernest; besides to save you from years of irksome toil, such as you would have to endure here, I would risk any danger."

"My darling, you cannot know how happy your words make me. It is worth all the suffering and misery, all the waiting and doubt of the past, to be able to look into the depths of your heart and find there such unselfish devotion. All other earthly joys sink into nothingness when compared with the bliss of such love as yours."

"I am happier than I have ever been in my life. I cannot think of enjoying anything without your presence. We shall be happy in our new home, Ernest, for we shall live for each other."

"God bless you, my wife, for your hopeful words. I was ready to abandon this enterprise; now I shall set about my preparations with renewed energy. I will go at once and call on one of the members of our

party; I should like to know when the train will leave St. Louis."

The week following this conversation the husband and wife had left St. Louis and were on their way to their new home, in company with more than a hundred emigrants. The train was composed of fifteen wagons, representing as many families, most of them young married people, anxious to better their condition in life.

Early in the spring of 1867, the train arrived at the west bank of the Missouri River, where it halted. Most of the men wore the homespun dress of the pioneer, though a few were clad in the buckskin suits adopted by the hunters and trappers of that region. Besides the rifles in their hands, more than half the company carried small-arms in their belts; and, to a man, their faces expressed a grim and fierce determination.

A few rods distant from the camp the wagons were ranged, some of them filled with supplies for the long journey, while others were loaded with sacks of grain and farming implements; near these wagons the horses and mules were picketed. The party rested here for two days and then continued on their way.

Ernest was pleased to see that his wife bore the journey without inconvenience. She appeared rather to enjoy the novel mode of travel; in fact, the first

month brought them but few hardships. The well-watered plains of Nebraska afforded abundant pasturage for the animals, and favorable camping-ground for the train. There were no hostile demonstrations on the part of the Indians ; while game abounded, and good rifles in the hands of the men who knew how to use them kept the camp well supplied with the meat of bear, deer and antelope.

It was the first of June when they reached the South Pass, a park or mountain valley, many thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here within three hundred yards of each other are two springs. One is the source of a little creek that flows eastward and joins itself with streams that become tributary to the Missouri River, finding thence an outlet by way the Gulf of Mexico. The other spring is the head waters of a rivulet that widens as the snow on the mountains continues to melt, and which, joined by the other rivulets in this region, swells until it becomes a river, and its waters, by many and divers channels, at length reach and mingle with the Pacific.

"Here," said Jack Wilson to his friend Van Tine, "we leave the East. We follow the waters of this stream whose course is towards the setting sun."

"Have you traveled this road before?" asked Van Tine.

"Yes ; two years ago I came out here with a party.

I wanted to see the country before I brought my family out here to settle."

"Do you believe that you will improve your condition by coming here?"

"I do, my friend; a man has a chance here to make the living that he cannot get in the overcrowded cities yonder. Besides, the land is cheap and crops are generally large."

"Well, I am glad to hear it," said Van Tine as he turned towards the wagon where his wife was resting. This lover-husband could not long be separated from the woman whom he loved so devotedly.

Beyond the South Pass, the train made excellent time. The weather was everything that could be desired, their animals were in good condition; and, as it was yet early in the season, there was no scarcity of water or grass. At a few points along the route, the Indians had shown some faint signs of hostility; but by the sagacious management of Jack Wilson, who had been a scout, all trouble was avoided.

It was about the middle of July when they reached the mountain passes west of the Green River. From Fort Bridger the train passed on toward Utah.

"O, Ernest, what a beautiful country these Mormons have chosen!" exclaimed his wife.

"It is as fair as a dream of the promised land, if it were not cursed by the presence of the Mormons."

"You are right, my friend," said Jack Wilson, who

overheard this speech. "I would as soon go among a pack of red devils as to fall into the hands of the Mormons."

"Are they so bad as that?"

"Worse than you ever dreamed of. I tell you polygamy is barbaric and degrading in its influence."

"Do you believe the stories we hear of the Danites?"

"Of course I do. I would not enter that city to stay overnight for the best ranch on the Pacific coast."

The train was now passing through Echo Canyon, a miniature Rhine Valley in all but the ruins of ancient castles. The only ruins in it, were those of the feeble fortifications which the Mormons had set up, when President Buchanan sent an armed force against them.

The train had now gone as far as the "Bench," as it is called, which overlooks the valley of the Jordan—the valley alike of Utah Lake and Great Salt Lake. It is a scene of great natural beauty. To the right, upon the plateau, lies Camp Douglass—the home of the soldiers, and a village in itself—holding guard over the town, and within easy range of the Tabernacle and Tithing-House. Right beneath, in an angle of the plain which stretches south to Utah Lake and west to Salt Lake, lies the city, which is regularly and handsomely laid out with many fine buildings; thick groves of trees and gardens of flowers give it a fairy-like aspect. The town is spread over the plain, and is

from five to ten miles in width, including the scattered farm-houses with their herds of cattle. No interior city of the continent lies in such a field of beauty, or possesses such rare, natural formation, or holds such guarantees of greatness, martial and social, as does Salt Lake City in the good time coming, when Mormonism shall have been extinguished.

Jack Wilson ordered the train to stop for the night at this spot. He intended to go with an armed party in the morning to obtain supplies, and would then leave Utah.

CHAPTER IV.

WILSON'S ASSASSINATION.

The next morning Wilson drove into Utah with three of his friends. They obtained the supplies they needed, packed them in the wagon and were about to drive back to their companions, when Wilson remembered that he had promised to purchase a bottle of whiskey for one of the men in the train, who was ill, and the party walked down the street and entered the first tavern they came to.

There they took a drink, in the meanwhile taking in their surroundings.

The tavern consisted of two rooms. The front one used as a bar-room, and the one adjoining as a sleeping apartment by the proprietor. The bar-room had two windows, one near the door. In the corner, by the windows at a table, sat a party of four men, one of them being taller and better-looking than his rough companions, whose appearance indicated they belonged to a low grade of society. The tall man observed Wilson critically. It was evident by the scowl that darkened his brow that the scout's appearance did not please him, for he remarked in a loud

tone of voice, intending that his words should be overheard:

"Tom, who is that pilgrim over there with red hair?"

"How do I know, Norris? Only what my eye-balls tell me, that he's got red hair."

"Do you think they have come here to stay?"

"How upon earth can I tell, Brother Norris?"

The man who had been addressed as Norris leaned over and whispered:

"They belong to the accursed Gentile race which we Danites have sworn to punish."

He then walked over to Wilson, looked at him from head to foot, and said:

"What's your name?"

"Plain Jack Wilson; what sort of a handle have you to yours?"

"I am known as Richard Norris."

"A Mormon, by your looks?"

"Yes; what have you to say against them?"

"Nothing, my friend, except that you must have a lively time with so many wives."

"See here, you must remember that you are in Utah; we don't allow anyone to speak disrespectfully of our religious belief."

"Indeed. You must be out of your senses if you think a free-born American is afraid to speak his mind about your infernal polygamy."

"You just let up on that style of talking!" shouted

Norris; "it's very plain that you're from the East. If you say another word, I'll chuck you out of that window there."

"What on earth has that window done that I should be chucked through it?" asked Wilson, calmly. Everybody present laughed. That was too much for the bully. With a snarl of rage, he sprang at Wilson's throat; but the scout, with a quick motion of his arm, had drawn his knife.

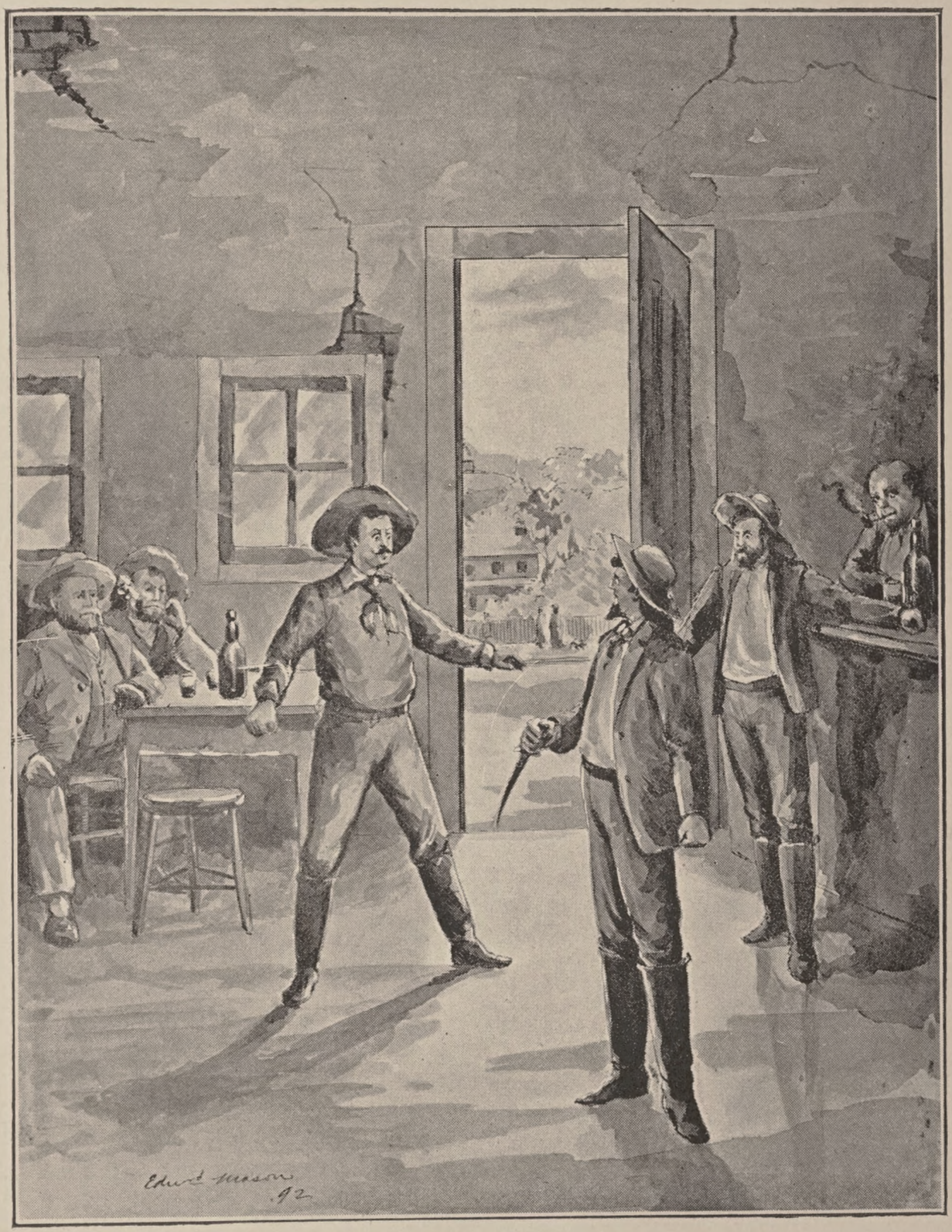
"So you can draw a knife, can you," shouted the Mormon. "That settles it. Get out of this room quicker than chain lightning, or you will go out with a hole through you." Norris put his hand to his belt but his revolver was not there. He reached his hand backward quickly. "Jim Wallace, give me your six," he cried, excitedly.

"Pshaw, Norris; let it go as a joke. If he did draw a knife on you, it was not a sign of war," said the Mormon fire-eater's friend.

"That don't make any difference; he drew it, and that's enough. Come, Wallace, be lively. I'll bore him through the left."

The man addressed as Wallace handed over his revolver, but at that moment Wilson said:

"I don't want to interrupt the performance, but I would like to remark that I did not come here to be shot at; and though I am a man of peace, I object to having my left lung tickled with lead. *I, too, carry a battery.*"



BUT THE SCOUT HAD DRAWN HIS KNIFE. P. 38.

The last words Wilson uttered emphatically, and putting his hands into his inside pockets, he drew out a pair of revolvers.

One deep breath from the crowd and all looked for a tragedy; but at that moment a dozen "Boys in Blue" from Camp Douglass entered the room.

"What's the row, landlord?" asked one of the soldiers.

"Only a little dispute between Mr. Norris and this gentleman."

"Which had better be settled without shooting-irons," said the corporal of the company. "If I am not mistaken, 'Uncle Sam' has a little account to settle with Mr. Norris and his Danites."

The leader of the Danites handed his friend back his revolver and walked coolly out of the tavern, followed by his Mormon comrades.

The corporal looked after them, exclaiming:

"Phew! he's a cool dog, but I don't trust him. He meant mischief, and if you'll take a friend's advice, you'll leave Utah at once, unless you want Norris and his 'Avenging Angels' to settle your account sooner than you like."

"You don't mean to say that these men murder whom they please?" asked Jack Wilson.

"Rather," replied the corporal, "and they do it so nicely that 'Uncle Sam' can't lay his hands on them."

"By Jove, this must be a nice place to live in!"

"The place is nice enough; but we think at Camp Douglass that we like the Indians to deal with us better than we do the Mormons. If you folks belong to that train yonder, you'd better get out of these parts as soon as possible."

Wilson thanked the officer and he and his friends entered the wagon and drove rapidly towards the train.

The shadows of night were falling over the earth before they left Utah. The travelers were all in good spirits. They hoped to reach Nevada, where they intended to settle, without accident or hardships. They went about three miles without seeing any one, when suddenly a party of armed men were discovered to be approaching. It was moonlight and the faces of the men could be seen distinctly. Ernest Van Tine exclaimed, as he caught sight of the leader of the party:

"In Heaven's name, who is that man who so much resembles Richard Melton?"

Jack Wilson answered him:

"That is the man I told you about meeting this morning. His name is Richard Norris. He is the leader of the Danites and the curse of the plains."

Just then Mrs. Van Tine uttered a wild shriek. Norris, as he had ridden past Wilson, had raised his revolver and fired twice; one of the bullets pierced the scout through the heart.

CHAPTER V.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

The echo of the Mormon's shots resounded through the valley and was heard by Lieutenant King, one of the officers of a regiment quartered at Fort Douglass He was riding down one of the roads that led to the valley, but he quickly turned his nervous, little bay horse around, and came loping up through the long prairie grass just as the assassin and his comrades disappeared in an opposite direction.

When the officer reached the train, Jack Wilson had been lifted out of his wagon and laid on the grass beneath a large chestnut tree. His son supported him in his arms and endeavored to pour some whiskey down his throat, but the dying man could not swallow the liquor.

By a supreme effort, the scout raised himself up a moment and tried to speak, but he could not articulate. He gasped for breath ; the death-rattle sounded in his throat, and an awful ghastliness overspread his countenance ; he fell back into his son's arms as his spirit departed for that unknown shore where the weary traveler finds rest from earthly cares.

The tears rained down George Wilson's manly face as he gazed on his father's stiffening form; for he was deeply attached to his brave parent.

The assassination of the scout had been so sudden that, for the moment, the occupants of the train were almost paralyzed, for they did not know what to make of the murderous attack. Mr. Wilson had been one of those honest, brave men, who are to be found as leaders in all new and dangerous enterprises.

The sudden assault and quick retreat of the Mormons prevented any of the emigrants following them. The men muttered oaths of vengeance as they looked upon the lifeless corpse of their leader; the women wept as they recalled Jack Wilson's many kindly traits of character.

When Lieutenant King rode up to the train, he asked one of the men "if he knew who the man was that fired the shot?"

"No, sir, I do not; but he looked like a man with whom Jack had some words this morning while we were in town."

'Could you identify the man?" demanded the young officer.

"No, sir. I could not swear that he was the Mormon with whom Jack quarreled in the tavern. There were two or three of them there, disputing about Mormonism, and their ring-leader would have shot Jack then, if he had been unarmed."

"I shall report the shooting of your friend at head-quarters. These Mormons ought to be punished, and if I had my way, I'd drive them out of the country. They are worse than the Indians, and it is a blot on our boasted civilization to allow men, who openly defy the law, to reside under the protection of our flag," said Lieutenant King, sternly.

At this moment Ernest Van Tine rushed up to the lieutenant, and laid his hand upon the horse's bridle, exclaiming: "My wife is shot."

"Have these miscreants murdered an unoffending woman in their thirst for revenge? I wish I had the power to exterminate every Mormon in the land," said Lieutenant King, hotly.

"My wife is not dead, but she is wounded in the arm. I fear the ball has shattered her elbow. Can you inform me where I can find a surgeon?"

"I believe you will find Dr. Hays at the Vaughan Farm. He generally rides over once a week to visit Mrs. Vaughan, who is an invalid. I shall be pleased to conduct you there, if you will accept of my escort," replied the kind-hearted soldier.

"I would gladly accept your kind offer, but my wife cannot be left alone," answered Ernest Van Tine, as he looked into Lieutenant King's blue eyes, with a perturbed expression.

"Then allow me to suggest that you drive your wagon over with your wife to the Vaughan Farm,

where, I can assure you, that you will be most hospitably received. They are a very nice English family."

"Thank you, sir; I shall gladly follow your advice. I will try to make Emma as comfortable as possible and join you at once," replied Ernest, gratefully.

Lieutenant King rode up to Ernest's wagon and was introduced to Emma, who lay on a mattress, with her arm bandaged, moaning with pain. The officer expressed his sympathy for Mrs. Van Tine's misfortune and then rode on ahead of the wagon.

A half hour's slow drive brought the party to the gate of the Vaughans.

Their conductor alighted from his horse, tied his bridle-rein to a tree, walked up the graveled path leading to the door and knocked loudly.

Kate Vaughan, a beautiful girl of sixteen summers, opened the door in response to his summons. The officer inquired if Dr. Hays were there.

"He is in the sitting-room talking to mother," answered the girl, blushing, as she felt the admiring eyes of the young lieutenant scrutinizing her countenance.

"Please tell him to step here a moment. I have a lady in that wagon who is dangerously wounded, and her husband is anxious that her arm should be attended to at once."

"Please tell the gentleman to bring his wife right

in here. Mother and I will do all we can for the poor woman. Who shot her?"

"Oh, a party of Mormons were shooting at the leader of a band of emigrants, with whom they had a quarrel, and one of the balls glanced off and lodged in Mrs. Van Tine's arm. Of course, they will swear it was not a Mormon outrage. Miss Kate, you know those would-be Saints are never supposed to err," said the young man, bitterly, as he went down the walk towards the wagon.

Kate ran into the house to communicate the news to her mother and Dr. Hays. The good physician immediately dashed out of the house and ran to the wagon to offer his professional aid to the wounded woman.

He and her husband lifted Emma out of the wagon and carried her into the farm-house sitting-room, where they laid her on the lounge. Mrs. Vaughan brought a pillow from an adjacent bedroom and placed it under her guest's head. Kate vied with her mother in her endeavors to make Emma comfortable as far as circumstances would permit.

Dr. Hays probed the wound and extracted the ball, which, fortunately, had not shattered the bone of the sufferer's left arm.

Ernest Van Tine was deeply grateful to the skillful surgeon, for he now knew his wife's wound would not result fatally, and, owing to the careful treatment, she

would not be deprived of the use of her arm in after life.

After Lieutenant King and Dr. Hays had taken their departure, Mrs. Vaughan said:

"Mr. Van Tine, I hope you and your wife will continue to be our guests."

"Thank you, Mrs. Vaughan; I shall be pleased to remain here on my wife's account until she is able to resume our journey," replied Ernest.

Emma looked up at her husband as she spoke, and gave him a bright smile, in spite of her pain. She realized how thoughtful he was of her comfort.

Kate Vaughan called to the hired man to take Mr. Van Tine's team to the stable, and then she escorted Emma to the guest-chamber.

Mrs. Vaughan, who is a handsome, middle aged woman, in spite of her ill health, finding herself alone, sobbed as if her heart would break. After some time had elapsed, her daughter opened the door softly and surprised her mother in the midst of her grief.

"O, mother! don't grieve so. You are killing yourself," said Kate, as she walked towards her.

"My darling, I cannot help it. My heart is breaking. Why did I ever leave my dear old English home to come to this accursed land?" cried the unhappy woman.

"We all thought we should be happier here, dear mother, so don't blame yourself for what you did for

the best," answered Kate, with a weary sigh, as she tried to hide the tears in her eyes.

"Did your father send us any message back by Joe?"

"No, dear mother, I questioned the boy. Joe saw father while he was in town; he was busy in his office, he said."

"Can this be the man I married twenty years ago?" cried Mrs. Vaughan, passionately, as the indignant blood dyed her cheeks.

"Kate, your father's whole nature has changed since he joined the Mormon church, and he has grown cold and indifferent to me since Alice Courtney's arrival. I fear the worse, my child."

"What do you mean, mother?" questioned Kate, turning pale with apprehension.

"That this woman will become a Mormon in order to be sealed unto him."

"No, no, dear mother. I beg of you not to allow such dreadful thoughts to enter your head," cried the young girl, flinging her arms around her mother's neck, as she burst into tears.

The mother and daughter remained clasped in each other's arm, grieving together as the shadows deepened on the hills, and the gathering storm of their lives was coming to banish peace and content forever from their hearth.

CHAPTER VI.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Tine had been Mrs. Vaughan's guests for two days, but as yet they had not seen the master of the house. Kate told Emma that her father was detained in Salt Lake City by important business. The real reason of her parent's absence Kate did not know, and she dreaded to think of her mother's suspicions being correct.

While Emma's wounded arm was healing under Dr. Hays' skillful treatment, her husband was called upon to appear at the inquest over Jack Wilson's body.

Lieutenant King had reported the assassination of the scout to his commanding officer, who had sent him to the civil authorities in Salt Lake City, with a request that they should inquire into the affair. The evidence failed to prove that Jack Wilson was murdered by the men with whom he had quarreled in the drinking saloon prior to his death, because not one of the witnesses had recognized the assassin.

The Mormons were very attentive to the little band of emigrants, and sent them a handsome coffin

for the body, by an undertaker, who prepared the scout's remains for the grave. A farmer who resided near the scene of the tragedy offered the dead victim's son a plot of ground to bury his father, and this was gratefully accepted.

It was the safest plan the Mormons could have adopted, to treat the little band of Gentiles with courtesy, especially when one of their number had brutally killed the Gentile leader. This has always been the policy of the "Saints," to show the best side of Mormonism to strangers. They cover crime, and will invariably justify their conduct by the preposterous claim that "they are doing God's work."

Jack Wilson was laid to rest on the hillside, and there was not a dry eye among his comrades as his coffin was lowered into the ground. His grave was marked by a pile of rocks firmly cemented together with clay. It was a fitting monument that his son had erected over his head. The rocks were more appropriate than a costly marble tombstone; they were fit emblems of the scout's own rugged nature.

During his life Jack had been one of the best known scouts in the Wild West. His deeds of daring and valor were well known on the other side of the Rockies, and few men had been more respected or feared by the Indians.

"Sleep well, fearless heart," were the heart-felt

words of Ernest Van Tine, as he turned gravely and sorrowfully from his friend's grave.

The day after the funeral the little band of travelers were to resume their sadly interrupted journey, and Ernest Van Tine returned to the Vaughan farm to make all the preparations that he could, to insure his wife's comfort.

Mrs. Vaughan and her daughter vied with each other in their generous hospitality to their invalid guest.

The last night Emma was to spend with them had arrived. She had retired earlier than usual, as she had to leave at sunrise the following morning to join the train. Her husband had been obliged to go with Mrs. Vaughan's hired man into Salt Lake City to have some medicine put up, also to purchase a heavy loose cloak for his wife; therefore, after Emma had bade them good-night, the mother and daughter were left alone in the sitting-room.

They were conversing quietly when they heard tho sound of carriage wheels, and a moment afterwards a loud rap on the front door resounded through the house. Kate took up a lighted lamp and hastened to open the door.

Her father, a fine-looking man of some fifty summers, entered and greeted her affectionately.

"I've brought a guest with me, Kate," said he.

"I am always pleased to entertain company,

father. I suppose Joe told you of the two strangers to whom we gave shelter."

"Yes, he did, and I am glad that you should prove to our Gentile friends that we Mormons can be good Christians. Please hold the light up so that Alice can see to walk up the path," said Mr. Vaughan, as he was about to return to the conveyance in which he had ridden out to his farm.

"Who is Alice?" questioned Kate, as she laid a detaining hand on her father's arm.

"Mrs. Courtney, child. She is a sort of cousin to your mother; in fact, she is a lady whom I have known for many years. She has only been in Utah a month, and as your mother is in such poor health I thought it would brighten her up a little to invite Alice to pay us a visit." Mr. Vaughan said this in an off-hand manner and walked briskly and jauntily down the walk to the front gate.

Kate stood holding the lamp high above her head, according to her father's injunction, at the head of the stoop. Her face, from which every particle of color had vanished, was a study. A presentiment of coming evil weighed heavily on her heart.

Mrs. Alice Courtney was escorted into the house by her host, who introduced her cordially to his white-faced daughter, and then she was shown into the sitting-room, where his invalid wife sat propped up by cushions in an easy-chair. She was whiter even than

Kate, but as the door opened she flushed hotly, and as her guest approached her, she tried to rise from her chair, but sank back faint and speechless.

"My dear, do you not remember your Cousin Alice?" asked her husband, suavely.

As the light fell on her face, Mrs. Courtney appeared to be a slight woman, of about thirty or thereabouts, though she was really forty years of age. She had a peculiar expression on her pale features, and her black eyes flashed as she saw the old repugnant look on the face of her hostess. She walked calmly over to the arm-chair where Mrs. Vaughan sat, and, kissing her, said in a low, musical voice :

"I am pleased, dear cousin, to see you again. I hope I don't intude ; I impulsively accepted your husband's invitation."

Mrs. Vaughan made no reply, but her daughter slipped forward and said :

"Mrs. Courtney, my mother is just recovering from a very severe illness ; therefore, you will, I am sure, understand perfectly that the least excitement upsets her greatly. Please come with me. I will escort you to your room, and do all I can to make you comfortable."

"Thanks, you are very kind. I shall be glad to retire, as I feel very much fatigued. Good-night, cousin ; I hope I shall find you in better spirits to-morrow."

'Don't you want some refreshment, Alice?" asked Mr. Vaughan.

"No, I thank you, George. We had an excellent supper before we left town, you know; it is not healthy to keep up our English habit of late suppers in this climate; at least, so I have been told. I want to retain my health, sir; for what is life without a robust constitution," said the unfeeling woman, with a curious intonation of her voice, as her black eyes snapped out a challenge to the poor invalid, who sat gazing at her with a stern expression on her pallid face, and bitter pain in her heart.

The sting of her guest's parting words still rankled in Mrs. Vaughan's gentle breast, as she raised her eyes to her husband's face, with a mute appeal for sympathy. George Vaughan turned his head aside, and walked towards the mantel-piece. He was ill at ease; perhaps, for a moment, he despised himself. He felt his wife's eyes were upon his face, searching into his very soul.

Her scrutiny apparently annoyed him, as he turned abruptly towards her and said, pettishly:

"Sarah, you acted very impolitely to Alice. What has the dear little woman done to offend you?"

"Why did you bring that woman here? You know I never liked her. I was willing to leave England on her account, so that her baneful presence

would no longer shadow my life," answered Mrs. Vaughan, passionately.

"Oh, I see you are still absurdly jealous of Alice;" and Mr. Vaughan smiled and shrugged his shoulders as he sat down and leaned back in his chair.

"If ever any woman had just cause for jealousy, I have. Was she not your first love? Did she not coolly throw you over for the rich Henry Courtney? She is a widow now, with very few worldly goods—so she comes to Utah to see her old lover. The next thing she will do will be to join the Mormon church. Pshaw! I have no respect for such women," said Mrs. Vaughan, bitterly.

"You are excited, Sarah, and hardly know what you are saying. Alice Courtney is a highly educated lady, a woman one seldom meets within this quarter of the world. She has been unfortunate; her husband died and left her with a very slender purse, and she has come to America to better her circumstances. She intends to enter some family as governess."

"Is Utah a place that any refined woman would voluntarily choose?" demanded Mrs. Vaughan.

"My dear, all women do not think as you do. We have some educated women among us, though I must confess they are outnumbered by the uneducated ones; therefore, Mrs. Courtney's presence is doubly welcome. I have invited her here to spend a couple of months with us. She can give Kate lessons in

French and music. You know you have always deplored our daughter's want of advantages in this out of the way place," said Mr. Vaughan, in a conciliatory tone of voice.

"I don't wish Kate to take any lessons from her in short, I don't want that woman under my roof. I know that her conduct broke her husband's heart. She acted disgracefully five years ago in England. You know how many scandals her name has been associated with. Aunt Milly would not allow her to cross her threshold, yet you bring her here as your invited guest, and bid me to receive her as a guest, to entertain her and ask her to become a governess to our innocent child. *George Vaughan, I am ashamed of you!*" cried Mrs. Vaughan, bursting into tears.

"Don't be a fool, Sarah. Alice is not yet a convert to Mormonism, and I could not make her my wife, unless she enters my church."

"I hope I am a fool, George, and that my place in your heart is not usurped by that woman."

"What infernal nonsense you are talking!"

He sprang angrily from his chair, and with his hands thrust into his trousers' pockets, strode rapidly backward and forward.

"Is it nonsense, George? Oh, prove it to me, and I will call myself a poor, deluded fool. I know that I am a wretched invalid, and that you have become tired of my ailments, and would feel happier if I were

gone. Have patience a little while; your release will soon come," pleaded the sick woman.

"Hush, Sarah, don't talk so. You know that is one of the chief beauties of our religion. We Mormons can always wed another wife; we do not have to wait until a sickly one dies; therefore, make your mind easy on that point. I do not wish for your death, in order to wed another."

"Do you mean to tell me, George Vaughan, that you intend to wed another woman while I live?" asked his wife, rising and walking unsteadily over to where her husband stood. She looked into his face with a fierce determination upon every feature of her noble countenance, as if she would read his most innermost thoughts.

"Most assuredly I shall wed another. It is the duty of every woman to give other wives to her husband even as Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham."

Mrs. Vaughan gazed at her husband with an agonized expression, her lips twitched convulsively, she put her hand over her heart as if she would still its wild throbbings, and then she slowly asked:

"George, do you believe plural marriage to be a divine commandment?"

"I am not a very profound theologian, and I have not the time to read the Book of Mormon over and over again as you do your Bible, but I believe that

Mormonism is a good, honest faith, and I am willing to abide by the tenets of the New Gospel."

"I am not. I cannot believe in a religion that enslaves women and makes men brutes. I would rather see my daughter in her grave than married to a Mormon. Sometimes, when I think of the humble English home we had before we came here, it drives me mad. You were then a poor man; but, oh! you were a thousand times more of a man than you are now. We had our little ones around us and were happy," said the unhappy woman, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"I regret the death of my boys as much as you do, Sarah, but I would not care to return to the life of toil that I had to endure in England," replied George Vaughan, emphatically.

His wife made no answer, but staggered back to her chair, where she fell among the cushions, white and exhausted.

"I have tried to define my position beyond the possibility of a doubt, and when I have found a woman whom I wish to make my wife, I intend to go through the Endowment House with or without your consent. I am frank enough to tell you the truth."

"You have cruelly deceived me, George Vaughan, for you swore when I consented to join the Mormon

church with you and to leave England, that while I lived you would not take another wife."

"I did not understand the oath I then took, and Brigham Young told me yesterday that it was a greater sin to keep such an oath than to break it. That it was my duty to take as many wives as I could maintain, and"—

He was speaking to an insensible woman. His wife had succumbed. She lay back in her chair apparently lifeless. Her husband was alarmed as he looked at her and softly called her name: "Sarah! Sarah! I have killed her." He swiftly opened the door and called to his daughter.

Kate came at once, looked at her mother and quietly set about restoring her, as she knew it was simply a dead faint and did not feel greatly alarmed.

"Leave me alone with mother, father, I understand her better than you do," said Kate, silently wiping away the tears of sympathy that ran down her cheeks as she looked at her mother.

The Mormon walked out of the room without a word just as his miserable wife opened her eyes.

"O, Kate, Kate, my darling, you are the only comfort I have left in the world," and the heart-broken woman threw her arms around her daughter's neck.

"Mother, dear mother. Try to calm yourself for my sake. What would I do without you! Come with me and let me help you to undress. We shall have to

sleep together to-night. I have given Mrs. Courtney my room as there was no other bedroom to put her in. You are too ill to sleep alone, and father will have to occupy the sofa-bed in here as we are so crowded."

Mrs. Vaughan yielded to her daughter's entreaties and retired. She was too much exhausted to say or do anything more, and soon fell into an uneasy slumber.

Kate sat beside her mother's bedside, feeling that henceforth her life would be but one continued scene of warfare, for she detested Mrs. Courtney. She had never liked her even as a child, and she dreaded this evil woman's influence over her father.

Ernest Van Tine returned soon after the two women had gone to bed, and met his host for the first time. He was glad to become acquainted with George Vaughan before his departure. They sat and smoked a couple of cigars together before they retired.

The next morning was one of those bright, clear days that are so enjoyable. The Vaughan household had risen early to see their guests off, but Kate had to apologize at the breakfast-table for her mother's absence.

Emma was introduced to Mrs. Courtney, and at once conceived an intense dislike to her—the reason of her unaccountable prejudice she could not define, even to herself—and it was with a sinking heart that

she took leave of gentle Mrs. Vaughan, and bade her beautiful daughter good-by.

Emma felt as if she would never see them again—as if some great avalanche of woe and despair were going to overwhelm them. Ah! if Emma Van Tine could have foreseen the future, she would not have had the courage to face her own fate.

She knew it not, but she was destined to meet the Vaughan family again. Kate Vaughan's destiny and her own were to be tangled together in such a web as fate alone could weave for them. Yes, they were to meet again, but providence mercifully kept the knowledge of the future unrevealed to both, as they bade each other an affectionate farewell.

CHAPTER VII.

A MORMON WIFE'S TRIAL.

Three months after Alice Courtney's arrival in Utah, she joined the Mormon church, and was sealed unto George Vaughan. Mrs. Vaughan did not submit to her lot without a fierce resistance that only yielded when she was convinced that nothing could ameliorate her terrible position as a Mormon wife, but she swore henceforth she would be a wife in name only. She felt that her husband was dead to her, and literally mourned for him with the greatest anguish, greater even than if she had stood over his coffin.

The day she parted from her husband, he was sealed to her rival, and the wretched woman lay all day mourning and bewailing her unhappy fate.

Alas! a loving woman suffers oftentimes far more keenly from a lost love than from any other affliction. Men seem to wound such hearts, as it were, for sheer amusement, thought this sorely troubled wife, as she murmured: "Oh, why did I ever trust this man?"

The next day, she arose, determined if possible to make a supreme effort to battle with her feelings, for her daughter's sake, and if possible, to find some

means to escape from Utah. She sent for Dr. Hays, feeling that she needed some strong counsel.

The good physician when he called was shocked to see the change which a few days had wrought in Mrs. Vaughan's appearance. She looked like a woman who had been stricken by some awful calamity. Her hair had become white—there were rigid lines about her mouth and under her eyes—she looked at least twenty years older. The hand which she extended to Dr. Hays, in greeting, trembled perceptibly. At first she spoke in a hoarse whisper.

"Doctor, I sent for you because I am in a great deal of trouble, and I have neither friends nor relatives in this country to advise me. I have lost my husband."

"My dear Madam, I am truly sorry to hear of your affliction. I was not aware that Mr. Vaughan was even ill," replied the physician, gravely.

"Doctor, you have misunderstood me. My husband is alive, but he is dead to me. He has married another woman."

"I deeply sympathize with you in your great trial. I have seen so much of this wretchedness in Mormon homes since our regiment has been stationed at Fort Douglass. I am astonished when I hear that a man so intelligent, as I know George Vaughan to be, is a polygamist."

"But what can I do? I have been asking myself

this question over and over again," questioned the poor woman, as she nervously clasped her hands and raised her eyes with such an imploring expression that their mute appeal touched Dr. Hays' heart even more than her words.

She did, indeed, have his deepest sympathy, as he had already told her, but he felt it would be cruel to deceive her with any false hope, and resolved to tell her the pitiless truth. His good judgment told him that it would wound her less to hear it from his lips than if she were to have the facts brutally told her by her Mormon husband.

He began by saying: "You have asked me a question that I really do not know how to answer. You might leave Utah."

That is my heartfelt wish. I desire to take my daughter away from the contaminating influences of Mormonism, and, if possible, to save her from my own unhappy fate," replied Mrs. Vaughan, with great tears in her eyes.

"My friend, I am sorry to inform you that you cannot leave Utah. You could not take your daughter with you, even if you went yourself."

"Why, Doctor, what do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Vaughan, in deep perplexity.

"That under the accursed laws of this territory, you cannot take your child away from her father."

Mrs. Vaughan uttered a faint cry and all the color

faded from her face as she pressed a trembling hand over her heart.

"My dear Mrs. Vaughan, I am very much afraid you have not drained this cup to its bitterest dregs yet. You are an invalid and unable to fight with poverty, and Kate is too young to become a successful bread-winner for you. The child could hardly earn enough in a store, or at any other employment, to keep body and soul together; therefore, I would not advise you to leave your husband, even if you could."

"Could I not compel him to provide for us?"

"No, Madam. Under the laws of Utah, a wife has no right of dower, consequently, when she displeases her husband, he can sell the house in which she lives or deed it to a plural wife, and turn her into the street."

"Doctor, then I am helpless," said Mrs. Vaughan, as she burst into tears.

"Entirely at the mercy of your husband."

"Oh, that I should have lived to endure this outrage!" exclaimed the injured woman. "I have been this man's faithful wife twenty years. I have cheerfully endured poverty with him, shared his burdens, and given up my relatives in England to follow his fortunes here—for what? I am shattered in health, and a premature old woman—he deserts me for a woman who has always been, I might say, the curse of my married life."

"Was Mr. Vaughan acquainted with this lady, whom he has just married, in England?" asked Dr. Hays.

"Yes. Alice Courtney was an old sweetheart of my husband. At one time they were engaged to be married, but Alice jilted my husband for the wealthy Henry Courtney. She treated him with absolute indifference, squandered his money, and finally drove her husband to despair by her conduct. She is a woman without a particle of real refinement, though exceedingly fascinating in her manners. She knew her presence was utterly distasteful to me, but, nevertheless, made herself a frequent guest at my house. My husband dined regularly twice a week with Mr. and Mrs. Courtney for years; in fact, she poisoned my domestic happiness to such a degree that on her account I was glad to leave England, especially as I knew her behavior had been severely commented upon by our friends, to whom I was an object of pity.

"Henry Courtney finally committed suicide two years ago and left his widow with very limited means. This is the reason why she came to Utah and joined the Mormon church, because she desired to be sealed unto her former lover," said Mrs. Vaughan, bitterly, as the indignant blood crimsoned her cheeks.

"You have given me a sorry history of your past, and, believe me, my heart bleeds for you. As an American citizen I blush to think we should ever have

allowed Mormonism to take root and flourish in our soil. We used to abuse slavery, but there is no form of servitude so vile as that which the women of this territory suffer from. I cannot understand the apathy with which Americans regard Mormonism. I suppose the horrors of the system do not violently appeal to the voting portion of the community. I do most certainly know that the outside world's knowledge of Mormon life and character falls far short of the truth," said Dr. Hays, gloomily.

Miss Vaughan came in the room just as this painful conversation was ended. The surgeon arose, shook hands with his patient and walked out of the chamber, followed by Kate, who was anxious to speak to him.

"I was very much alarmed about my mother, last night, Doctor!"

"I am very sorry, Kate, that both of you are in so much trouble, but, my child, put your trust in God and endeavor to bear your burden. I have left some medicine on the table, with written directions how to administer it, and I will drive over to-morrow with my wife to see your mother."

"Thank you, Doctor." Kate could hardly speak. It was as much as she could do to keep from sobbing outright, so she hastily turned and walked down the pathway leading to the gate. The doctor shook hands with her there, warmly, and said to her:

"If you see any change in your mother, send for me, my child. She has had a great shock, which, in her weak condition, may lead to fatal results."

"O, Doctor, what do you fear?" asked the startled girl in alarm.

"Insanity," was his laconic reply, as he sprang upon his horse and rode swiftly out of sight.

Kate did not move; she stood, with a horror-stricken face, looking after the physician's fast retreating figure. Her hands were clenched as she unconsciously prayed aloud:

"O, Merciful Father, spare my mother her reason!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE THREE STRANGERS.

Before the door of the Ballo d'Oro Hotel, in the City of Los Angeles, was standing the Los Angeles and Yuma coach. It was a heavily-built affair, drawn by a splendid team of six mules. The body of the stage was swung on heavy leather underbraces, and had the thick "perches jacks" and brakes belonging to such a vehicle. It had a large leather boot behind, and another at the driver's foot-board. The coach was intended to seat twenty-one passengers—the driver and two men beside him, twelve inside, and six on top.

Charley Davis, the driver, stood by the door of the stage, shouting "all aboard" at the top of his voice. He was a tall, powerful, well-built man, with broad shoulders, an honest, open countenance, dark gray eyes that lighted up a face which otherwise would have been a plain one. This man was known all over the plains as "Honest Charley," and he deserved the name—for he believed in fair play. Brave to a fault, he had brought his stage safely through several attacks made on it by the bandits of the plains.

On the occasion of the first attack he had seized

his reins and driven his team through the ranks of the robbers, escaping with his passengers and mail, and reaching Greely Station in safety. One of the most terrible raids was made by the Sioux Indians. This assault was successfully repelled, although two mules were killed. Again the bandits lay in ambush for the coach, knowing that it contained several commercial travelers. This time a Mr. King, of San Francisco, was killed, and a fellow-traveler shot through the shoulder.

After this stormy period, "Davis' Coach," as it was called, was fitted up as a treasure coach, and naturally became an object of renewed interest to the robbers. Owing, however, to a strong force of what was known as "shot-gun messengers," who accompanied the stage, it was a long time before the bandits accomplished their purpose. They were old fighters, and the shrewdness of one party offset that of the other. The bandits dug a large ditch, covered it with sticks and dry leaves, and, hiding themselves behind the trees, awaited the approaching coach, which was due about midnight. The plot was a successful one. The robbers fired into the coach, killing several of the passengers and capturing the outfit, which amounted to some sixty thousand dollars. However, Davis prevailed upon them to let him proceed on his way, thus saving the stage and several of the passengers.

After this Davis secured the coach, and ran it between Los Angeles and Yuma on his own account. We now meet him, standing before the only respectable hotel in Los Angeles, in 1866.

He again called "all aboard" somewhat impatiently. Several passengers responded to his call. First came two miners, bound homeward, with leather bags well filled with California gold dust. A tall, dignified army officer was the next passenger who entered the coach. He was the paymaster of the Artillery Company stationed at Fort Yuma, whither he was now going to pay off the men. He carried the funds in a bag slung over his left shoulder in order to leave his arms free to protect the treasure. Next came three men who had been known about the hotel as the "Three Strangers." They appeared quiet enough, but they had that unmistakable air about them of people who were playing a part. They had spent several weeks at the Ballo d' Oro, were always together, and appeared upon familiar terms, addressing each other as Hank, Scotty and Joe. They spoke to no one else, visited nowhere, and seemed to be strangers in Los Angeles. Their quiet, silent habits attracted attention, and as they were not known, they had acquired, both in and out of the hotel, the above sobriquet of "The Three Strangers."

Hank was a tall man, with regular features, dark hair and eyes, and would have been handsome but for

the cruel expression of his mouth. He was rather reserved, seldom speaking unless he was directly addressed. He might have been termed the gentleman of the trio.

Scotty was his direct opposite. He was not more than five feet seven in height, but very straight. In disposition he appeared to be rather cheerful, for he had a merry twinkle in his blue eyes; his complexion was fair, and upon the whole he was a fine-looking man.

Joe was decidedly ugly. His face was deeply pitted with small-pox scars; the sight of one of his eyes was totally gone, destroyed by the same foul disease. His features were coarse, and the expression of his face forbidding, and he seldom spoke; in fact, he appeared always to have his mouth filled with tobacco. He certainly was not an agreeable companion; yet he seemed to find favor in the eyes of Hank and Scotty. A nervous or sensitive person would have instinctively shrunk from close companionship with these three unknown men.

Scotty winked at Hank as he glanced at the treasure chest, and gave a keen look at the paymaster's bag, as much as to say that the prizes which they had waited for were within their reach.

The last two passengers who entered the coach were an elderly gentleman and his handsome young wife. The gentleman was a rich Californian, who was an extensive owner in a number of mines, and was on

his way to look after business connected with them, and he also intended to visit an old friend, who resided in that part of the country. He was a quiet, dignified man, with graceful manners and a good, kindly face, which was framed in by locks as white as the newly-fallen snow. Dark and brilliant eyes made his face a decidedly handsome one. His wife was one of the most beautiful women to be met with anywhere; any man of taste would have stopped to admire that perfect face, just as he would have stopped to admire a fine and beautiful picture. The outline of her face was a pure oval, and her features, small but beautifully moulded, were lighted by large, dark, lustrous eyes. This perfect face was crowned by hair the shade of burnished gold—the shade for which Rubens is so famous—and fell in curls over a lovely neck and shoulders. Her figure was small, but of the most perfect proportions.

The lady attracted the attention of all the other passengers when she entered the coach. Her husband made her as comfortable as possible, and then settled himself in a corner of the coach to take a much-needed nap.

The driver mounted his seat, and, at the crack of his whip, the mules started the lumbering coach down the main street. In a short time they had reached the outskirts of the town, passed the "Old Limestone" edifice and the orange groves of ex-Governor Pio

Pico, on the road, and had reached the alkali desert that separates San Bonaventure from the Yuma River. In the old staging days they were obliged to pass through the Big Desert—which is forty miles in extent—without a single tree to break the monotony of the scene; like some of the dry, barren plains that lead up to the Rocky Mountains on the east.

In passing through this region the traveler finds it hard to imagine what its use can be, unless, possibly, it is to teach him patience, or, more probably, to hold the globe together, and to keep close locked in its mountain ranges the rich mineral treasures which the world does not need, or is not ready to use. It is indeed a dreary desert, without water, or vegetation —save the stunted sage bush. The blinding alkali dust does not add to the attractiveness of the region.

No living thing could be seen as the stage drove on, and an occasional crack of the driver's whip and his startling yells to his mules were the only sounds that could be heard. Almost primeval silence reigned, and one might have fancied one's self to be traveling on some burned-out planet instead of our beautiful world.

The half-way station was known as "The New River," so called because a river had sprung up in this arid plain in a night. This discovery had been made by a party of emigrants from Texas, bound for Cali-

fornia, who, after leaving the Colorado River, expected to find no fresh water until they reached San Bonaventure Creek. Imagine their joy, when they were about to encamp for the night, to find a beautiful clear stream of water instead of the dry creek which was known to exist in the vicinity. A United States surveying party reported the facts in Washington, and it was thought that this stream was the subterranean outlet of one of the tributaries of the Colorado.

Davis stopped at the half-way station for breakfast, which consisted of bacon and biscuits, washed down with black coffee. Soon the welcome sound of "all aboard" was heard again, and the passengers hurried into the coach.

As the three unknown men were about to enter the stage, Joe remarked in an undertone to Scotty :

"If resistance is made, all except the woman must die."

The three men evidently meant mischief. Joe was about to take the box-seat next to the driver. He had paid extra for it, and his name was on the way-bill, but until now he had preferred to ride inside. Charley Davis eyed Joe from head to foot when he claimed his seat :

"You'd better charter the whole shebang. Look yar, do you reckon I'm going to spoil my temper by sitting next to a man with a game eye?'

A PARTY OF HORSEMEN WERE RIDING TOWARDS THEM. P. 75.

"I paid my money and I'm entitled to this seat," replied Joe, with a scowl.

"Mebbe you are, in the office of the company," growled Davis, "but it's time some folks knowed that out in the plains I run this team myself."

Joe looked the vengeance he felt, and said:

"Scotty, perhaps your company would suit him better."

"Hold your hosses. I'll take him in your place; and I reckon he and I can smoke a cigar together without any assistance from you. So get up here, stranger, if I'm goin' to have the pleasure of your company."

Scotty smiled and mounted the seat beside Davis, and in five minutes' time they were the best of friends. The coach went along at a rapid pace, and no incident occurred until the afternoon, when a cloud of dust was seen to rise in the direction of the Yuma River, and before long it was discovered that a party of horsemen were riding towards them.

"Thunderation!" exclaimed Davis, pointing to the horsemen, who now rode up and surrounded the coach.

One of the party, who wore his hair long and had a broad white hat pulled down over his forehead and who appeared to be the leader of the gang, cried: "Halt."

Davis was about to make an attempt to drive through and take his chances, when he was surprised

by Scotty, who held a revolver to his head, and said, coolly: "Surrender."

"Trapped, by Jupiter," cried Davis, as he pulled up his team, crossed one leg over the other, and awaited the result.

The leader of the robbers—for such they were—as well as the rest of the band, wore black silk masks. The leader called to Davis.

"Throw down your reins; hold up your hands."

"Wait a moment, stranger; I would like to have my passengers vote on the subject. If they say fight, wal, fight it is."

Scotty whispered to Davis:

"Don't be a fool. I shall have to blow out your brains if you don't surrender, and I don't want to do that."

"Ah, I forgot; you are one of them. You looked like an honest man. I suppose the game is up. I submit," and he let the reins fall and folded his arms again, feeling that he was powerless to contend against such an armed force.

The leader approached the coach and said:

"My friends, I will just give you two minutes to make up your minds whether you will quietly yield, or whether you will fight. If the former step is taken, lay down your arms and your lives will be spared; if not, take the consequences. You had better throw up your hands."

A hasty consultation was held within the coach. Madam Velasquez, the rich Californian's wife cried:

"Yield ; let them take everything but our lives !"

"Never !" exclaimed the paymaster, who had eighteen thousand dollars upon his person. The two Mexicans, when appealed to, only answered, "*quien sabe !*" They seemed quite dazed by the suddenness of the attack. The old paymaster raised his pistol and said to the others :

"I'll shoot the leader. You had better all open fire on the band at once."

As he was about to fire Joe knocked the pistol out of his hand, and Hank tried to seize Señor Velasquez's pistol, which was discharged in the struggle. The robbers, thinking that resistance had been offered, rushed to the aid of their friends in the coach, and, firing upon the passengers, killed outright the two Mexican miners, the paymaster and Señor Velasquez. Charley Davis jumped down when he heard the firing, but was quickly disarmed by Scotty and tied to one of the wheels of the coach for safety. Madam Velasquez, who had fainted at the commencement of the attack, was taken out of the coach by one of the band and carried some distance, and a shelter raised over her head, to protect her from the murderous rays of the sun. The mules were unharmed.

The beauty of this lady must have made a deep impression upon the bandit, for he stood looking down upon her beautiful face, lost in admiration. After a

moment he roused himself, with an effort, and tried to revive his captive.

In the meantime the rest of the band had broken open the treasure chest, and rifled it of its valuable contents. The bodies of the dead were also examined and all their valuables taken possession of; the band then dragged their victims some distance from the scene of the assault and left them unburied, first placing a few Indian trinkets and a broken tomahawk stained with blood beside them. By this means they hoped to give the impression to any traveler passing that way that it was the work of the "red devils." These precautions were hardly necessary, for the vultures, when they sniffed the air, would soon be on the spot and devour the unburied dead—the unfortunate victims of the stage-coach murder. The little bit of earth that the robbers grudged the dead did not make any difference; their earthly joys and sorrows were over.

The leader of the band now asked what should be done with the survivors. The robbers voted death; but Scotty said:

"I vote to let Charley Davis go. All the boys have given him his liberty whenever he has been captured before; and it hasn't been often that we have caged him." Joe wanted to lynch him on the spot; he had not forgotten that Davis had shown his dislike for him that morning. Scotty's argument prevailed, however, and it was resolved to make Davis

take a fearful oath, which he very coolly did. Scotty then gave him a small sum of money and a mule ; and Charley Davis, with a sad heart, took a farewell look at the old coach which he had driven in sunshine and storm for so many years. Turning his face toward Los Angeles, he set out on his homeward journey.

The bandit who had taken Madam Velasquez under his protection pleaded so hard for her life, that the band granted his request ; particularly, as he was willing to give up his share of the spoil for the sake of the fair prisoner's safety.

The band then started northwest, richer by thirty thousand dollars. Madam Velasquez rode between the captain and his lieutenant, to whom she owed her life.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE.

It was dark when the band arrived with their spoils and their captive at a mountain cave which was evidently their lair, and where they had tolerably comfortably quarters. Wine and food were set before Madam Velasquez. Of the latter she did not partake ; she could only drink a little wine. Her heart was sad ; she had lost her best friend. Her husband, though a great deal older than herself, had always been kind and affectionate, and she was terribly shocked by his tragic death.

The leader of the band called Pepita, a beautiful Mexican girl, to take their captive to the room prepared for her. He made a sign to Pepita, which she answered by a few rapid motions of her fingers. Madam Velasquez gazed at the girl, who, she could readily see, was a mute, with eyes full of pity ; turning to the chief, who was about to leave her with Pepita, she said :

"Will you kindly tell me, Señor, what my fate is to be?"

Matteo looked with surprise and admiration on his

prisoner, who could so calmly ask him such a question. He answered :

"Señora, the band will decide that question this evening. I would gladly give you your liberty at once ; but I cannot do so without the consent of my followers."

"Tell your band," the lady replied, "to name the amount of my ransom and I will write an order to my bankers in San Francisco to forward you the amount, or to give it to your messenger if you will send one with a letter."

"I will tell the band to name your ransom, Madam. Show the Señora every attention," he said to the poor girl in the language which she could comprehend. Pepita nodded her head as if she understood, and Matteo, bowing politely to Madam Velasquez, entered another recess within the cave.

Pepita made a sign to Madam Velasquez to follow her to a small, comfortably furnished chamber, but its grated window gave it the look of a cell, which, in fact, it was. Pepita then arranged the bed and placed a small lighted lamp on the table, bowed respectfully and left the apartment. As soon as the door had closed on the girl, Madam made her way to it and found it locked. She threw herself on the bed and covered her face with her hands.

"In a prison cell," she moaned, "and my husband dead there out on the plain. O, my husband, my

husband, can you look down and see your wife in her despair?" Poor woman. She was not the first to ask that despairing question, which will never be answered on this side of the grave. At last sleep came to her weary eyelids—the deep sleep of exhaustion.

The band were gathered around a well-spread board in the largest apartment that the cave boasted. The wine flowed freely, and the bandits were evidently enjoying their rude supper. Pepita silently waited on the chief; the rest of the party helped themselves. They were a strange-looking set of men, seen by the light of the two lamps which burned on the table and cast its rays on their faces. A rough, coarse gang of outlaws they looked, with the exception of Matteo, the leader, who was a handsome Mexican, and his lieutenant, who looked like an American army officer—his erect, soldier-like bearing gave that impression. He would have been an extremely handsome man, but for a sabre cut across his left cheek.

Matteo said to his lieutenant: "Norris, our fair prisoner wants us to name her ransom. She is in a measure your property, being your share of the spoil; how much shall it be?"

"I do not know, Captain. Is she rich?"

"She is now one of the richest widows in California, thanks to the bullet that sent Señor Velasquez into the other world," replied Matteo, with a cruel smile.

"And one of the most beautiful women in the world," exclaimed Norris, enthusiastically.

"Ah, I see you have good taste, my friend. How would you like to marry the charming widow?"

"I should be delighted."

"Well, suppose we let you have the lady and half her fortune; the other half to be divided with the band?"

"The Señora will never consent. I am a stranger, and"—

"She might object to your profession, eh?"

"Without doubt, my Captain," calmly replied the lieutenant.

"We will hear what the lady says to-morrow. I shall recommend you to her. We all know that Americans make the best husbands in the world," replied Matteo.

He filled his glass and gave the toast:

"Success to our enterprise."

The next morning the door of Madam Velasquez's cell slowly opened and Pepita entered with a tray containing black coffee and bread. She set the tray on a stand near the bed, and was turning away when Madam Velasquez detained her:

"Tell your master I want to see him," she said.

Pepita shook her head and slowly left the room.

Madam Velasquez then recollected that the girl was a mute, and did not, therefore, understand her.

The breakfast was not tempting. She threw herself back on the bed and wept until the fountain of her tears seemed dry.

At noon another meal was brought to her, but she could not touch the food. After a time, by the shadows which lengthened in the room, she knew that the night had come; and kneeling down by her iron cot she prayed, as she had done through all her pure life, before retiring; prayed for protection and pity. Then she lay down on her cot, and, in spite of her trouble, fell asleep.

It was morning when she awoke. Some one had entered her cell and brought her a second breakfast of coffee and bread. She was weak and faint, and she tried to eat a morsel of the food, but it was impossible to do so. At last she sat down and began to count the moments.

By this time the unhappy woman was almost insane. Faint and weak from want of proper nourishment, and also from the intense excitement of the last few days, she crouched in a corner of the cell, her white hands folded listlessly, trying to face the horrors of the situation. On the third day of her imprisonment, while she was sitting thus, Matteo entered the cell.

"I am sorry, Madam," said he, with a wicked smile on his sinister face, "that business of importance pre-

vented me from calling on you sooner. The band, my dear lady, will not accept a ransom."

Madam Velasquez looked at him with blazing eyes. Weak and worn, though she was, the old spirit still lived.

"Not accept a ransom, Señor?" she questioned.

"No, Madam; you see my lieutenant, Dick Norris saved your life and he claims you."

"Claims me!" exclaimed Madam Velasquez, her eyes dilating with horror.

"Yes, Madam; he wishes to marry you. I can assure you that your beauty has made a deep impression upon his heart."

"Señor, how dare you utter such words to me! You murdered my poor husband and now you ask me to wed one of his murderers! Father in Heaven! was ever such infamy heaped upon a poor woman?"

"Come, come, Madam, do not let your angry passions rise," coolly responded Matteo. "Remember that you are in our power, and unless you consent to wed Norris you will never leave this cave alive."

"Go!" commanded Madam Velasquez, pointing to the door.

"Then you will not consent?"

"I refuse, absolutely and unalterably!" and her clear voice rang out scornfully as she reiterated: "If one refusal is not enough, tell him no—a thousand

times *no!* I would welcome death at any moment rather than the horrible fate of being his wife."

"Well, Madam, you are very foolish," replied the leader of the band; "for as surely as you stand there you shall be his wife or die!"

"I can die," responded the lady, bravely. "I am not afraid! Only cowards and guilty criminals like yourself fear death. Do your worst, brave brigand; take my life this moment if you see fit; I am here alone, unarmed. But there is a Power above us, the Father of the fatherless, the Protector of the widow and orphan, and as sure as you lay your hands on me in violence you will find that the vengeance of Heaven will speedily overtake you." Folding her arms on her bosom, her eyes flashing fearless defiance, she went on, calmly: "Strike! I cannot defend myself. It will not be the first unfortunate woman whom you have murdered in cold blood."

The random shot told. Matteo's pallid brow and trembling figure showed that some poor victim's dead face rose up in his mind, and that his conscience made his cowardly heart quake with fear. He looked at his prisoner for a moment and then hastily left the cell, slamming the door, which he locked, after him.

Madam Velasquez fell in a swoon on the floor when she heard the key turn in the lock; the horror of her dreadful situation had completely overcome her.

That afternoon the chief departed with the band, leaving Norris and two others to watch the prisoner. When Pepita brought Madam Velasquez her dinner she managed to slip a paper into her hand on which was scrawled :

"DEAR LADY :—Do not weep any more. I am your friend. Be prepared to leave this place to-night. I shall drug the wine I give your guard, and I shall aid you to escape.

"PEPITA."

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Madam Velasquez, "that it has moved that poor girl to take compassion on me!"

She tried to eat the food Pepita had brought her, in order to obtain strength for the flight; and when she had finished her dinner sat down and patiently waited for the shades of night to cast a friendly veil over the earth. She prayed Heaven most fervently to aid her to escape from the brigands.

When evening came Pepita entered with a glass and a flask of wine :

"Come, Madam, drink some wine, for we have a long ride before us."

"You are not dumb?" exclaimed Madam Velasquez, in amazement.

"No, Madam. Matteo, the yellow-tanned greaser, stole me from my father, Don Jose, who had a ranch

near Monterey. He swore he would kill me if I spoke a word except to him."

"Will you not get yourself into trouble if you assist me in regaining my liberty, my generous friend?"

"Oh, yes. Matteo would kill me if he found out that I had allowed you to escape; but I am going to fly with you and Señor Norris."

"That man is not going with us, child?"

"Yes, Madam."

"Then I will remain here and die. I will not fall into his hands unprotected! I would rather trust to the mercy of the entire band than to that of the man who has dared ask me to become his wife."

"Madam is mistaken; Señor Norris is a prisoner like ourselves. Matteo captured him a few months ago, and gave him his choice, either to join the band or to be lynched on the spot; so you can trust Señor Norris. Do not believe what that liar, Matteo, says. Come, we have not a moment to lose."

The two sleeping brigands were securely bound by Norris. He then assisted the two women to mount their horses, and the three fled for their lives. It was fortunate for Madam Velasquez and Pepita that Norris was with them, for neither of them could have told which way to turn when they left the cave. Norris, however, knew the way perfectly, and he hurried his companions on in the hope of being beyond reach of

the band by day-break. They stopped at the half-way house to rest before they attempted to cross the Great Desert Basin.

"Señor Norris, will you please tell me how it is that you are connected with this band of brigands?" asked Madam Velasquez, while they sat waiting for their horses to be fed and watered.

"With pleasure, Madam," replied Norris. "I was taken prisoner by the Confederates at the Battle of the Wilderness and sent to Libby Prison, where I remained until just before General Lee surrendered to General Grant. I was then sent down to Texas with a lot of Union prisoners. Just at the close of the war it was difficult to get transportation to the North, and I thought it would be as well to see something of Texan life while I was there; so I joined a party of cow-boys and went with them across the plains. Madam, we met with many adventures, and saved many lives and much valuable property, for the Red Skins were out in full force at that time. One day we came across Matteo's band. We fought desperately, but in the end there were but two of our party left. We were offered our choice between death on the spot or becoming members of the band of brigands. What could we do, Madam, but yield? Life, my dear lady, is sweet. At any rate, I became one of Matteo's men. He took a fancy to me and made me his lieutenant; but, Madam, I was only waiting for the opportunity to

escape; I can not forget that I have been a soldier of the proudest Republic in the world."

"I am glad, Señor, that I was fortunate enough to meet you. Now that I know your history I have confidence in you; and when we arrive in San Francisco, if we are so fortunate, I shall be able to make some return for your kindness to me."

The horses were brought and the travelers resumed their journey. They pushed on through the Great Desert as fast as the blinding alkali dust would allow. The sun was setting, and as darkness would soon shield them, they concluded to keep in the centre of the road. They accordingly turned their horses quite abruptly in that direction and spurred them into a brisk gallop. But this very act seemed to be a signal for trouble. The next moment a wild yell burst upon their ears, and a dozen mounted men came thundering down the road toward them.

"Great Heavens," exclaimed Norris, "that is Matteo's signal. We must ride for our lives; if we fall into his hands now our lives are lost; no power on earth could save us."

"I will die before I will fall again into his hands!" exclaimed Madam Velasquez.

There was no mistaking the leader of the infuriated band, as he urged his men on with terrific yells.

In a short race Norris felt that they might be the winners; but he knew that the brigands had taken

the best animals with them when they left the cave. He doubted whether Matteo knew who it was that he was pursuing, so he threw himself forward on the animal's back, so that his form was almost parallel with the back of the horse, hoping thus to avoid recognition. He knew that they could escape the brigands only by hard riding. To turn to the right or the left would only be to the advantage of their pursuers. Straight forward was the only course, and stratagem their only hope. The race was a warm one for fully half an hour. The brigands had screamed themselves hoarse and were now quiet.

Suddenly they seemed to stop, and Pepita, who looked behind said:

"Matteo is holding his field-glass to see who we are; we had better cover our faces."

After Madam Velasquez and Pepita had fastened their veils over their faces, they all rode on at break neck speed; anything was better than to fall again into the brigands' power.

By this time darkness had fallen, but the sky was clear, and out upon the open desert there lingered a twilight which made it easy for the fugitives to be discerned by their lynx-eyed pursuers; but they tried in vain to distinguish the form of Norris, who kept himself close to his horse's back.

Matteo, who, of course, did not know that his prisoners had escaped, or that his lieutenant had

betrayed his trust, suddenly abandoned the pursuit; they had more profitable work before them in another part of the country.

Pepita was first to discover the fact that Matteo and his band had turned their backs on them and were riding in an opposite direction.

"Señor Norris," she said, "Matteo did not recognize us. He has given up the chase."

"Thank God," exclaimed Madam Velasquez, "we may now, perhaps, reach Los Angeles in safety!"

"I hope so, Madam," replied Norris, who now sat upright on his horse.

They arrived at Los Angeles without meeting with any further trouble. When Charley Davis saw Madam Velasquez ride up to the Ballo d'Oro he threw his hat in the air, exclaiming:

"I'm glad, ma'am, to see you; hold my horses, if I ain't!"

"And I am not sorry to get back to my friends. I thought I should never see Los Angeles again. Poor Don Carlos!" said Madam Velasquez, the tears springing to her eyes as she thought of her husband lying unburied on the plains of the Great Desert.

"I always suspected that chap's game eye; but his friend took me in badly. I'd jest like to ketch them three strangers."

"Perhaps you will catch them some day, Char-

ley," said one of his friends who overheard the remark.

"Jest so," replied Charley Davis, decisively. "Ketch 'em ; hell's full of such ketches !"

Madam Velasquez kept Pepita with her for several days at the hotel, and then sent her in charge of a friend to her father's ranch, where she was greeted as one who had been suddenly restored to life. Her parents had mourned for her with greater sorrow than they would have done had they followed her to the grave.

The beautiful widow returned to San Francisco, accompanied by Mr. Norris, to whom she felt deeply grateful for aiding her to escape from the brigands. Alas ! she did not know how she was tempting fate in thus making a friend of this man, whose past was unknown to her and surrounded by the darkest mystery.

The Señora was a noble, warm-hearted woman, and of course, believed her deliverer to be an honorable gentleman, because she could not conceive that a brave man could be aught but the soul of honor.

CHAPTER X.

THE WIDOW'S INFATUATION.

A year had elapsed since Marie Velasquez became a widow, and being one of the most beautiful, as well as the richest woman in San Francisco, her society was very much courted.

Richard Norris appeared to advantage in the society of that gay Pacific city, thanks to Madam Velasquez, who was anxious to repay the debt of gratitude which she felt she owed him for having rescued her from the brigands. She had made him her agent —he had charge of all her real estate in and around San Francisco—paying him liberally for his services. Richard Norris should have considered himself a fortunate man ; but human nature is never quite satisfied, and this man did not differ from the rest of mankind in that respect. He felt that he ought to become master of the splendid property of which he was, at present, only the agent.

During the first six months of his acquaintance with Madam Velasquez, he was very careful not to offend her, and merely offered her his silent devotion. One afternoon, however, while calling upon his fair

patroness on business, he ventured to ask to be allowed to drive her out to the Cliff House to breakfast.

Madam Velasquez accepted the invitation, rather to the surprise of her admirer, and much to his satisfaction, for it showed him that she was not averse to being seen by her friends in his company. At this place one is always sure to meet some acquaintance, for one of the pet diversions of the pleasure-loving people of San Francisco is a breakfast at the Cliff House, and a sight of the sea lions.

Richard Norris, in the company of Madam Velasquez, found it an exceedingly agreeable excursion. A drive of five or six miles along the hard-made road, and over the intermediate sand hills, brings the excursionist to the broad Pacific, rolling in and out, "wide as waters be." Instinctively one strains one's eyes to make out the Sandwich Islands and China; they are straight on before with no object intervening. Just to the right, around the corner of the bluff, is the Golden Gate, and vessels are passing in and out the bay. A high cliff places the wanderer thither, beyond the sands, within the ocean, and a fine hotel on its very edge offers every accomodation. Richard Norris tried to make himself thoroughly agreeable to the lady by his side, and he succeeded. The widow declared that she had enjoyed the drive, and she lingered over her breakfast, and assented with a smile to

her cavalier's suggestion that they should go out on the veranda of the hotel and watch the seals at their play. She sat there with a smile on her lovely face, dreamily watching the gambols of the strange-looking creatures and listening to her companion's description of the various battles he had passed through during the late war. The scene was a perfect picture, and one that, although familiar to her, always possessed a charm for Madam Velasquez. Before her were half a dozen fragmentary rocks that looked like solid castles moored in the ocean, which were covered with seals and pelicans. The rocks seemed to be alive with them—great amphibious calves, with immense bodies and short, webby feet, and small heads with large, liquid human eyes, that are like those of a sorrowful woman. Often twenty or thirty of these creatures could be seen bobbing up and down in the water, and crawling up awkwardly and blunderingly, like an infant at its first creeping. They spread themselves all over the rocks to bask in the sun, raising their heads at intervals to look around them, and uttering their weird, mournful barks.

They spent a couple of hours here very pleasantly, watching the seals through an opera-glass and idly speculating about the crowds of people as they passed up and down the veranda; at last Madam Velasquez rose and signified her readiness to return home.

After this, she appeared to have become infatuated

with Dick Norris. She was never so happy or contented as when in his society, and her true friends became anxious about her. Mrs. Miles, Madam Velasquez's housekeeper, became so alarmed at her mistress' infatuation, that she wrote to the Madam's nearest relative, a brother, who was absent from the city, for he was engaged in looking after the mines, in which he had been interested with Señor Velasquez, and which were now worked for the benefit of his sister and himself.

Señor Ramirez, who was exceedingly busy just at this time, took no particular notice of Mrs. Miles' first letter, and it it was not until he received the following note that he was at all impressed. It read as follows :

"DEAR SEÑOR :—Come at once to San Francisco ; your presence is needed here. You alone can save your sister. I beseech you to come as soon as possible, and I will explain matters when you arrive.

"Yours respectfully,

"SARAH MILES."

"*Caramba!* I wonder what has happened," cried Pedro Ramirez. However, he packed his bag and arrived that evening at his sister's house, where he was received by Mrs. Miles herself. She had been watching for him rather impatiently.

"Ah, Señor, I am glad to see you. You are looking well."

"Well, what is the matter? What is it that alarms you?"

"Something is going on that I do not like; I hope you will be able to put a stop to it all."

"Oh, you are always making mountains out of mole-hills; that is why I did not come when you first wrote me. Tell me, at once, what has happened."

"Do you remember having ever heard of Richard Norris?"

"Certainly," replied Señor Ramirez; "but I have never had the pleasure of meeting him. He rescued my sister from the brigands, and she wrote me that she had made him her agent here."

"And she intends to make him her husband," said Mrs. Miles, with a sagacious nod of her head.

"*Caramba!*" exclaimed her listener, rising excitedly; "my sister must have lost her senses. Why, the man is a beggar, of whom she knows nothing."

"He is very different from poor Señor Velasquez, who was a gentleman, every inch of him. Oh, Señor, I know a real gentleman when I see him; this man is perhaps well enongh, but he's not a gentleman. Madam Velasquez will not hear a word against him. He is here every day, they drive out or go to the theatre or opera together, and I don't like the look of things. This is why I have sent for you. I may have done wrong; but I do not want my dear mistress to be made unhappy."

"You did perfectly right, Mrs. Miles. I'll go and see my sister; I suppose I shall find her in the parlor?"

"I think so, Señor."

On entering the parlor, Señor Ramirez saw his sister and Mr. Norris sitting together, but so engrossed were they with each other that they did not notice his entrance. The intruder started in horrified surprise at the picture which met his view. Richard Norris was holding the lady's hands in his, and was addressing her in the fond accents of a lover.

Señor Ramirez stood like one in a trance, but vaguely hearing what was said.

"Can you forget my poverty and become my wife?"

"O, Richard! I do not care for wealth. I have enough for both of us."

The words were whispered, but a great joy flashed into the lover's face when he caught their meaning; in a moment his arms were about her and her head upon his breast.

"My darling; my wife!" he whispered. As the word "wife" left his lips, some memory of the past seemed to come to him, for he said: "My darling, my past is, in a great measure, a sealed book to you. Are you willing that it should remain so?"

For an instant a doubtful expression crept over Madam Velasquez's face, and she drew away her hand.

"I knew it," he said, with a sigh.

"Knew what?" she asked, hastily.

"That you would require me to bestow upon you my fullest confidence."

"I have not said so"

"No; but your face told me so. You are a straightforward woman; your past shines forth, with nothing in it to conceal. No cloud overshadows it."

"What of that? All lives are not alike."

"My dear, I am really almost a stranger to you; let me tell you something of my past. When you saw me first I was in the power of the brigands. I had been a soldier, a prisoner, who had never been exchanged. I felt no desire to return to my home in the East. My parents were dead; I had not any near relatives; I was a poor man, and I believed that there was a bright future for me in the growing West. I can give you no proof of the truth of what I tell you. The few friends that I had in the little town where I was born, I dare say, believe me dead, and I do not care to undeceive them, for their is no tie that binds me to my old life. I want to leave it all behind, my darling, and begin a new life with you. Do you love me enough to trust me?"

"I do love you, Richard," she whispered, as she yielded herself to his loving clasp.

"Help me to forget my past, my darling, he said, passionately, and their lips met in the first long kiss of plighted love.

Then the spell-bound listener in the back-ground came forward into the clear glow of the firelight, exclaiming: "Marie!"

A world of meaning was in that one little word. Madam Velasquez started, and a half-guilty flush passed over her face. Her brother had always been so much to her; and besides, she stood a little in awe of him. He was so clever, so bright, and he could always see straight to the bottom of any matter. She felt intuitively that he would not approve of the step she was about to take. In a moment she recovered herself, and came forward to greet her brother.

"Why, Pedro, when did you arrive?" she asked, as she kissed him lovingly.

"About an hour ago," he answered, in a tone that warned his sister of breakers ahead.

Turning to her lover, Madam Velasquez said:

"Richard, this is my brother, Señor Ramirez, Pedro, this gentleman is Señor Norris, who rescued me from the brigands. I hope you will be very good friends."

The gentlemen bowed in a decidedly distant manner

"Unless I am mistaken, Señor Norris and I have met before," said Señor Ramirez.

"Indeed!" exclaimed his sister.

"I do not recollect having met you, Señor," said Norris.

"But I have a decided recollection of having met

you. At that time you were known as Richard Norris, the leader of the Danites."

"You are mistaken, Señor."

"Impossible! I left a mark on your face with my dirk, my dear sir, for you attempted to bully a party of miners and myself because we took exception to your Mormon faith."

"Again I say that you are mistaken; I was never in Utah."

"Señor, I can swear that you are the man I fought with. Here is the scar of the wound I gave you on the cheek. Our weapons were dirks, and I was the victor; possibly the latter fact may account for your poor memory," said Ramirez, with a satirical smile.

Richard Norris grew as pale as death when the Mexican pointed to the red scar on his cheek; but he controlled himself with an effort. He was playing a dangerous game, which he was determined to win in spite of the odds that were against him. Madam Velasquez was watching him intently. He drew himself up and said with dignity:

"Still I insist that you are mistaken, Señor. The scar on my cheek was received at the Battle of the Wilderness. I never was in Utah, and I am not a Mormon in faith."

Señor Ramirez looked puzzled. It seemed to him impossible that a man should persist in such a falsehood. Then, too, when he examined the man's face

closely he saw that he was dark, while the man he had met in Utah was a fair-complexioned man ; otherwise, the resemblance was a wonderful one. He was scarcely convinced, yet he said :

"Pardon me, Señor, if I am mistaken, but I assure you that you are the double of the Mormon with whom I fought ; only your complexion is darker, and then you do not wear a beard."

"Señor Norris certainly cannot be the man you fancied him, Pedro !" exclaimed his sister, with a relieved expression.

"No, Marie, I have made a mistake. Your pardon, Señor ?"

"It is yours," replied Norris, with a smile. "I fancy we all have our doubles in this world, and it is evident you have met mine."

"What an idea !" laughingly exclaimed Madam Velasquez.

"I trust, Señor Ramirez, that we shall be friends. How long do you remain in the city ?"

"Only a few days, Señor."

Norris very soon took his leave ; he could not just then act his part with safety, the horror and fright held him too strongly for that. And yet, after he had gone away and had thought about it calmly, he acknowledged to himself that the episode had only served to strengthen his position with his be-

trothed, and had thrown the game fairly into his own hands.

When they were alone Madam Velasquez turned to her brother at once:

"Why were you so rude to Señor Norris, Pedro?"

"I was not rude. I only spoke the truth. He does resemble the man for whom I mistook for him, and I never for a moment doubted his identity."

"But you said the other man was fair?"

"So is your friend, except his hair, and that, you know, may be dyed."

"Brother, you are unjust. I am sorry that you do not like Señor Norris, he is my intended husband."

"I regret to hear you acknowledge that fact, but I am not surprised. I witnessed an interesting love scene as I entered this room. Oh, my dear sister, I should almost rather see you dead than married to this man, whom I firmly believe is a mere adventurer. If I could, I would save you from the perdition of such a marriage."

"Perdition!" echoed Madam Velasquez, faintly; "what harsh language you use."

"Truth is not always pleasant, my dear sister. I am convinced that the man is an adventurer. I hope he may be nothing worse."

"You have no right to speak so, nor to judge so harshly one of whom you know nothing. He is a gentleman, and you offered him a cruel and unpro-

voked insult. You insult me still more cruelly by your abuse of him. Am I so old or so ugly that a man may not love me for my own sake?"

"You know, Marie, that you are beautiful and still quite young enough to win a good man's love and devotion. This man is not worthy of you, and he is incapable of feeling for you or for any woman a pure, unselfish love. He has conquered you as a cat does a a bird, who fascinates the poor wretch with its hateful green eyes."

"You are altogether unjust and unreasonable."

"No, no; you will admit that I am a better judge of human nature than you are?"

"Not in this case, Pedro, dear. I have known Señor Norris a year, and it is altogether likely that I understand his character better than you can, who have seen him only once."

"My dear sister, one look at that man's face is enough. He has enslaved you with pretty speeches and soft words as the cobra enslaves his victim; and he will devour you as the cobra would. He will swallow up your peace of mind, your self-respect, your independence, your money—all the good things that you possess. He will make you contemptible in the eyes of all who know you; and what is worse, he will make you base in your own eyes."

"It is false, Pedro; you are blinded by prejudice

I will not listen to such unworthy suspicions of one whom I have called friend."

"I want to save you from bitter disappointment, if I can."

"You are too late to 'save me,' as you call it. Señor Norris has touched my heart by his patient devotion. I have not been so easily won as you seem to imagine. I had made up my mind never to marry again; nothing was further from my thoughts than a second marriage. Such devotion as he has given to me is not often offered to any woman; no woman living could resist it. His patience has conquered. I feel assured that he is all that is good and noble."

"A sort of fallen angel, eh? You women always think the man you are about to marry has wings; after the honeymoon, first one wing drops off, then the other, and finally you find that you have only a mortal after all, and oftentimes you have a rough awakening from your love-romance, and you find you have a demon instead of an angel as your master for life."

"What happiness can there be for us, Pedro, when you start with such prejudices?"

"I do not look for much."

"You are very unkind, brother."

"I am only cruelly kind, Marie. In all the world there is only my voice to warn and to plead with you. Before it is too late let us learn something of the past

life of this man. Do not trust to his word alone; let me send a detective to Utah."

"I should despise myself if I consented to such a course. I can never, never do that."

"Perhaps it would be useless, after all. Mormon lips are sealed, and I doubt if even a skillful detective could get any satisfactory information from that source. However, I shall try it myself. I can do no more than fail, at the worst."

After her brother had left her, Madam Velasquez dropped into a chair by the fire and wept bitterly, for she fully believed herself to be an ill-used woman. The cup which had seemed to her so full of happiness had been suddenly and ruthlessly dashed from her lips. She dreaded her brother's interference, and for the moment she felt that she ought to break the engagement she had just made.

It was a premonition sent by her good angel to save her from the worst bitterness a woman's heart can know—a shattered idol, and the vanished illusions of all her dreams of wedded bliss.

CHAPTER XI.

A MAD MARRIAGE.

Pedro Ramirez was bewildered, but he was convinced that Richard Norris—in spite of his dark locks—was the same man whom he had met in Utah. Indeed, he was quite ready to swear to the man's identity. The resemblance was marked, even to the scar on the left cheek. The name, too, was the same. He was sure that his memory was correct, both in regard to the man's face and his name. But how was he to prove these facts, and convince his sister before she had irretrievably committed herself to so mad a marriage? This was a question which nearly drove the man wild, for he was a devoted and loving brother, and the thought of what his sister might bring upon herself made him tremble.

He was quite aware that a woman in love is one of the most obstinate of mortals. He also knew that his sister, who was a generous and noble-minded woman, would receive any further unfavorable disclosures he might make in regard to her lover with scornful indignation. She thoroughly and entirely loved this needy adventurer. It was "all for love, or the world well

lost," with her as it has been with thousands of other men and women. But when she should discover the man's true character she would loathe him, and after a few months more or less of happiness, she would suffer untold misery.

Still he would make one more trial. He engaged one of the keenest detectives in San Francisco and sent him to Utah. This human hunter of wrong-doers returned after a few weeks absence with the following report: "Richard Norris, a Mormon, supposed to be a Danite, had suddenly disappeared from Utah in company with two other men two years ago. He was reported to be in England on a mission for the Mormon church, and it was rumored that he would return in the spring with the Mormon converts he had made in his absence. In appearance he was said to be a light-complexioned man, five feet ten inches in height, gentlemanly in his manner, was thought handsome, particularly by the fair sex, and was greatly respected by Brigham Young."

While this report did not throw any new or startling light upon the matter so near to Pedro Ramirez's heart, it still served to strengthen the suspicion he had at first entertained. But as he had no proof to offer to his sister he was compelled to remain silent, and with a heavy heart to witness his sister's marriage.

This event took place one morning in March, very privately, in the church. A lady friend of Madam

Velasquez and her brother were the only witnesses of the ceremony. They came immediately to the house, and Richard Norris was introduced to the household as the husband of its mistress; and the notice of the marriage was published in all the San Francisco papers, much to the astonishment of Madam Velasquez's friends and acquaintances.

Immediately after the bridal party returned to the house Señor Ramirez bade his sister good-by. He could not bring himself to remain in the house just at present.

"Well?" ejaculated the housekeeper, indignantly, to Señor Ramirez before he left.

"My good woman, Richard Norris will be your master now; for my sister's sake, try and be civil to him."

"Well," reiterated the housekeeper, "upon my word, when I got you here I thought everything would be right. I was a stupid old fool to let matters go so far before I sent for you."

"No one can do anything now," said Señor Ramirez, sorrowfully. "He has her fast in his toils; and whatever I discover it will come too late. Be watchful; and if ever that man is unkind to your mistress let me know at once."

"He would not dare"—

"I believe him to be a Mormon; and, if I am right, he may soon tire of his beautiful wife; but I

swear before Heaven that if he is ever unkind to her I will punish him as he deserves," said the Mexican, passionately.

"Don't be uneasy, Señor. I will watch over my mistress," said Mrs. Miles, as she shook his hand at parting.

That evening the newly-wedded pair drove out to the Cliff House, where they purposed to spend the first week of the honey-moon.

Richard Norris could appear a perfect gentleman when he pleased, and as he was as much in love with the beautiful woman he had won as it was possible for him to be, he exerted himself to please her. The fair Mexican was happy—happy for a week—as few mortals ever are on earth. Whatever the future had in store for her, she had lived one week of perfect bliss.

The day before they were to return home Madam Norris said to her husband :

"O, Richard I wish that we could stay here always ; I do not want any one to come between us—to take your thoughts from me—for even a moment. Shall we always be as happy as we have been this week ?"

"Always, my precious love ; that is, if you will always love me as you do now."

"Richard, you have no idea how I do love you. I love you better than my life. I love you so much that

—oh !—it frightens me when I try to realize how much I love you. If your heart turns from me now I shall die !" she exclaimed, impetuously.

"My darling," he answered, tenderly, clasping her in his arms, "my heart will never turn from you. I am yours, and you may do with me what you will. I shall love you forever and forever."

"You must, Richard. I should be miserable without your love."

"Don't talk nonsense, little one," said her husband, laughingly. "Do you suppose that I could see beauty in any other face? In all this world there is but one face that ever carried me away—and how lovely it is !" he exclaimed, enthusiastically, taking his wife's face between his hands and covering it with kisses.

If this man was not thoroughly in earnest, he certainly knew how to hold the mirror up to nature—he was an admirable actor.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris returned to San Francisco and gave a grand reception, followed by dinner parties and entertainments without number. The fair Mexican was proud of her husband, and wished to nave him recognized socially by the élite of the gay Pacific city.

* * * * * *

"Marie, I want a check for five hundred dollars to pay for the improvements on that Market-street property of yours."

"Richard, I have given you checks during the past few months to the amount of ten thousand dollars, and I find that you have made no improvements; you have not even had the necessary repairs attended to in the property entrusted to your care. Several of my old tenants have come to me with complaints. I dislike to doubt you, but I could not refuse to hear what these people had to say."

"Why do you interfere with my affairs?"

"You forget that the property is mine, or—perhaps I should say—was mine, for I recognize your right to share my fortune; and my tenants, particularly the older ones, naturally look to me for justice. They complain bitterly of your treatment of them, Richard."

"Upon my word you are a strange woman, Marie."

"What do you mean? I do not understand you."

"That I cannot understand how so loving a wife as you pretend to be should allow any one to speak disrespectfully to you of your husband."

"I could not prevent it, Richard. I felt deeply mortified that you had shown so little confidence in me. If you wanted money for any purpose I would have given it to you."

"Would you?"

"Certainly. Why did you deceive me?"

"Oh, don't spare me, Madam. Tell me that I told you any number of untruths in order to obtain the

money that I had a right to demand. I married you for your fortune. You were foolish if you did not know it."

"And you *dare* tell me this to my face?"

"Why not, Madam? Did you not make a fair exchange? You wanted a husband and business manager combined. I needed a fortune. You are very beautiful—very beautiful; but so are thousands of other women in this city who do not possess a fortune. I married you because you had both wealth and beauty."

"You are candid, Señor."

"Madam, you invited me to be so. And it is perhaps as well that we should understand one another at the outset. I certainly should not have burdened myself with a wife who had no fortune. When fate threw you in my path, and I found you were possessed of the wealth that I coveted, I determined to make you my wife. It is useless to sulk. You'll find me the devil to deal with if you try that game. Kiss me, my dear, and then write me that check for five hundred dollars."

She never stirred, but looked steadily at him, her heart too full for utterance.

"Do you not know that I am your master?"

"Heaven help me!" she cried out.

"There—none of your heroics. Show that you are a dutiful wife by complying with my request."

She sat down to her desk and wrote the check, tossing it to him without another word

"Thanks, my dear," he said, coolly, picking up the check. "Don't sit up for me. I have promised to meet a party of friends at the club."

"Señor, when I married you, I loved you. I believe you are incapable of knowing to what extent you have outraged that love during this interview. It may, perhaps, assist you to comprehend it in some degree, if I tell you that soon after our marriage I made a will leaving the greater part of my fortune to you. My mining interest, in which my brother already has a share, in common justice I willed to Pedro. Wednesday morning my lawyer has an appointment here to attend to the renewal of Mr. Mason's lease. At that time I shall make another will, Señor, and if it does not please you, you have yourself to blame."

"Do as you please. Adieu!" replied her husband, as he left the room.

She waited until she heard him leave the house, and then fell on her knees and gave vent to her misery and despair. To be so brutally told that she had been married for her fortune was a bitter awakening from her bright dream of happiness. To be bound for life to a man who, n a few months' time, had said to her, sneeringly: "I married you for your fortune, and you were foolish not to know it," was more than she could bear. Love and honor had fled, destroyed

by those terrible words. Her heart grew chilled and cold as she thought of them through the long hours of that gloomy night. A horrible fear came over her. She must learn to hate the man she had loved—worshipped so devotedly. Was it possible? Could she live after she had learned that lesson? She shivered when she thought of the long and dreary life she saw before her. Oh, if she could only die! But she shrank from that—she was so young.

Then her mood changed, and she implored Heaven to pardon her for making an idol of the man she had married. She had been justly punished, she knew, in her heart. She also prayed for strength and courage to do her duty, and to bear bravely whatever trial might be in store for her. When the day dawned she threw herself upon the bed and slept the restless sleep of the weary.

Richard Norris, in a mood that was anything but amiable, spent the night—as he had spent a good many since his marriage—in a fashionable gambling house. This house was kept by a Mexican who had a lovely wife to make the place charming for its habitués. She offered them wine in the daintiest of glasses, and dispensed her most beguiling smiles, and when they had quite lost their heads her husband took them in charge and conducted them to the gambling table, where they generally lost heavily.

Richard Norris had found this woman something

new, and piquant, and altogether worth cultivating; and he meant to pursue the acquaintance—he had many another of the same sort—while the charm lasted. In pursuance of this idea, he had lost heavily at the gaming table, and had spent some thousands in diamonds for the lovely decoy. It was to these uses that he had put the money given him by his generous and trusting wife.

This scoundrel was already tired of the pure woman he had married. How to rid himself of her and also to obtain her fortune was a question that he had been revolving in his mind for some time, and when his wife had told him of the will which she intended to revoke, she had signed her own death warrant. Her husband determined that she must not be allowed to carry out her threat; he would prevent her doing so by fair means—or foul ones, if the others failed.

He was busily turning over in his mind various plans regarding his future conduct towards his wife when he entered Antonio Perez's house. He spent an hour there in the drawing-room, and then excused himself and started up stairs to try his luck. On the way he met Jose Castro, a young Mexican from Monterey, who had come to San Francisco in the hope of improving his fortunes.

Castro was a born gamester, and was to be found every night at Perez's rooms. Norris saw by the

gloomy look on Castro's face that he was departing with an empty pocket.

"Well, my friend, what luck?" demanded Norris.

"None, Señor. I have lost all; and I feel like blowing off my own stupid head."

"Nonsense, man; where is your pluck?"

"I am desperate, Señor."

"Do you want to make a thousand dollars?"

"I should jump at the chance."

"And you would not be over scrupulous how you earned it?"

"Try me, Señor; I would do anything for a large sum of money. I'm tired of this city, and I want to return to Monterey. I am going to marry the sweetest girl in the world. But tell me how I am to earn this money?"

"Come home with me and I will explain to you what I desire to be done," said Norris, slipping his arm through Castro's and leading him from the house.

A rapid walk of about twenty minutes brought them to Norris' home. Everybody had retired, and the house was quiet. Norris showed Castro into the sitting-room and brought several bottles of Champagne from the wine cellar. He helped the young Mexican freely, watching the effect of the wine. Presently he said, as he placed a box of cigars before his guest:

"Now we are comfortable and can talk business."

"Proceed, Señor," replied Castro.

"Castro, I am a wretched man."

"You have my sympathy, Señor."

"I married a very beautiful woman, but she hates *me*, and she makes my life miserable."

"Señor, what you say surprises me."

"Ah, if you could know how miserable I am, you would pity me."

"I do, Señor, from my heart."

"Then you will not refuse to render me a service for which I will pay you handsomely."

"How can I aid you, Señor?"

Norris regarded the Mexican intently for a moment, and leaned over and whispered:

"By shooting my wife."

"Señor!" exclaimed Castro, rising

"Sit down, my dear sir; don't pretend to be shocked. You said you were willing to serve me, and you are in need of funds. I will pay you two thousand dollars for the work I want done. To prove to you that I am in earnest I will give you the first installment now," said Norris, counting out five hundred dollars and placing them in Castro's willing hand.

"At what time do you want the work done, and how am I to obtain an entrance to the house?"

"You need not enter the house at all. My wife always sits here in the evening," said Norris, coolly, pointing to a large bay-window; "generally at this table, reading or writing. You see this window opens on the garden; from the outside she can easily be seen. It is easily managed by a clever man like yourself, and you will have ample time for escape."

"Bravo, Señor; I see you fully understand the business."

"And you, Señor?"

"Oh, I was once a brigand; and to one anything is possible, you know."

"Ah, I thought as much."

"But you have not told me how I am to obtain the balance of the money, Señor?"

"Oh, that is easily arranged. You can escape by jumping over the garden wall, which is a low one. Walk quietly down to the corner of Clay and Montgomery streets and a man will meet you and pass you a purse containing the fifteen hundred dollars, with the words: 'Farewell, forever.' Does this plan suit you?"

"Yes, Señor. You are a generous friend, and I cannot refuse to help you. Here is success, Señor," said Castro, filling a glass of champagne. When he took his departure he brutally observed: "Before the sun sets next Tuesday she will be quiet enough."

As Norris closed the door on his guest, he muttered :

"That man is a fool to think that I would spare him. I, too, have been a brigand."

The next morning when Norris met his wife at breakfast he apologized for his rudeness of the previous day.

"He had met some friends from the East," he said, "and they had taken too much wine."

Madam received her husband's apologies rather coolly ; but that night, when her brother arrived, the three sat down to dinner an apparently happy family. On his sister's account Pedro treated his brother-in-law with courtesy ; but in his heart he still distrusted and despised him.

After dinner the family assembled in the sitting-room, and Norris handed his wife several new novels which he had bought for her that morning. She sat down in her usual place to examine them, while her husband and brother drew their chairs near the fire, smoked and discussed mining stocks. A more peaceful family picture could not be imagined.

While the beautiful woman quietly turned over the leaves of one of the books, unconscious of the danger which menaced her, a man's face appeared, for an instant at the window. No one but Norris saw him, and he made no sign ; he sat perfectly quiet and self-possessed, listening to his brother-in-law's conver

sation. Again the face appears at the window and is hastily withdrawn. The bright barrel of a pistol is seen to glimmer in the light as the man takes deliberate aim at his unfortunate victim and fires.

With a wild shriek Mrs. Norris sprang from her chair, and the book she had been reading fell to the floor. She put out her arms, tottered and would have fallen had not her husband caught her in his arms.

The entire household was startled by hearing the report of fire-arms. Mrs. Miles and two of the servants rushed to the room, and stood speechless with horror as they saw their beloved mistress with the blood slowly flowing down her back from the deadly wound in her head.

Señor Ramirez was for a moment completely dumbfounded with horror, and he stood wringing his hauds in mute agony.

Richard Norris was the calmest one of that excited group. He turned to his brother-in-law and said:

"Pedro, help me carry Marie to the sofa. I must find the assassin before he escapes."

Mrs. Norris was laid on the sofa and her distracted brother bent over her in anguish. Mrs. Miles dispatched a servant for the family physician, and tried to revive the unconscious woman.

Richard Norris, in the meanwhile, ran through the garden, by a short cut which he knew well, and reached Castro as he was in the act of jumping

the garden wall. He called to him softly, and the Mexican sprang from the wall and came toward him, whispering nervously :

"Quick, give me the reward."

"Take it," cried Norris, and he raised his revolver and shot his dupe through the heart. The Mexican dropped without a word. Norris bent over his victim a moment to make sure that he was really dead. Being satisfied of the fact he started for the house, muttering to himself : "I am safe ; dead men tell no tales."

"Oh, Señor, did you find the murderer?" exclaimed Mrs. Miles, as Norris entered the house.

"I did ; and I have shot him. My poor wife is avenged."

They were hovering distractedly about the couch of the suffering woman, not knowing what to do until the doctor should arrive.

"Who was the assassin?" asked Pedro. "Who could find it in his heart to harm my sister?"

"Hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Miles, pointing toward the wounded woman, who at that moment opened her eyes and looked inquiringly about her. Her husband immediately threw himself beside her on his knees, apparently overcome by his emotion.

"Dearest, do you know me?" he asked, anxiously, while her brother, unable to restrain his grief, sobbed aloud.

The dying woman murmured her brother's name, and made a sign for him to raise her; and when he took her in his arms and laid her head tenderly upon his breast, she faintly smiled her thanks. She did not notice her husband; perhaps she remembered the cruel words he had uttered to her the day before. It is likely that, for the moment, Norris did feel a slight sting of remorse for the cowardly part he had acted toward the beautiful woman who had been so much to him; at any rate, he rose hastily from his knees and, bending over his wife, kissed the lovely brow which was fast growing cold, and cried out:

"O, my darling, my darling, speak to me!"

The only answer his wife gave him was a reproachful look that must have even touched his callous heart. She looked up in her brother's face, and said, faintly:

"Pedro, avenge me."

"I will, I swear it by the Most High," answered her brother, in a hoarse whisper.

At this moment an awful pallor spread over the wounded woman's face; she raised herself convulsively, then fell back in her brother's arms, apparently unconscious.

The doctor hastily entered the apartment, and proceeded to examine his patient.

"Doctor, has my wife fainted?" asked Norris.

The old physician shook his head.

"No, my friend," he answered, "your wife is dead."

CHAPTER XII.

PROFESSOR HOBART'S MESMERIC POWER.

The terrible mystery surrounding the murder of Madam Norris deepened every day. The papers published a new theory every morning as to the motive of the cowardly act. Clever detectives had the work in hand ; but even the most promising of their clues ended in smoke, and the problem was no nearer solu- at the end of the month than it had been in the beginning.

The great question, of course, was : "What could be the motive for the crime?" Jose Castro, the Mexican, who had been shot by Norris, was looked upon as a hired assassin. Who was the man who had bribed him to do the cowardly deed? As far as was known, the victim had been universally beloved. She was very charitable, and spent her money freely to relieve the needy, and to contribute to the pleasure of friends and dependents.

The theory most generally adopted was that Madam Norris' untimely death was the work of some one of her rejected suitors who had simply employed Castro to do it. Indeed, it did seem probable that

jealousy was at the bottom of this sad affair; her romantic marriage had been a disappointment to many admirers.

Another theory, and one that rapidly gained credence, was that the bullet had been intended for Norris, and, being clumsily aimed, had missed its mark.

This theory seemed even more probable than the other. Norris had been coldly received in society, even in San Francisco, where adventurers are an every-day affair; even his wife's popularity could not ensure him a cordial welcome, and his entrance into the world of fashion had not been a successful one. It was not only that he was wholly unknown; but he lacked the easy grace with which some men are gifted, which wins for them friends without an effort on their part. He had not even the bearing of a gentleman, and he could not, by any effort, seem the equal of the people who surrounded him. When he married the widow of Señor Velasquez, who had been highly respected and honored in San Francisco, her many friends, and society in general, had been both shocked and surprised. Her admirers envied him, and in a quiet way some of these gentlemen avenged themselves by throwing a black ball when his name was proposed for membership at the principal clubs.

Notwithstanding this want of favor, the finger of suspicion did not point at him. On the contrary, everyone applauded him for his promptness in shoot-

ing the assassin, and the Coroner's Jury immediately acquitted him. It was an act, they said, of justifiable vengeance.

The morning after the tragic event crowds collected about the house and grounds, attracted to the spot by a feeling of morbid curiosity. The Velasquez mansion had suddenly become famous, and would remain so for many years to come. The personal friends of the poor woman crowded into the parlor where she lay, and spoke in subdued tones of the tragedy, and cast sympathetic glances at the husband who had been so suddenly bereaved. He sat near the coffin, with his arms folded, looking like a man who had received a stunning blow. He was pale and care-worn, and seemed completely prostrated by his grief.

He had the sympathy of the entire community with one exception—the brother of the murdered woman felt a chill of horror creep over him whenever he was in the presence of the apparently sorrow-stricken widower. A thousand little incidents, that he now recalled of his sister's married life, convinced him, against his will, that her husband had instigated the murder. The maddening suspicion was ever uppermost in his mind. Sleeping or waking, the phantom ever whispered in his ear: "Avenge her murder!"

Unconsciously he asked himself: "Who hired the assassin?" And ever came the answer: "Behold him."

It seemed to Ramirez that whenever their eyes met a tremor passed over the face of the suspected man, and it was only by a mighty effort that he succeeded in recovering himself and assumed his expression of suffering.

So strong did this suspicion become in the mind of the half-distracted brother that he was at times tempted to openly accuse Norris of his wife's murder; but he was well aware that he had no proof to offer.

The testimony at the inquest was very vague; nothing of importance was established, except that the murderer and his victim were absolutely unknown to each other. This fact was established beyond a doubt, and the jury could do no more than bring in a verdict:

"Shot by Jose Castro; motive unknown."

Pedro was astonished and puzzled by the uncontrollable grief manifested by Norris both before and during the services, and particularly at the grave, where he was apparently completely overcome. Still his suspicions were not to be stifled. Perhaps one reason for this feeling of distrust was that he believed his brother-in-law to be a Mormon, against which sect Ramirez had an unconquerable prejudice. When he had been detained in Utah for some months by a se vere illness he had seen enough thoroughly to disgust him with the workings of their peculiar faith.

There was also another matter which puzzled him, and which also served to strengthen his suspicion of wrong on the part of his brother-in-law. It was this. After the funeral of his sister, when her legal adviser called at the house for the purpose of opening the will Norris' face wore an eager, expectant look until after the will had been read, when Ramirez heard him say to the lawyer:

"Are you sure that this is the last will my wife made?"

"Yes, sir," replied the lawyer. "I drew it up on the very day of the assassination. Mrs. Norris telegraphed to me that morning to call upon her at ten o'clock."

Such was the fact. The unhappy wife, enraged by her husband's cruel words, had sent for her lawyer on the spur of the moment, and thus defeated the deep-laid scheme to secure her fortune. By the terms of that will Norris received twenty thousand dollars, and the bulk of her fortune went to her brother.

After these formalities were concluded, Ramirez, feeling himself unable to control himself any longer in the presence of his brother-in-law, hastily packed his bag, bade Norris a formal farewell, and departed on the evening boat for Sacramento.

On the third evening after his arrival in that city, his attention was attracted to the ladies' parlor, from whence issued the sound of many laughing voices.

Walking to the door he looked in, purely out of curiosity. Seated in the centre of the room was a young lady surrounded by at least fifty persons of both sexes. She was evidently under some occult influence, and before her stood a gentleman, a very handsome man, with a face of rare intelligence which was lighted by large dark eyes. On the little finger of one of his hands he wore a ring in which was set a diamond of unusual size and brilliancy. He appeared to be questioning the sleeping beauty, for he was bending over her. Presently Ramirez heard him ask :

"Where is it now ?"

In a soft, low tone of voice, yet perfectly clear and distinct, came the reply :

"It is on the mantel-piece now."

She paused ; a gentleman removed the watch and placed it in his pocket. Then the gentleman who was doing the questioning asked :

"And where is it now ?"

"In Mr. Hill's pocket," was the unhesitating reply. The audience applauded ; the gentleman made a few rapid passes over the sleeping girl, who awoke with a start and a sigh, and then said : "Ladies and gentlemen, I trust you are all amused and interested by this test of my powers as a mesmerist ; I will give you another séance to-morrow evening at eight o'clock, which, I trust, will be even more satisfactory than the one you have just witnessed."

The little audience expressed its curiosity and interest in a general hum of approval before it dispersed, and Professor Hobart hurried to the smoking-room, lit a cigar, and was soon in the dreamland of the habitual and devoted smoker.

Pedro Ramirez followed the Professor to the smoking-room, and he also lit a cigar, and, while leisurely smoking it, cogitated deeply on the man's wonderful gift. So wrapped was he in his thoughts that his cigar went out. Crossing over to the Professor he politely asked him for a light. When he handed the stranger his cigar, he observed :

"*Mille gracias*, Señor. Permit me to say that I witnessed the latter part of your séance to night in the parlor yonder. It has impressed me ; I found it rather startling. I am slightly acquainted with the lady who was under the mysterious influence of your powers, and I feel sure that she is not a confederate of yours."

"Certainly not, sir," courteously replied the gentleman thus abruptly addressed. "The séance was only given for the amusement of those who chanced to be present. The power that I possess is not shown for money. Although it has brought plenty to others, I have never shared the spoils."

"It is a wonderful gift."

"Si, Señor," assented the Professor, quietly knocking the ashes from his cigar. "It is beyond human

comprehension how one man can read the thoughts of another, and that other sleeping. Nevertheless, it is true that I can talk with that man, control his movements, and hold communion with him in the most perfect manner; in fact, he is perfectly powerless in my hands."

"And is the person in your hands unable to resist your influence?" asked Pedro.

"As a rule—yes. And the person who has been under my influence knows nothing—absolutely nothing—about it. When he awakes he does so with a start, with a momentary sensation of a pain in the heart."

"Ah!" exclaimed Ramirez, with a slight start, as though an idea had suddenly occurred to him; then, after a moment's meditation, he said to the Professor: "Señor, you will excuse me, as we are strangers, but I should be glad of a few moments' private conversation with you."

"Certainly," replied the gentleman. Tossing his cigar into the fire he moved close to the young Mexican and took him familiarly by the hand.

Gazing earnestly into the face of his companion the young man asked:

"If a man were once under your influence could you tell whether or not he had committed a murder?"

"Surely," was the reply. "Give me five minutes' with him after he is thoroughly under my influence,

and he will tell me all he knows about it. I will stake my life on that."

"And you will help me, Señor!"

The abruptness of the question, and the earnestness of the questioner, absolutely startled the Professor, and he gazed at the young man for a moment without speaking.

The Mexican, after a moment's reflection, said in a voice of deep emotion:

"Ah, Señor, I had a sister who was dearer to me than all the world beside. She has been murdered—cruelly murdered—and her murderer walks the streets of San Francisco in defiance of the law."

"What need have you of my aid? Why not demand the aid of the law?"

"Señor, I lack proof."

"But, my dear sir, it is a detective's business to hunt down criminals. Besides, what my power would reveal to you would not be accepted as proof in a court of law. My interference, too, might lead to fatal results. Pray excuse me. I cannot aid you."

"O, Señor, help me at all costs. I do not expect to offer the evidence that I get from your assistance in the courts; I know better than that. Let me be once convinced that I do not wrong him whom I suspect, and I will find proof that *will be* accepted. Think, if the case were your own, would you leave

any course untried? No; I am sure that you would pursue the murderer to the bitter end."

"Señor, you can confide in me. I will keep your secret. Explain what you mean."

"It may be that I have no right to accuse this person, but I am impelled to do so; for days it has haunted me—this continual impulse to accuse the man whom I suspect"—

"Then it is not a new idea which has occurred to you?" interrupted Professor Hobart.

"No, Señor; something tells me that I am not deceived My imagination alone might have deceived me, but when it comes to an obstinate and firmly-rooted belief—impression, I should call it—which haunts me, day in and day out, what can I think? Then, too, I have the most vivid and explicit dreams at night."

"Dreams?"

"Yes; I have had the same dream night after night. I see my sister's husband in conversation with a Mexican, and I know that they are plotting her death. Then I see the Mexican steal into the garden. The night is dark, but he does not follow the path that leads to the house,—he passes over the flower-beds, —creeps softly up the steps of the balcony, until he stands almost at my sister's back,—then he fires, and crawls away. My brother-in-law runs out of the room

and goes directly to where the assassin is awaiting him. He appears about to hand the wretch a purse, when, instead of doing so, he draws a pistol from his pocket and fires, and the Mexican falls. Then my brother-in-law replaces his weapon and returns to the house."

Pedro's great dark eyes were a trifle sunken in their orbit, and encircled by dark rings; but a light flashed in them which illuminated his whole face. As he went on in his narrative he spoke with such an air of conviction that all idea of dream vanished, giving place to a real scene, which he painted in all its reality and horror. So it was that the Professor was surprised into saying:

"Yes, yes; it must have been thus that the crime was committed."

"Will you, then, aid me in my efforts to prove it? The man shall never even suspect your agency in the matter."

"Yes; I will aid you to the best of my ability You have completely overcome my scruples."

"*Mille gracias*, Señor," exclaimed Pedro, shaking the hand of his new friend. "Let us start at once!"

"I will do as you desire; for I perceive that you will not know any peace until your doubts are set at rest in one way or another."

After settling his bill at the hotel, and taking leave

of the ladies and gentleman to whom he had promised another séance—which he postponed until his return—Professor Hobart jumped into the carriage with Ramirez and drove to the steamer, which was to sail that evening for San Francisco.

CHAPTER XIII.

MURDER WILL OUT.

Pedro and his new friend, on their arrival in San Francisco, drove at once to the Velasquez mansion. Pedro led the way to the library, where they found Norris looking over some magazines.

"Ah, good morning, Pedro; I am glad to see you back again," said Norris, cordially, when the two gentlemen entered the room,

Pedro was astounded. It was evident that this man had in his absence acquired perfect mastery over himself; and for a moment Pedro's firm conviction wavered, and he questioned whether, after all, he had not been guilty of a great wrong in thus suspecting his brother-in-law. After a moment's hesitation, he said:

"Richard, this is Professor Hobart, who is on a tour of exploration along the coast, and is collecting specimens. My brother-in-law, Mr. Norris, Professor. I have promised the Professor as hearty a welcome as it is in our power to bestow, under the circumstances, for, my dear sir, Mr. Norris has lately lost the best of wives, and I the dearest of sisters.'

"Any friend of Señor Ramirez is sure of a welcome from me," returned Norris, with a low bow and a sinister smile.

They discussed the weather, the crops, the future prospects of the Golden State, until finally the conversation drifted into the subject of Mormonism. The Professor lived some years in Utah, and was a friend of Brigham Young's, and he spoke kindly of the Mormon society; but Pedro, who felt a blind hatred for the entire sect, said:

"They are an infamous body, and I wonder that the United States Government should allow them to remain here undisturbed. I would destroy them root and branch."

"But, my dear sir, it is against the principles of the Constitution of the United States for the Government to interfere with any man's religious belief," exclaimed Norris, in an excited tone.

"Mormonism is not a matter of hearsay with me," said Professor Hobart. "During my residence in Salt Lake City I think I studied these people and their peculiar belief"—

"So did I," interrupted the Mexican, "and I never could see anything to admire about them or about their religion."

"The ignoble origin of this sect," smilingly observed the Professor, "does not give us a reason for despising it. In my opinion this sect is a good

healthy body, upon which the cancer of polygamy is feeding. But after all, why should we throw stones at the Mormons? They have only construed the teachings of the Old Testament in the most liberal manner."

"That is true; if they are polygamists, so were the old patriarchs. What kind of a man was Solomon in all his glory?" asked Norris.

"If he were anything like Brigham Young and his saints, he was not fit to exist," replied the Mexican, hotly.

"According to that, the old patriarchs should all have been blotted out. They, too, had revelations direct from Heaven, Pedro."

"But, my dear sir, I am inclined to believe that the revelations made to the Mormons are direct from hades."

"Oh, you are prejudiced!" said the Professor. "What Mormonism attempts is simply to graft the Mosaic economy into the institutions of modern society. They believe in the Bible more fully and completely than you do."

"Yes, in the Old Testament, I know. But look at their converts, and the work they are doing there. They are gathered from the most ignorant classes in all parts of the world. Their missionaries, I am told, go to Europe every year and pick up their recruits from among the poor and ignorant. These people they

delude with the promise of their becoming, in time, rich and prosperous farmers. They gain them, too, by appealing directly to the passions of avarice and lust, which are so strong in the lower classes."

"But, my dear Pedro, if Christians were as earnest and zealous in their belief as Mormons are in theirs, they would revolutionize the whole world."

"Perhaps you are right, but you forget that the elders teach their people to have a firm belief in hell. Fear is the key-note of their religion. I do not believe that Mormon women care to share their marital rights any more than do their Gentile sisters, but they do it for their soul's sake. They believe that they have direct commands from God to that effect. I assure you I have witnessed a heart-rending scene when it became the turn of one of these women to see her husband select another woman."

"All that may be," returned the Professor; "yet, my dear sir, Utah is one of the most orderly cities on this continent, and with the exception of the blot of polygamy we have not a better class of citizens, in spite of their differences of race and habits."

"Let us hope, Professor," said Pedro, "that when the Pacific Railroad becomes a fact, and their intercourse with the outside world is thus made more frequent and thorough, Mormonism will die a natural death."

"My dear brother, I fear you will stand a poor

chance of making converts from among the Mormons."

"Undoubtedly; for like Turks, they are hard to convert. Brigham Young, like Mahomet, knew that an appeal to the grosser passions of mankind would ensure him many followers."

The Professor joined in the laugh with which Norris greeted this earnest though somewhat bitter speech of the Mexican; who, seeing that the two already fraternized, excused himself, saying that he had important business to attend to in the town, which would occupy him for an hour or two. Professor Hobart had instructed Pedro to absent himself from the room on some pretext after dinner.

The opportune moment had arrived. The two gentlemen sat opposite each other smoking quietly, and each apparently occupied in his own thoughts. An occasional observation was made, but conversation was not brisk. The Mesmerist looked his man full in the face. Presently Norris' eyes took on a dreamy, far-away expression, and in a few moments he had sunk into a mesmeric slumber. His eyes were open, but intelligence was lacking; the brain was dormant and waited the magician's touch to rouse it to activity; the tongue was tied and the Professor alone could loosen it.

By this time Pedro, who was anxious and ill at ease, had opened the library door; the Professor motioned

the Mexican to enter. Taking a seat he quietly waited for his friend to commence operations. After a searching look at the unconscious man, the Professor was satisfied that he might proceed, and he said in a low monotone :

"Richard Norris, your wife is dead ; I claim my reward."

The lips of the sleeping man quivered, as he answered :

"You shall have all that I promised you, Jose Castro, if she is dead, before the sun rises over Diabolos Mountain."

Pedro sprang to his feet and was about to speak, but the Professor placed his fingers on his lips and motioned him to be silent. After a few passes over the face of the sleeping man, the Mesmerist asked :

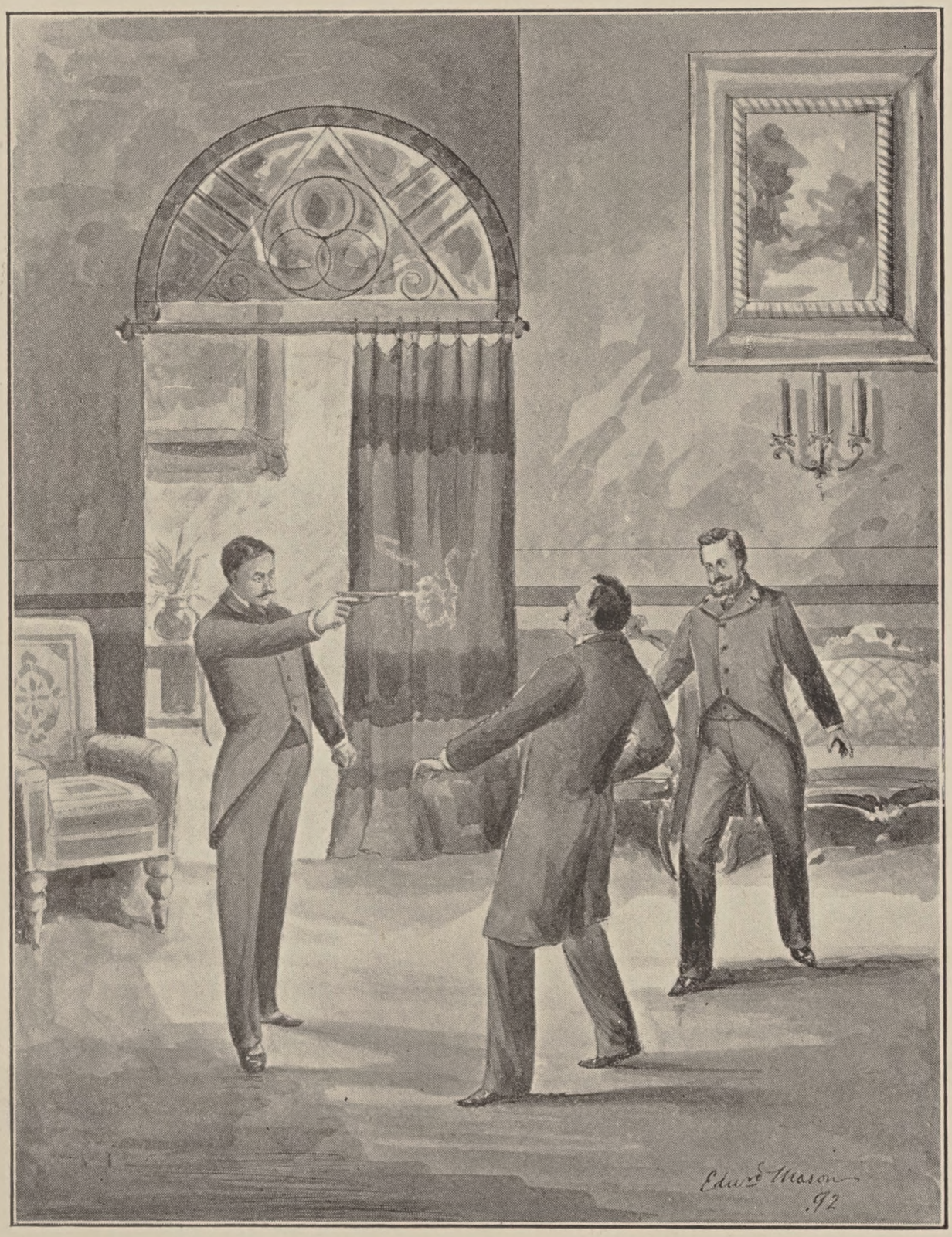
"Did you see Castro shoot your wife ?"

"Yes, I saw him stand for a few moments at the window before he fired. But I fixed him. I killed him. Dead men tell no tales, and Castro has his reward. He is silenced forever. That's the way we Danites do in Utah."

Pedro could no longer control himself ; with a howl of rage he rushed at Norris, exclaiming :

"I knew I was right, you accursed Mormon !"

The Professor recalled the unconscious man from his trance, and when he awoke he saw bending over him the face of the enfuriated Mexican, who looked



HE SHOT PEDRO THROUGH THE HEART. See p. 143.

the vengeance he felt. Springing to his feet, Norris demanded :

"What is the matter? Why do you look at me thus?"

Pedro folded his arms, and, looking his brother-in-law full in the face, he ejaculated scornfully :

"Traitor! Murderer! Mormon and accursed Danite! You hired Castro to shoot my sister?"

"Dog of a Mexican ; you shall die with that lie in your throat!" cried Norris, and deliberately taking a revolver from his pocket he shot Pedro through the heart.

Professor Hobart caught the Mexican in his arms as he fell. Pedro attempted to speak, but the effort was too much. A dark red stream flowed from his mouth and choked the words that he would have uttered. He gave the Professor a look of agony, and expired, leaving his dying request unspoken.

The housekeeper heard the report of the revolver, and remarked to the other servants that Señor Norris was firing off his pistol. It was no uncommon thing for him to discharge his revolver when he desired to clean it, which he always did for himself, so that no one was surprised by this occurrence, and no further attention was paid to the matter. Thus it happened that Professor Hobart was the only witness of Pedro's tragic death.

After he had fired the shot, Norris ran from the

room, rushed up stairs and entered the large and sumptuously-furnished apartment that had been his wife's private sitting-room. This room opened into a handsome chamber. Norris entered the latter apartment, and, taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, he unlocked the first closet and then the small iron safe which was in it. He took out several large jewel cases, which he hastily opened. The light that flashed from the jewels fairly dazzled the man for an instant as he lifted them to the light. These jewels had belonged to his wife. They were set in a pin, earrings and bracelets, and were large diamonds of the purest water. In fact, they were far more valuable than the amount of the legacy which his wife had left him.

Hurriedly thrusting the jewels into his inside coat pocket, he opened the upper drawer and took out a roll of bills. Then he caught up a valise, which he had already packed in anticipation of a hasty journey, and ran down stairs.

Meanwhile Professor Hobart had laid the body of Pedro Ramirez on the sofa when he heard Norris' footsteps in the passage, and quickly opening the library-door, by an adroit movement, he placed himself between the murderer and the outer door.

Looking the Professor calmly in the face, Norris said in the most ordinary tone of voice:

"Will you allow me to pass?"

"Certainly not; your brother-in-law is dead. If you doubt my word, go and see for yourself."

"I do not in the least doubt your assertion. The man insulted me, and I am perfectly justified in killing him."

"You have no right to leave this house in this way, and I will not allow it."

"Stop me at the peril of your life," cried Norris, drawing his revolver and pointing it at the head of the unarmed Professor, who saw that he had a desperate man to deal with.

The two men eyed each other for a moment. Norris had murder in his eye and Professor Hobart felt that he could do nothing.

"Sir," he said, "you may escape human law; but the brand of Cain is upon you, and sooner or later you will be overtaken by Divine wrath and justice."

Norris responded with a sneer:

"You believe that 'murder will out.' I have lived to know that only fools suffer from an inconvenient conscience. A wise man will not betray himself. But my time is precious. Adios, Señor;" and in another second the hall door had closed upon the guilty man.

Professor Hobart was so completely amazed at the coolness and audacity of the murderer, that for a moment he could neither move nor speak. Recovering himself in an instant, however, he called loudly for

assistance. Mrs. Miles ran down the stairs in great haste to see what was the cause of the unusual clamor. When she was told what had happened, she was wild with grief and indignation.

"O, sir, go after him?" she exclaimed. Do not, I beg of you, allow that man to escape."

The good woman wept over the body of the young man as a mother would weep over that of her child. She loved him very dearly, having been for years in the family. She hated Norris as much as she loved his victim. She felt he was to blame for the sorrows and miseries which had befallen both brother and sister.

While she was weeping over the body of the dead, Professor Hobart was doing his best to repair his neglect in letting the murderer escape. He walked as far as Clay and Montgomery streets, but could see nothing of Norris. In despair at his escape, the Professor entered the first police station he came to and told the particulars of the tragedy. The Captain of the precinct listened to his story with great attention, but when he started to return to the house he was informed that he would be detained as a witness; and until the assassin was discovered, the law would hold him accountable for the murder. The Professor was thunderstruck and not a little indignant. He, however, asked and obtained permission to give bail. He immediately sent for a friend—Dr. Post, a noted

physician of San Francisco—who became his bondsman.

When the doctor had listened to his friend's story of the affair, he was very much alarmed for his safety. He knew very well that, should Norris escape, there was very little hope that the Professor could prove his innocence; he had not a witness to produce in his favor.

The two gentlemen appeared, however, the next morning at the Coroner's inquest. Mrs. Miles testified to hearing the shot fired, but said that, as Norris was in the habit of firing his pistol in the grounds, she thought nothing of it. "In fact," she said, "until I heard Professor Hobart calling, I did not know that anything unusual had occurred."

The Professor then told his story, which was listened to with doubt until Sam Sing, a Chinese servant in the house, came forward and exclaimed, excitedly:

"Melican man no telle stoly. Master Melican man shoote Master Pedro. Sam Sing saw him takee pistol —and it go bang, and Master Pedro fall in this Melican man's arms."

This created a sensation; and the Coroner asked Sam Sing where he was when Norris fired.

"Sam Sing lookee inee windlee. Me fraidee Melican man killee me, and me hidee."

The Chinaman's story turned the scale in favor of

Professor Hobart. The Coroner's Jury brought in a verdict that Pedro Ramirez came to his death from a pistol-shot fired by Richard Norris.

The detectives made diligent search, but they failed to find the murderer. The Mayor of San Francisco offered a reward of five hundred dollars for his arrest, and Señor Juan Ramirez, the cousin and heir-at-law of the murdered man, offered two thousand dollars, and also sent a detective to Utah to search for him there.

That keen hunter of outlaws returned from Utah with the intelligence that no such man as Richard Norris had been seen in Utah. The detective, in spite of his fruitless search and of Brigham Young's politeness and apparent desire to give him information, felt certain that the Mormon High-priest was shielding the criminal. He knew of not a few cases where this had been done. Bill Hickman, a noted Danite, who, according to his own confession, committed nineteen murders, was always a Mormon in good and regular standing throughout his career, and was a member of the Utah Legislature at the time when he was killing men, in obedience to the mandates of the "Council," every few months.

As far as the San Francisco authorities were concerned, this was an end of the case against Richard Norris. As long as he did not make his appearance in California he was safe. The officers of the law felt

perfectly sure that they had been hood-winked; but it was an every-day occurrence for outlaws and criminals to escape to Utah; and once they became members of the Mormon church they were screened and protected by the Saints.

CHAPTER XIV.

ERNEST VAN TINE'S WESTERN HOME.

Five years had elapsed since Ernest Van Tine left the "Keystone State" to better his condition. He located in Nevada, not far from the famous Comstock Vein, where he built a snug log-cabin, consisting of four good-sized rooms. He made his quarters as comfortable as possible, adding every year some little convenience. About a quarter of a mile from the house he had built a blacksmith shop. Here he had all the work he could do from the miners, pointing drills and picks, shoeing their horses, and a thousand other bits of work. His forge, in fact, was never idle, and the ring of his hammer could be heard from morning till night.

The miners came of all nations and religions, and were always sure of a welcome at the blacksmith shop. Had there been an artist on the spot he might have painted many a quaint picture of the various groups around Van Tine's forge. Here John Chinaman hob-nobbed with a hot-headed Irishman; half-civilized Ute Indians held friendly conversations with sturdy Germans; or four or five plainsmen, in their pic-

turesque garb, held an animated conversation among themselves. Over and about this motley collection of men the light of the forge fire flickered and danced, lighting the faces of the men, hiding itself among the brown rafters, or lurking in the dark corners, as its gleams of flame flashed in and out.

Here the miners were accustomed to meet to discuss the affairs of the camp during the long, dull afternoons ; or, when their work was completed, they brought their tools for repairs. Thus it had come about that the blacksmith's shop was always a favorite place of resort.

It chanced, however, that on the morning of December 23, 1869, Ernest Van Tine was alone in his domain, having sent his workman to the mine with some tools that were wanted for immediate use. While he looked over another lot of irons the smith sang in a rich and hearty voice the song of his craft :

'Old Tubal Cain was a man of might,
In the days when the earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron flowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet route,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, 'Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah, for the hand that shall wield them well!
For he shall be king and lord.'"

"Pshaw!" thought Ernest, "I don't like the words of that song; they sound too much of war and bloodshed. Give me the industrious miller's song instead;" and he hummed:

"I care for nobody, no, not I;
And nobody cares for me."

"What a selfish idea!" again soliloquized Ernest. "A man must care for somebody; if he doesn't, he is not fulfilling the mission the Great Artificer intended for him. And besides, a man should care a little for everybody who deserves it. I give the best gifts of my head, heart and hands to the dear ones at home Yes, I have every reason to be a happy man; I have a dear wife and a sweet little girl, I am doing a prosperous business and I have health and strength. And yet, in spite of all my happiness, I feel at times strangely depressed. I declare, I sometimes think that I must be going crazy. Though I saw Dick Melton buried, the face of that wretch who shot poor Jack Wilson haunts me, until I almost believe they must be one and the same man. The idea is simply ridiculous!" And here Ernest wound up his reflections with a powerful blow, and at the same moment his wife appeared at the door with a small basket on her arm.

"Oh, Emma, how you startled me!"

"Am I so frightful, then?" asked his wife, with a saucy, loving glance at her husband.

"No, dear," responded her husband, with some seriousness; "you are far more beautiful in my eyes than when I married you."

Mrs. Van Tine looked searchingly into her husband's face. "Ernest," she said, "has anything happened? You don't look quite yourself."

"Yes; old Granger has refused to pay me for the irons of his new wagon, and I am furious."

"Nonsense, dear; we shall not eat one mouthful the less, nor will our sleep be disturbed by his refusal to pay for his work."

"No, darling, no," replied Ernest. "Heaven bless your cheerful face. I ought to be the happiest smith that ever swung a hammer. Where is the little one?"

"At home, asleep," replied Emma. "The poor little thing is overcome with fatigue after the excitement of her party. She was never out of her bed so late before. But come, sir, what are you thinking of? See, I have brought you your dinner." The active little woman cleared some iron implements from the table that stood in a corner of the shop and spread a clean towel on it, and then set out the dinner she had brought. When the basket was empty she said: "Come and eat, dear, before everything is quite cold."

"Never mind the dinner, it will keep, and I am in a talkative mood at this moment. Let us speak of the old times Do you remember the day the old

regiment returned to York? We hardly thought that day that you and I would ever be man and wife?"

"Ah, I never dreamed of such a thing; my thoughts were then with the dead. But why conjure up these gloomy recollections?"

"Gloomy? Why, Emma, the sun rose upon my life from that day."

"I gave you scarcely a thought the day of your return. My heart was with him who slept beneath Virginia's soil."

"True, but it was a glorious death—to die for one's country. His was a sacrifice that will always be remembered with gratitude and reverence."

"Come, Ernest, eat your dinner before it gets too cold to be good for anything," said Emma, wishing to turn the conversation from a subject that seemed to make her husband unhappy.

Ernest sat down to the table and began to eat. "This is very tasty, dear; what is it?"

"Mutton stew—your favorite dish."

"So it is; and I am just hungry enough to eat like a bear."

"Will you not come home to dinner to-morrow, Ernest?"

"Possibly."

"I will take no excuse. Work or no work, you must come home and eat your dinner with Daisy and myself," said Emma, with a sigh.

"Why, little woman, that is the first sigh I have heard from you since our marriage."

"I have no cause, Ernest. I was only thinking of the past."

"Which to you and to me has not been all sunshine; but now the sky looks clear, does it not?"

"Yes, dear. Do you know that to-day is the anniversary of my first marriage?"

"What a change has been wrought since that day." Ernest had finished his dinner, and he now rose and, putting one arm around his wife's waist, he continued, lovingly: "My darling, do you regret the past?"

"I do not, my dear husband; we have been very, very happy together."

They stood a few moments lost in the joy of each other's presence. Then Emma said:

"I promised to call on Mrs. Wood, who lives about a mile below the mine, and I had best start; the afternoons are growing very short."

At this moment a childish voice was heard calling, "Mamma, mamma!" and a golden-haired little girl, who had not yet seen her fourth summer, ran into the shop straight into her mother's arms, holding up her sweet little mouth for a kiss.

"Is there no one else present?" asked her father.

The child ran at once to her father and kissed him. Catching her in his arms he asked, with a smile:

"Who's baby are you?"

Daisy looked at her mother and answered:

"Me is Mamma's."

"You naughty, ungrateful child! Who is it that brings home candies and toys for you?"

Daisy laughed and kissed her father.

"Ou does," she replied.

"Then whose baby are you?"

"Mamma's," still insisted the child.

"Of course you are Mamma's; but if you don't love me I know another little girl that I shall buy candies for."

"No, Papa, don't; I *am* your little girl," said Daisy, fondly, kissing her father.

"Come, Daisy, Papa has his work to do. We will go and make our call and then come back and bring Papa home with us."

"Me come back for Papa," said Daisy, placing her little hand in that of her mother, and throwing a kiss to her Papa with the other hand as they left the shop.

Ernest looked after his wife, and the ghost of a smile lingered about his mouth as he muttered:

"Poor girl; she remembers Dick kindly. No wonder, for they were married only a few months. Well, what was to be was to be, and it is of no use thinking of the past."

When his meditations had reached this point, the sound of advancing sleigh-bells reached his ears.

"I hope that's not Watson after his work, for it isn't finished," thought Van Tine, hastening to the door to see who it was who drove at such a furious rate. It was a stranger, and he was whipping his horse without mercy. "I am afraid that horse has picked up a nail," he said to himself.

As the driver approached, he shouted: "Hello, blacksmith!"

"Hello yourself! What's amiss? Has your horse picked up a nail?"

"No, dropped a shoe, and, I think, trod on a lump of ice. Can you put on a new shoe?" answered the driver, as he drew rein and alighted.

"I can, stranger," replied Van Tine. Taking the horse from the sleigh, he called to his workman, who had returned from the mines some time since, and told him to take the horse to the shed and cover him.

"He's in a foam; not used to driving, I think, sir?"

"I don't know; I only bought him lately."

"Hurry up, Jack. Do you want the poor animal to take its death?"

"You are a friend of horses I see?"

"Yes; of all dumb animals. It's my nature. Even when I was a child, if I saw a man belaboring an animal that cannot tell its wrongs or defend itself, I instinctively wanted to do the same thing to the man. It seems to me that only a coward would abuse so true

a servant as the horse. But come, sir, you had best walk into the shop and make yourself comfortable while I shoe your horse."

"Thank you, I will," replied the stranger, passing into the shop.

As Ernest looked at the stranger a puzzled feeling came over him. It seemed to him that he was not wholly a stranger. His walk seemed familiar; his face he had not seen, for he was muffled up to the eyes. But he put the matter from his thoughts and went out to attend to the shoeing of the horse.

Meanwhile the stranger had entered the shop. He stood at the forge fire for a moment, and then walked to the window and watched the smith as he bent over the horse's foot.

"I must be dreaming," muttered the stranger; "he cannot be the man for whom I take him, though his resemblance to my friend is very marked. I must find out who he is before I depart."

The stranger, thus soliloquizing, stood still watching Van Tine's every movement, his thoughts busy with the past.

CHAPTER XV.

THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

When Van Tine had finished setting the shoe he came into the shop and went on with his work there. The stranger did not seem to be in any hurry to depart. He still wore his wraps around his throat and face in a way that would have made a suspicious man fancy that he was either ashamed or afraid to have his face seen.

As his patron seemed to have lost the haste which had characterized his coming, for he turned to the forge fire and stood quietly warming his hands, Ernest offered him a cigar.

The man refused it politely, saying :

"Thanks, but I seldom indulge in the weed. By the way, I once knew this place, but I do not remember seeing this shop before."

"No, there was an old house here, with a smaller-pointed-roofed one near it, when I came to these parts, some five years ago."

"Can you tell me who lives in that new log-house up the road ?"

"Yes, I built that before I put up this shop. Do you know any one in these parts?"

"I did when I first lived in Utah about five years ago. The fact is I've led a wandering and somewhat romantic life for the last few years."

"Romance—pray tell me a bit of it? I am fond of stories of adventure, and the more highly spiced they are, the better I like them," returned the blacksmith, with a smile, unconsciously playing into his enemy's hands.

"Well, if you like a story, I do not mind giving you one; and I don't believe you will find it in the least dull either."

The smith put down his work, and, leaning against a bench, prepared to listen to the promised story.

"My early life was uneventful and not worth talking about. The first event of importance in my life was when I enlisted in the army, during the first year of the War of the Rebellion. I was in more than one battle, but I did not receive a scratch until the Battle of the Wilderness; there I was wounded and taken prisoner, and sent to Andersonville prison, where I remained until the spring of 1865, when the war closed.

"After I was liberated, and before I was fit to travel, chance threw in my way an old Philadelphia paper, in which I read the names of the regiments as they returned home, with their lists of the dead belonging to each one. My name was in one of those

lists. I immediately wrote home, but received no answer. After several unsuccessful attempts to get some direct communication from my wife, or my old home, I gave up. Despair seized me. I drifted into Texas and joined a party of cow-boys, with whom I went into the Territories. We bought and sold cattle and led a free, roaming life, which I greatly enjoyed. I had been with the boys about a year and enjoyed their confidence to such a degree that they made me their secretary.

"We prospered during our year of partnership, and had a number of orders for cattle from the owners of the various ranches in Southern California, which we tried to execute to every one's satisfaction.

"We would have accumulated a fortune if we had not met Señor Matteo and his band of outlaws."

"I thought that Indians were the only enemies that drovers had to contend with," said Ernest Van Tine.

"You are mistaken ; the Mexican brigand is often more troublesome. These Greasers are born thieves, and the majority of them would cut your throat for a dollar."

"You speak strongly against them," interrupted Ernest.

"I have good reason to do so," replied the traveler, "for six or seven of my friends were killed by those robbers. They stole a drove of splendid cattle which

we were driving to a ranch in the neighborhood. I was the only one of the party that escaped. Matteo took a fancy to me, and when he found I had been a soldier, he proposed to me to join his band. Certainly such a course was preferable to death; and I made the best of a bad bargain, and became the leader's first lieutenant until I could find an opportunity to escape.

"One day we attacked the Los Angeles coach and killed all the passengers except the only lady aboard the stage whose husband was with her and had been killed. I believe they let the driver off too, a most foolish proceeding on the part of our band. At least, I believe it greatly endangered their safety, for he was a plucky man who could remember an injury.

"The next day or two, I kept a sharp lookout and soon saw my chance. Aided by Matteo's wife, who was also his captive, and his wife against her will, I escaped and took the two women with me. We reached San Francisco in safety. I remained there for some time, but after some personal adventures which would not interest you"—

"How came you to these parts?" questioned Van Tine, as the strange man paused in his narrative.

"I am on my way to inspect some mining property in this region."

Ernest stood for a little while lost in thought; then he asked, abruptly:

"Did you never hear from your wife?"

"No, never ; although I have written to her several times. I should like to hear something of the boys of my regiment, too ; there was not a finer body of men in General Meade's command than the gallant 'Pennsylvania Tenth.'"

Ernest dropped the hammer which he had in his hand and stared at the stranger.

"The what?" he gasped.

"The Tenth Pennsylvania. Did you know the regiment?"

"I have heard that they were a brave set of men," he answered, evasively. Then he turned full upon the the man and asked, sharply : "Did you know them all?"

"Yes, from the colonel to the drummer boy."

"Did you know Dick Melton?"

"Of course, I did—that is, I have seen him ; and so may you if you will look this way, for I am he," replied the stranger, with a laugh, throwing the woollen comforter from his face as he spoke.

For a few moments the room whirled, and Ernest staggered like a man who had received a blow. When he had recovered himself a little, he turned to the man who had so plainly declared his identity, and said, half angrily :

"You Dick Melton? I cannot, I will not believe it. But perhaps there were two men of the same

name in the regiment," he added, his face brightening a little.

"Why do you say that? No, I am sure that I was the only man of that name in the regiment."

"You say you had a wife?"

"Yes."

"Tell me her name; quick, man; tell me her name!"

"Emma Church."

"God in Heaven pity and help me!" groaned the stricken man, as he dropped upon the bench and hid his face in his hands.

"Why, man, what is the matter? Why does my story affect you so much? Who are you!"

"Can it be, Dick Melton, that you do not recognize me?" exclaimed Ernest.

After a searching look, the other asked:

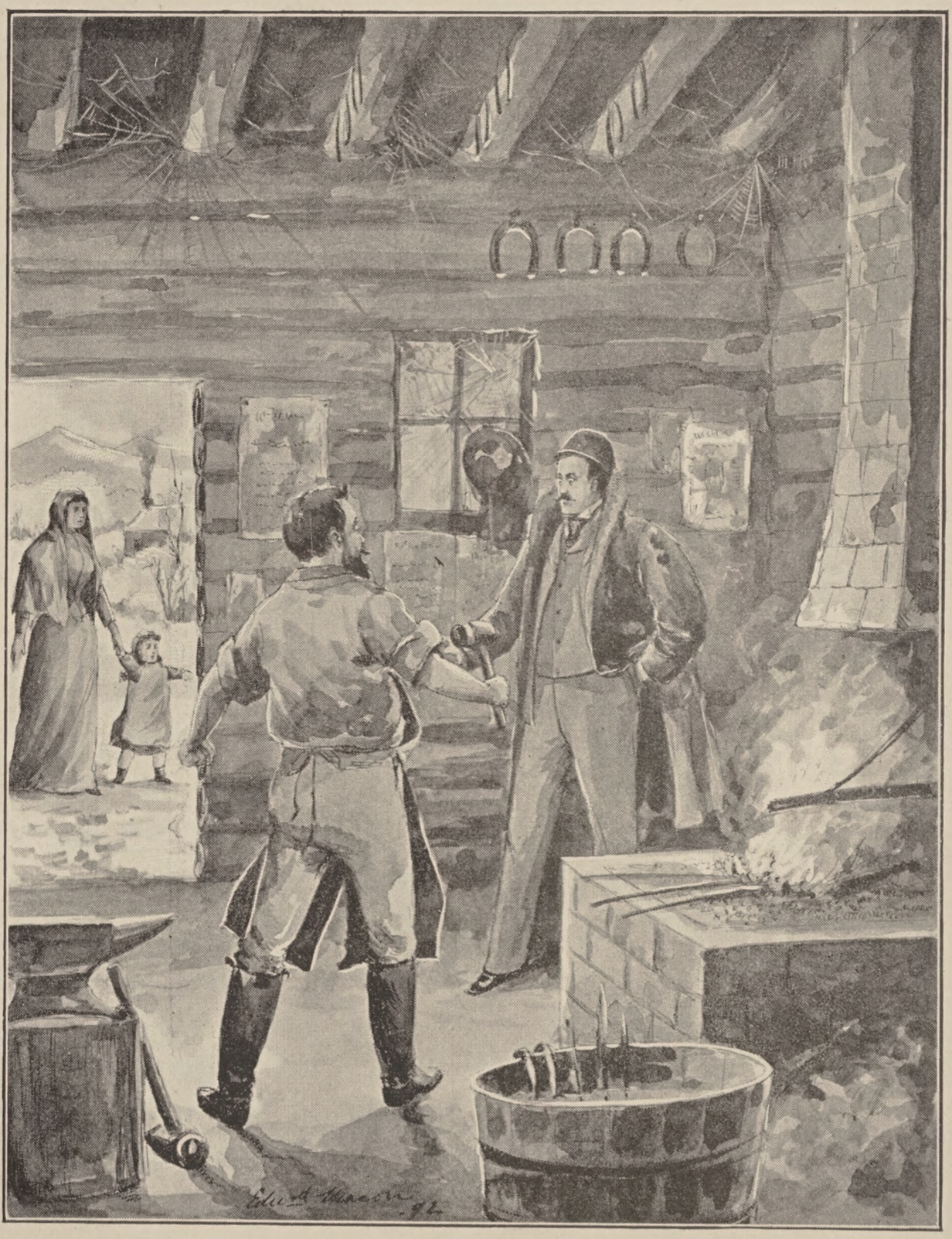
"Is it possible that you are my old friend and comrade, Ernest Van Tine?"

"Am I, then, so changed?" asked Ernest, sadly.

"No, but you are the last person that I should have expected to run across. Old boy, I am more than glad to see you!" and Melton held out his hand.

"Don't ask me; I cannot shake hands with you. I have to tell you the horrible truth. It will kill you or drive you mad."

"Nonsense speak out; I am not so easily driven mad. Is my wife dead? Speak, I can stand the blow."



HE MADE A SPRING TOWARDS MELTON. P. 165.

Van Tine's eyes blazed with scorn for a moment. Then he answered :

"Would to Heaven that she were, and that I, and you, too—yes, and the whole world, were engulfed in a universal ruin."

As Melton looked at the bowed figure of his friend and heard his wild words, the thought that the man must be crazy took possession of him ; he could not account in any other way for his strange behavior. He said nothing, but looked at him in silence.

The silence which had lasted for a long time was broken by the sound of a childish voice calling· "Papa. ! Papa !"

The voice of the child roused the father from his painful thoughts. He started up, exclaiming :

"Oh, here she comes." Then he muttered to himself : "What if with one blow of my hammer I should dash out his brains !"

There flashed forth from the smith's eyes the spirit of Cain—he thirsted for his rival's blood, and for one brief moment he was quite capable of murder. Seizing a sledge-hammer, he made a spring towards Melton, who was now convinced he had to deal with a madman. He was in the act of drawing his revolver when the figures of Emma Van Tine and her little daughter darkened the doorway.

Ernest let the hammer fall from his hand. He went hastily across the shop, and taking his wife

roughly by the arm, led her to where the stranger was standing.

"Do you know that man?" he asked, sternly.

The startled woman gave one glance at the man and then shrunk away from him towards Ernest. "Dick, Dick Melton!" she exclaimed, in great agitation, as she sank to her knees and clasped her hands. Her fate had completely overcome her.

"Good Heavens! what does all this mean?" Then suddenly he stooped and raised the kneeling woman. "Tell me," he commanded, "what is that man to you?" For the first time the real truth of the matter forced itself upon his mind.

But the woman was dumb. She stared at him in mute agony.

"No answer from you?" cried the infuriated man. "From you, then," he said, turning to Van Tine, "I will have an answer from you, or I will have your life."

"You may take it," exclaimed Ernest. "Life will only be a burden to me from this time. All the joy of my life is shattered in this moment. For what sins I am thus punished, I know not. Woman, if you have a spark of feeling do not stand there like a stone; answer that man's question."

"He is my husband," replied Emma, with tears in her eyes, which were at that moment full of the light of the purest, truest love for Ernest. The next

instant she sprang back, her face dyed with a vivid blush, for she realized that she stood before these two men as the wife of both.

Suddenly she turned and faced Ernest, saying, half reproachfully, half angrily :

"You told me that you helped to bury my husband in Virginia."

"I did not tell you a lie—at least, not an intentional one, dear. We buried a headless body on which was Richard's jacket, with one of your letters in the pocket. Certainly we had no reason to suppose that it was not he, particularly as we never heard or saw anything of him after the battle."

"That is easily explained," interrupted Melton. "You buried Williamson ; he had his head torn off by the explosion of a shell during the first day of the fight, and I threw him my jacket which lay on the gun-carriage ; Emma's last letter was in its pocket. We were ordered to change our position, if you remember, during the second or third day of the fight, and when the woods caught fire I lost sight of you, Van Tine. I was wounded in the arm, and the smoke from the burning wood was so intense that one could not distinguish friend from foe.

"Williamson, myself and several more of our men, while we were trying to get our guns out of the burning debris, ran into the Confederate lines and we were all taken prisoners, except poor Williamson, whose

head was blown off a few minutes before our capture. He stood near me and I saw him fall."

"Why did you not return to claim your wife?" demanded Van Tine, indignantly. "Any man who had an atom of honor would have done so."

"Because, as I have already told you, I was in the heart of the Southern country, ill and without a dollar. Of course, as a discharged prisoner of war, I could have demanded to be sent to my native State. But before I was able to travel, I wrote repeatedly to my wife, and, receiving no reply, I thought that she must be dead. I wanted her to join me and go to the West and there make ourselves a home."

"I never received a line from you, Richard; had I done so I should have joined you at once," interrupted Emma, giving Melton a searching look.

Here the little one, who was frightened at the trouble she saw in the usually happy faces she loved so well, began to cry:

"Mamma, oh, mamma!"

"Here, child!" exclaimed Ernest, the wild angel in his heart finding vent for the moment, in cruel and unjust words. "You have no mother," and he caught his little daughter in his arms and held her to his heart.

"Oh, do not take my child from me," pleaded the unfortunate mother. "Do not kill me in that slow fashion; take some quicker way. Ernest, by the

memory of the happy days we have passed together; by the love you have received and given, do not separate me from my child!"

"What, is it not terrible enough to live and know that you are the wife of another? Must I live and know that she learns to call him 'father'? No, no; I had rather that she lay here dead before our eyes."

For an instant Ernest held the child away from her mother, the fire of madness gleaming in his eyes; then the thorough goodness of his nature prevailed. He gently kissed the little one and laid her in her mother's arms. Then, turning to his former friend, and offering him his hand, he said:

"Dick, you asked me to shake hands a few moments ago and I refused; will you take my hand now? I have wronged you, Richard," he continued, as his hand closed on that of his now guilty, but once worthy friend, "but it was not a willful wrong. My punishment will be heavy. We loved the same girl. She preferred you and she married you; and I blessed you both in my heart. From that day I strove to think of her only as your wife, until I knew that I could honorably seek her again. Providence or chance threw us together. She saved my life, and nursed me through a terrible illness. I asked her to become my wife. Why should I not? I loved her then as I had always loved her; and you, I thought,

had found a resting-place forever in Southern soil. We were married and we have been happy together. I have been kind to her and tried in every way I knew to make life easy and pleasant for her. See that you continue that kindness when she is yours to cherish and protect."

"I shall do so," answered Richard Melton, as Ernest paused and looked at him for a reply. At the same time, a flush of shame tinged his face—shame for this invasion of his friend's fireside. In his heart he knew that this woman was the lawful wife of Ernest Van Tine. He knew that he had willfully deserted her and had married another woman while he was not certain that his other wife was dead. He knew very well that he had thus forfeited all moral, religious, and even legal right to call her his wife. But at the sight of her richer and fuller beauty, his old passion for her had revived. It was impossible for this man to feel a deep, pure love for any woman, and so he held his peace.

While he had listened to his old friend's honest, loving words, he had, for a moment, debated in his own mind whether he should not tell them the truth, go away and leave them in peace. But with Dick Norris, as with Dick Melton, conscience had power only to give him a momentary twinge, and when Ernest took his hand and, placing Emma's within it,

prayed God to bless and keep them both, he accepted the sacrifice without a word, and listened calmly to his friend's final noble words :

"I will leave you, Richard, to your wife, and to the happiness that she will bring to you. Emma, while you are happy and prosperous, you must teach our little girl to think of me as of one who is dead ; but if you should ever need my help, and I know it, I shall shield and protect you. Oh, my darling ! Oh, my darling !" Overcome with the sense of his love and his loss, he caught wife and child in his arms, and held them in a long and close embrace.

"Farewell, my love, my wife," he said, as he looked for what he knew might be the last time into her sweet eyes and covered her face with kisses. "When we meet again, may it be where there is no marriage or giving in marriage, but all is joy and peace and happiness." And with one last kiss, such as one may give only to the dead, he placed Daisy in her mother's arms and hurried from the place.

The heart-broken woman put down her little girl and reached out her arms for him whom she loved far better than her own life ; and when she realized that he had bidden her farewell, she uttered a cry of bitter agony and fell back in a swoon which was so deep that Richard Melton almost believed her to be dead. Finding, however, that she still breathed, he left her there

with little Daisy calling : " Mamma, open your eyes !" went and brought the horse and sleigh to the door, lifted the unconscious woman and the frightened child into the sleigh, and then drove rapidly away.

CHAPTER XVI.

EMMA'S JOURNEY TO UTAH.

When Emma recovered consciousness, she had left her old happy home behind her forever. She found herself, with her child by her side, sitting in the sleigh with her husband—for so we must now call Richard Melton—and gliding rapidly away from the scene of her happy life.

When the full recollection of all that had passed came to her mind, she for the first time shed the tears that were so much needed to give her overtasked heart relief. After she had once more become quiet, she began, like a brave woman, to look her position squarely in the face. She saw that she must struggle to put the happiness of the past entirely away from her thoughts, if she would do her duty to the man who now claimed her as his lawful wife.

She felt it would be impossible for her to ever forget entirely Ernest Van Tine, for he was a man of such noble attributes, that he had won the whole love of her heart. She shuddered as she thought she must learn to live without him.

Emma was stunned by the terrible position in

which she found herself placed, and she had not sufficient strength of character to fight against her first husband taking forcible possession of her. The heart-broken woman felt like a prisoner in the hands of a strong jailor, and silently submitted to her unhappy fate.

They made the journey to Utah as rapidly as possible, stopping only to eat and sleep at the wayside inns. Melton—or Norris, as we may as well call him—treated Emma like a sister throughout the entire journey, only showing by his eager, admiring glances that the old charm of her presence was fast mastering him. Recognizing the country through which they were passing almost as fleetly as the wind itself, Emma suddenly asked Norris whither they were bound.

"For Salt Lake City," was the laconic reply.

"Oh, Richard, why do you take me there?"

"Because I am myself a Mormon."

"You? A Mormon?" she exclaimed, in consternation."

"Yes, Emma, I believe it to be the only true religion."

"Richard, have you forgotten all your early teachings?"

"I never really had any settled religious belief. I went to church with my mother, but I had never joined any church until I became a Mormon."

Emma shivered. "How many wives have you?" she asked.

"None, besides yourself. You will have to be divorced from Ernest, I suppose, and then we can be sealed," said Richard, with a look that caused her to shrink from him and say:

"I should rather be divorced from you and return to Ernest, who is the father of my child."

"Ernest Van Tine has left you, and you are in my care now. You will do well to *obey me*," answered Norris, sternly.

Emma made no answer; she pressed her little one to her aching heart, and though her lips quivered, she bravely kept back the tears. She fully realized that she had fallen into the power of a man who could—and who perhaps would—use it cruelly.

"How much you have changed, Richard!" she exclaimed at last, finishing the ejaculation with a weary sigh.

"Of course; we all change as we grow older. You, too, have changed; you are far more beautiful than you were in the old time, Emma." And again his eyes sought hers with the look that made her shiver. "I have changed my name from Melton to Norris, too, so you must not be surprised when you hear me thus addressed," he said, hurriedly, when he saw that he had alarmed her.

"Why did you do that?"

"Oh, I preferred the name of Norris; I took it when I became an Avenging Angel."

"An Avenging Angel?" questioned Emma, in surprise.

"Yes, a Danite, as we are sometimes called. They are a body of men who rule in Utah; their power is second only to the Prophet's, for they are the keepers of his secrets."

"I thought the Danites were a band of assassins."

"That is what the Gentiles say, my dear. We are a very necessary body of men—necessary to the safety and well-being of this community, and of our religion."

The poor woman dared not pursue the subject further; she felt a presentiment that if she did so the knowledge that she would receive would only add to her unhappiness.

Emma was a charming woman, and Norris was anxious to make her a convert to the Mormon faith, in order to keep her by his side and have her at the head of his household. In spite of his friendship with Brigham Young, he had not settled down and established a home, as the generality of Mormons do. The Prophet had, however, overlooked this, because Norris was one of his most useful men, and one whom he could trust implicitly to do his bidding. He had regretted his loss exceedingly at the time Norris was captured by the brigands, and from his long absence

had been given up as dead. Upon his return to Salt Lake he received a warm welcome from the Prophet, especially as Norris told a very clever story about his capture and escape from the Mexican robbers.

Norris had returned to Utah a rich man. He had received a legacy, he said, from his uncle, who had died in St. Louis. The real source of his wealth was obtained from the sale of the Velasquez diamonds, which he had sold most advantageously during his visit to New York.

After shooting Pedro Ramirez, and making his escape from Professor Hobart, as has already been related to the reader, Norris managed to elude pursuit very cleverly. In the valise that he took with him was a complete disguise. This he put on in the carriage on the way to the railway station. It was dusk and he hastily paid the driver, and ran for the train which he had just time to board before it started. Thus the description telegraphed by the San Francisco police an hour or two later did not answer to that of any passenger when the train arrived in Salt Lake City.

Upon his arrival in that city Norris immediately took a carriage and drove to the house of a friend, several miles from the town. This friend was a devoted Mormon. Here he remained in perfect safety until after the San Francisco detectives had giver up their search. In the meantime he had written to Brigham Young, to ask that, if inquiries should be made for him,

to say that no such person had ever been known there.

When all was quiet, and Norris believed himself to be safe from pursuit, he had appeared in Salt Lake, made his peace with the Prophet, and was reinstated in his old position.

Soon after his return to Salt Lake City he purchased a handsome house, and set up a well-appointed establishment, which only lacked a woman's presence to make it a real home.

He also invested heavily in silver mines in Nevada, in which President Young was the principal owner, and which were being worked with marked success. He was on the way to these mines when his horse cast his shoe ; which circumstance had led to a discovery that had caused much mischief, and brought much unhappiness to, at least, two loving hearts.

Up to the moment of Earnest's abrupt departure and Emma's consequent swoon, Norris had formed no definite plan of proceeding. Then he conceived the idea of carrying his wife back to Salt Lake City at once. He was certain that she would refuse to go with him if she first learned that he was a Mormon ; so he seized her in her insensible condition, turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, and made the best speed possible for Utah, trusting to his power of persuasion to make Emma consent to become a Mormon wife.

He made himself extremely agreeable during the

journey, pointing out the objects of interests and divert ing her thoughts from her false position by a flow of pleasant conversation.

The town itself, when they reached it, awoke Emma's admiration, as it does that of all visitors. "The city is regularly laid out," exclaimed Norris, "in squares of ten acres each, and those in turn into lots of an acre and a quarter each. They are only sub-divided in the most thickly-populated quarter."

"What is the material of which most of these houses are built?" inquired Emma, interested in spite of herself.

"Sun-dried bricks, called adobe, and these are covered with plaster."

"The houses are nearly all built with one or two stories, I observe; but why do they have so many entrances?"

"As a general thing, a house has as many doors as its owner has wives," answered Norris, quietly.

"Oh!" was Emma's only reply. The truth was that she found it impossible to repress a shudder of disgust whenever she thought of the peculiar state of society existing in Utah.

They drove through the business part of the town, and Norris pointed out to her the large retail shops, which were elegant both within and without. After a time he drove past a square which contained several dwellings, and a school-house. "This," he explained,

"is the Prophet's establishment. Here is the school where his forty or fifty children are educated. Over yonder are his extensive stables, a grist mill, a carpenter shop, and there is the tithing office."

"What are those buildings on the opposite square?"

"They are devoted to church purposes. There is the Temple, which exceeds in extent any other place of worship in the United States. Within that same enclosure is what we call 'The Bowery.'"

"You mean that patch of green boughs!" questioned Emma.

"Yes; notice the immense space that they cover. An audience of several thousand people can be accommodated within the enclosure. Sunday services are usually held here during the hot weather. You see that both these squares are enclosed with a stone wall."

"How high are those walls?" asked Emma; "they remind me of a prison."

"About twelve feet high, I suppose. You will soon grow accustomed to their use, for they enclose a great many of our buildings. In fact, we have a great many English ideas in Salt Lake, for we have a great many English people in our midst."

"Oh, Richard," exclaimed Emma, putting her hand on his arm in a beseeching way, "I am afraid that I shall never be happy here!"

"Nonsense, little woman! I promise you that you

shall be happy. I have the best because the first right to you. I will hurry up your divorce, we will be married again, and then your mind will be at ease."

"But you will take other wives; I could not endure that, Richard; I warn you now that it would break my heart."

"But I need not take any other wife, if I do not wish; and I do not believe that I shall ever want to marry another woman, dear. Do not make yourself miserable about it. I fancy a man can be made very uncomfortable who has more than one wife at a time," answered Norris, with a laugh that jarred upon the woman at his side, who felt more and more that Norris was a very different man from the one she had once known and loved.

The conversation was not carried any further, and Emma became absorbed in a reverie that lasted until the sleigh stopped before a fine, large residence.

Norris alighted and rang the bell at the house door. His ring was answered by a very handsome girl with whom he held a few moments' conversation. She then came out to the sleigh, and Norris, after introducing Emma to Miss Kate Vaughan, drove away, leaving Emma with Kate, who took Daisy up in her arms, and carried her into the house.

Kate Vaughan looked searchingly at Emma as she said to her: "I believe I have had the pleasure of see-

ing you before. Do you remember having a wounded arm, Mrs. Van Tine?"

"Ah, yes, indeed, I do, and I have never forgotten your kindness to me at that time;" and Emma's lips quivered as she thought of Ernest.

"I suppose your husband has been dead some years," remarked Kate, sympathetically, seeing the sorrow in her visitor's face.

"Alas, no! Would to Heaven I had died before I left my Eastern home," was the unexpected reply she received.

"Excuse me, I fear I have pained you by my thoughtless question. Come up stairs, you need rest."

There was a short silence between the two and then Emma asked: "How is your mother?"

"Mother is now more of a confirmed invalid than when you met her. She never leaves her room except to take a ride," answered Miss Vaughan, with a long, weary sigh, as she led the way to a tastefully furnished apartment. The fresh-looking bed, with its snowy dressings, looked inviting to Emma, who had been traveling for days, stopping only a few hours at a time for rest.

Kate undressed Daisy and put her to bed, then brought a wrapper for Emma, helped her to put it on and made her sit down while she brushed her hair and made the tired woman feel as comfortable as she

could have been in her own home. Then Kate quietly left the apartment, returning in a few moments with a dainty repast spread on a large tray.

She sat down with Emma and tried to entertain her. The sympathy and kindness of the generous girl was very grateful to her weary and sorrowful guest.

What a picture of feminine beauty these two women made, sitting there opposite to each other, in the waning light of the short winter day. Emma was a perfect brunette while Kate was a blonde of the purest Saxon type. She was tall and graceful and her golden hair rolled back in natural waves from a face whose features were regular, but at the same time full of decision and character, and which was lighted by a pair of rarely-beautiful violet-blue eyes.

These two women were destined to become very sincerely attached to each other.

Before Kate left her that night, Emma had begun to love the girl with a love such as she had never given to any other woman ; and she felt more at ease than she had since her departure from Nevada.

CHAPTER XVII.

MORMON HOUSEHOLD.

Five years had elapsed since Mrs. Vaughan had become a wife in name only; she was really as much a widow as if the grave had closed over her husband. The same roof sheltered them, but they seldom saw each other, and when they met it was accidental; to tell the truth, casual acquaintances were on more intimate terms than this couple who had been man and wife for twenty years.

When George Vaughan was sealed to Alice Courtney, he yielded to her influence and knew no law but hers. She possessed a wonderful charm for him and the glamor of her presence was irresistible; besides, he had passionately loved her all his life.

The first acts in the drama of this man's history had commenced in Brighton, England, when Alice Graham jilted him for the wealthy Henry Courtney. There had been an interval of sixteen years between the second and third acts and the scene had changed from Brighton to Salt Lake City. The retrospect of George Vaughan's past relations with his plural wife gave Sarah Vaughan many a heart-felt pang, for she

realized, though she had been the mother of his children, that her rival had been the only woman her husband had ever loved.

Sarah Vaughan loved this man not wisely but too well, and she married him believing that she had won his heart. Alas! the first year of her married life proved how fallacious her hopes of happiness were.

Henry Courtney inherited a handsome property in Brighton. The place was called "Lawnwood," and was considered one of the handsomest in that part of the country.

When Mrs. Courtney became mistress of "Lawnwood," she was surprised to find that the modest home of the Vaughan family adjoined her grounds, and that they were her nearest neighbors. She waived all ceremony and called upon Mrs. Vaughan, who did not return her call because she was bitterly jealous of this modern Circe who captivated and won all hearts by her marvelous charms.

Mrs. Vaughan's husband was a tall, handsome man and, in spite of his moderate circumstances, was a general favorite in society on account of his genial manners. He belonged to an excellent family, and was at Oxford when his father failed and he was thrown upon his own resources; he determined to fight the battle of life to the best of his ability. He entered his uncle's office and in time became an expert architect. He had completed his twenty-fifth year

when he met Alice Graham at an evening party and was fascinated by her from the first moment that her gleaming black eyes were raised to acknowledge his greeting. She looked him straight in the face as if to read his very thoughts.

Alice was not a beautiful girl, but she was very fair to look upon. Her dark eyes sparkled as she turned them towards you, and her fine complexion dyed by the rosy tints of health; her white brow was shaded by tiny curls as black as a raven's wing.

Her supple form was grace itself; as she moved about a room, her walk was unlike the generality of her sex. Her head was always held up with a regal air, her shoulders thrown back and the sound of her regular foot-falls could almost be counted as she stepped briskly onward.

She loved the handsome young architect as much as she was capable, but her regard for him was not sufficiently strong to induce her to endure a life of poverty with the man of her choice, especially as she could very easily improve her worldly condition by wedding a more wealthy suitor. She really and sincerely intended to marry George Vaughan until Henry Courtney appeared on the matrimonial horizon, then she deliberately jilted her devoted lover and became the wife of his rival.

Mrs. Courtney was a married flirt; she made

herself agreeable to all of her husband's male friends.

She gave the choicest of dinner parties, and invariably invited her former lover and his wife. Mrs. Vaughan would never accept any invitation to these entertainments, but her husband did, and in the end became the "*ami de la maison.*"

Mr. Vaughan's business did not improve as years rolled on, and when he met a Mormon elder, who was sent out to England as a missionary, he became interested in the Mormon doctrine; moreover, he thought he might better his fortunes by emigrating to Utah.

Mrs. Courtney was a regular correspondent of George Vaughan's after his departure, and it was owing to his advice, that, seven years after, she followed his example. She thought she would improve her circumstances by becoming a Mormon and the plural wife of her sweetheart of former years, who now had a comfortable home to offer her.

Her husband had been dead nearly two years when she left England, and she was a childless, penniless widow without any family ties; therefore, she felt that no one had a right to criticise her conduct, even if she became George Vaughan's plural wife.

Alice Courtney had contemplated taking this step before her departure from her native land, and she carried out the programme she had marked out for

herself, regardless of Sarah Vaughan's feelings. She was pleasantly surprised to find that she still held sway over her old lover's heart.

Alice Courtney had been George Vaughan's plural wife two years and he was happy, for all the old mad infatuation of his youth thrilled his being. He was this woman's willing slave and knew no law but hers. Sometimes his conscience smote him, when he thought of his deserted wife and daughter, for whom he provided, but seldom visited.

The unhappy wife refused to see him, but Kate received her father when he called at the farm, as she was determined that her mother should be properly provided for.

Kate Vaughan knew that a great many wives in Utah were not supported by their husbands; in fact, hardly a week elapsed that she did not hear some sad story of deprivation from the lips of women who were unable to take care of their families on the pittance allowed them. George Vaughan was too much of a gentleman to neglect supporting his lawful wife, though he lavished his means to gratify his plural wife's caprices.

During the third year of George Vaughan's plural marriage, he became the father of a son by his second wife Alice. The baby was a fine healthy child and thrived. He became the idol of both his parents. Therefore, in spite of his invalid wife's disdain, and

the reproachful expression in his daughter's eyes whenever she greeted him, during his very brief visits to the farm house, he was happy.

The felicity that George Vaughan enjoyed was of the material sort. His plural wife had ever been the woman of his choice; therefore, he had unexpectedly realized his early dream of wedded bliss, and was contented.

There are some things that no amount of preparation prepares for, and the unexpected always happens, and so it proved in this man's case. He was one day astounded by being commanded to take another wife, and the miserable man did not dare to refuse to obey Brigham Young's behest; therefore, he begged for time to arrange his household, and thus obtained a reprieve.

Hannah Shaw, who was elected to become his third spouse, was a Mormon widow of fifty summers, a personal friend of the Prophet. She was of Scotch parentage and a thrifty woman, who knew the history of the Vaughan family, and she coveted the management of the farm. She remarked to the Prophet that "things were going to rack and ruin for the want of some one to look after them on Vaughan's place."

When Brigham Young graciously granted George Vaughan time to make his family arrangements, he hastened home and informed his wife Alice of the Prophet's command, and the quick-witted woman,

after the first shock of the announcement had subsided, advised her husband to move into a large house which he had just completed and thought of selling. This house was a three-story frame structure with side wings.

The right wing was furnished and arranged for Sarah Vaughan and her daughter, the lower floor of the left wing George Vaughan fitted up as his office, and the main building was furnished for Mrs. Alice Vaughan.

By Mormon law, a man is required to spend a week with each spouse; therefore, Mrs. Alice was always sure of her husband's society for the greater portion of his time as his first wife refused to see the man who had so bitterly wronged her; besides, his office being in the building, he was always sure to be there during the day; even during the week he was required by law to visit his other plural wife.

On the morning that George Vaughan went to the Endowment House to be sealed unto Mrs. Shaw, his wife Alice accompanied him; for an obedient Mormon wife is supposed to be willing that her husband shall take other wives, and her presence at the sealing is a sign of her approval. When the ceremony was over and she saw her husband drive off with his new plural spouse, she walked home with a ghastly face and rigidly compressed lips.

When she entered the house she sat down, white

and still, for an hour. What did this wild protest in her heart mean? Why had she not borne in mind that, sooner or later, this chalice would some day be presented to her own lips. Now, for the first time, it dawned upon her how bitter the cup was that her own hands had held to Sarah Vaughan to drink of.

The nurse brought her infant son to her—she clasped the child to her rebellious heart and wept bitterly. Verily as we sow, so do we reap, even if we conceal the barbed arrow within our own hearts. The sting of an accusing conscience will poison the happiness we have sinned to grasp.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MORMON CONVERT.

The morning after Emma's arrival in Utah, she did not rise until late, and breakfasted in her own apartment.

The unhappy woman felt dazed by the unexpected events which had lately happened.

She yearned for the presence of the father of her child, and she shuddered when she thought of what a perpetual struggle the balance of her existence was to be between love, and what she imagined to be her duty. The retrospect of her happy married life with Ernest Van Tine arose before her mental vision, and she sobbed aloud in her anguish.

Daisy crept to her mother's side, and, throwing her arms around her mother's neck, lisped :

"Mamma, don't cry!"

Emma did not take any notice of her would-be little comforter, but continued to weep, for she felt perfectly desolate among strangers. The child was silent for a few moments. She had never seen her mother in such a state of mental woe, but she, at last, impatiently exclaimed :

"Mamma! Mamma!"

"Yes, dear."

"Daisy wants to go home."

"Oh, my darling, we have no home to go to," replied Emma, sadly.

"Daisy wants to see Papa!"

"You will break mamma's heart, baby," said the unhappy mother, as she clasped her child convulsively to her heart.

"Don't cry, Mamma. Me go home with you to-morrow, and then me see Papa. Me love Papa; don't you, Mamma?"

"Oh, baby, baby!" exclaimed the miserable woman, sobbing out her anguish. Daisy's innocent questions pierced her heart like the thrust of a dagger.

Kate Vaughan entered the apartment, and she was surprised to find Emma in tears. Kate endeavored to retreat hastily from the room without being observed, as she supposed her guest would feel mortified if she noticed her emotion, but Daisy espied her. The child said excitedly:

"Mamma! see pretty lady; don't cry. Let me go to Papa."

"Daisy, your father will soon be here," said the kind-hearted girl as she stood in the centre of the room; she felt she must make some reply.

"Daisy don't want that Papa, she wants her own nice Papa."

"Isn't Mr. Norris the child's father?" asked Kate in surprise, unable to control her curiosity.

"No, Kate; Ernest Van Tine is her father. You may remember him, for it is only five years since we were your guests."

"Yes, I remember Mr. Van Tine quite well," replied Kate, quietly." "I thought he was dead."

"No, I am not his widow—I wish I had died before we had ever met," answered Emma, passionately. "My story is a sad one, Kate, and you have a right to my confidence. I have violated no law of God or man knowingly, but I am, nevertheless, a victim of circumstances. I married Richard during the war. I had every reason to suppose him dead; his friends had seen a man buried under his name, and as my husband did not return home, we believed that he was no longer living. A year elapsed. I married Ernest Van Tine, a man so true and noble that I could be proud of his love. Oh, Kate, if I allow myself to think of the past I shall go insane. I would be willing to suffer any sacrifice to be allowed to return to the father of my child."

"It certainly seems to me that he has the best claim upon you."

"I myself feel that he has, but Richard, who was my first husband, demands that I shall obtain a divorce from Ernest and marry him."

"You will not act for your own best interest, or

that of your child, if you divorce a good Gentile husband, and marry a Mormon, who will have other wives."

"He has promised me to marry no other woman."

"A promise made only to be broken; take my word for it. My advice to you is to return to your Gentile husband."

"How can I? Richard says that he has left our home; and if so, I know not where to seek for him."

"Perhaps that is true."

"Do you doubt Richard's word?"

"As I would doubt the word of any Mormon in such a case. But tell me, how did you come to leave your Gentile husband?"

Emma took Daisy on her lap as Kate sat down to listen the story of Emma's life.

"So he carried you off against your will!" exclaimed Kate, her eyes flashing with indignation as she heard of Norris' high-handed proceedings.

"Yes, I begged to return to Ernest when I regained my consciousness," replied the unhappy woman.

"It is very strange that Mr. Van Tine should have been so willing for you to go back to your first husband," remarked Kate.

"Ernest acted on the impulse of the moment. He felt that he had unconsciously wronged his friend, and he was willing to make all the atonement in his

power; besides, he did not know that Richard had joined the Mormon church," answered Emma, with a deep sigh.

"Why not telegraph to Mr. Van Tine to come to Utah—that you are in peril and need his aid. You could tell him all your troubles and he would help you to escape becoming a Mormon wife. From what you have told me, I am sure that Mr. Van Tine would not leave his child to be raised amid such surroundings if he knew the character of the people with whom she must associate as she matures," said Kate, earnestly.

"I will telegraph to my old neighbor, Mrs. Wood; she will know whether Ernest has left the place or not. Oh, if he would only come to my assistance, I should indeed thank Heaven for its mercy. The father of my child, Kate, will come if I send for him."

"He will come if he is the man I take him to be. In what part of Nevada did you live?" Kate asked her visitor.

"About two miles from Virginia City. My husband did the repairs for the Comstock mines, shod the horses, pointed the mining tools, and did all the work of that kind."

"Let me go at once and telegraph to this Mrs. Wood. If your husband can be found I beg you to return to him as soon as possible. Please write your

message while I put on my bonnet, for we must attend to the matter immediately."

"God bless you, Kate!" exclaimed Emma. "I will do as you think best. I am glad I yielded to the impulse to confide my sorrow to you."

When Kate re-entered the room, dressed for her walk, Emma had the message ready for her.

"Mind now, not a word to Norris; he is a power in Utah. Let us learn the truth before you are again married to him in the Mormon church."

Kate took the message to the office, and hurried back home, where she found Richard Norris seated beside Emma, with Daisy upon his knee. Kate entered the parlor determined to give Norris but little chance for private conversation, as she knew how intense was Emma's nervous dread of being left alone to entertain her former husband.

Norris was in very good spirits, as he had been promised that his wife should have an immediate divorce from Ernest Van Tine. After remaining for some little time with the two women, he arose to go, and as he bade Emma good-by, he whispered to her:

"Little woman, you will be sealed unto me the first of next month. Your divorce is going to be granted very quickly."

"I am sorry that you still persist in clain ing me. I would rather return to my child's father," was her cold answer.

"Ernest gave you back to me," Richard replied, his face flushing hotly.

"That is true, but I fear you are making a sad mistake. You will not continue to love me as you do now."

"Yes, Emma, always," he said, firmly.

"But will you always be contented with one wife?"

"I promised you to be sealed to no other woman and you must believe me, sweetheart. We have know each other since we were children, Emma, and I think you should be convinced that I care for no other woman, nor ever shall. Give me your love and it will suffice."

"Oh, Richard, I hope you will remember this promise. If we are married again I can never consent to your taking another wife."

"And yet you have had another husband, and I do think of even blaming you."

"You could not do so with any sort of reason. We both thought that you were dead."

"Let the past be forgotten," said Norris, hurriedly, "and let us live only in the future from this time. Good-by, my darling, and don't worry about the past," said Richard, as he parted from her.

Emma stood for a moment at the door after he had left her, watching him until he turned the corner

and was hidden from her view. The man's love for her could not fail to have its effect.

While she was pondering upon the strangeness of her position, a messenger came up with a telegram for her. She paid the boy and signed the book with all possible haste, and then ran up to her own room after having first called Kate. By this time her emotion had quite overcome her and she was obliged to hand the dispatch to her friend.

Kate tore open the envelope and read as follows :

"Van Tine has left Virginia City. Sold everything and no one here knows where he is.

"N. Wood."

Emma uttered a low moan and fell in a swoon at her friend's feet. Kate looked at her as she lay there like a dead woman and thought that it would perhaps be well for her if she should never regain her consciousness, as she was destined to suffer the intense misery of being a Mormon wife.

The young girl had seen much of Mormonism and she utterly detested the institution. It was only on her mother's account that she remained in Salt Lake City. She did not, however, believe that her father would ever ask her to marry ; even if he did, her fixed determination was not to wed a Mormon. Kate had no faith in the word of any man who believed in this

false religion, and she was convinced that with them all "the end sanctified the means."

Much time was not wasted in these reflections, as she soon set to work to revive the insensible woman, and when Kate saw the misery and mute anguish which took possession of Emma's face, when a recollection of what had passed returned to her, she tried in vain to console her. The task was a hopeless one, and the two friends wept in each other's arms. For the first time, Emma really gave up the hope that had been in her heart. Ernest was separated from her forever, and she mourned for him as she would for the dead.

The next morning Emma was in a raging fever and a physician was sent for. He pronounced it an attack of brain fever. Kate nursed her devotedly, and Norris, who was really anxious, did all that he could for her comfort.

She was the one woman whom he really loved—he had been infatuated with Madam Velasquez's beauty and wealth—the latter he had coveted. Emma he had always loved, in spite of the fact of his desertion of her. Now he loved her more than ever before. He was even grateful for the placid sort of affection which she had seemed to feel for him, he thought, of late. The fact was that she linked him to his past, which had been blameless up to the time of the close of the war.

After a time, Kate would not allow him to enter the sick room. Emma's almost constant appeal to Ernest to "Come and save her" so enraged him that Kate thought it was better that he should not see the invalid.

After six weeks of delirum and suffering, Kate found Emma one morning, when she came in after a few hours' rest, conscious but too weak to do more than smile at her devoted nurse. Presently she asked for Daisy and the child was brought to her. The little one kissed her mother and was unwilling to leave her again. The poor child had never been separated from her mother for a day or an hour before, now for weeks she had not been allowed to enter her room.

The next day Norris came in to see her. He showed so much emotion that Emma could not but feel that his love for her was genuine.

"Thanks for all your kindness, Richard," she whispered.

"Oh, do not speak to me as if I were a stranger, Emma, my dear little wife. Try and get well for my sake and Daisy's."

It was many weeks before Emma was able to leave her room, but at last she was strong enough to join the family at meals, and to sit with them for a part of each day. She had always been a reserved and quiet

woman, but after this illness she was more than ever silent and grave.

She yielded herself more and more to the influence of Richard Norris; a fact which grieved Kate intensely.

One day Norris brought Emma the "Book of Mormon," and after she had read that carefully he asked permission to introduce to her an old Scotch Mormon who was as full of Scripture as a bone is of marrow.

In his picturesque Scotch dialect, with its rich old English vowels, he told her the story of his conversion, away over there in Scotland, many years ago; told it in a strain of mingled simplicity and fervor that made it very touching as well as convincing. He himself was—as in fact, are the most of the sect—intensely convinced, so to speak, of the truth of Mormonism, and of its eventual triumph. He read its mystic riddles in and out of the Bible; he saw them in the grass and heard them in the trees. Nothing could convince him that he might possibly be wrong; no, that was impossible to one of God's elect—there could be no manner of doubt about it.

He assured Emma that miracles had been wrought in Scotland by his right hand, and that it had been instrumental in working others here. He did not boast of his power; he was all humility, in his ascription of the entire efficacy of the exorcism, to God him-

self. He spoke of the Holy Trinity in accents of the deepest reverence, and of the wonders done by anointing the sick with yellow Italian olive oil. He told of the numbers redeemed by the Mormon faith. He quoted Scripture faster than Emma could follow him, giving chapter and verse.

This old Scotchman called often. One evening he was talking of his conversion in Scotland, and his story of his baptism made a deep impression upon Emma, who was now anxious to believe and know all that was good in the Mormon church.

This man was a firm believer in the "Book of Mormon," and held to all its peculiar tenets about the reunion of the lost tribes of Zion, the United States, the conversion of North America by Jesus and his Apostles, eighteen hundred years ago; the one thousand two hundred and sixty mystical days when the book was closed; the divine mission of Joseph Smith; and finally, the significance of Utah as the umbilical centre of the New Dispensation.

After this man had made an impression upon Emma, Norris took her to the Tabernacle one Sunday and showed her over the building. This Mormon place of worship was completed many years ago, by Brigham Young and his assistants. It is made to represent the myth of the world—an immense turtle wrought in wood. A huge, tortoise-shaped dome, seventy or eighty feet high, casts its enormous unsup-

ported arch over an auditorium two hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and fifty wide. It forms one of the most perfect whispering galleries in the world. A pin falling in a straw hat; a loud ticking watch; the noise made by brushing the dust gently from a coat sleeve, can be heard from one end of the immense structure to the other.

The roof is garlanded with wreaths of cedar, which cross and recross in a complicated but harmonious design. There are three pulpits, one behind the other, each upholstered in crimson and surrounded by benches, where the president, the bishops, and the council of the twelve apostles sit. There is choir of of one hundred male and female voices which is supported by a string band, a cornet, and a gigantic but fine-toned organ. The music consists of nothing more elaborate than some of the best known Christian hymns, set to perfectly familiar, airs such, for instance, as "Arise, O Zion."

Emma enjoyed the music, and in fact the whole service, which was extremely simple; a hymn, then a prayer (all sitting except the officiating elder), then another hymn, and then the weekly communion of bread and water, which is distributed to the congregation, in their seats, while one of the elders is preaching.

The communion-table stands in front of the three pulpits and is covered with a fair white cloth, on which are arranged, in a row, twelve two-handled silver cups,

six large pitchers, and a number of baskets, all of silver. Into these baskets, six or seven of the saints proceed to break the sacramental bread. The elements were each blessed in turn and presented to the people. The elder was interrupted in his sermon to listen to the blessing and to hurriedly partake of the bread and water when his turn came.

The organ was an exceedingly sweet-toned one for so large an instrument; and is a lofty, tabernacle-like structure, almost as large as a small chapel, being nearly sixty feet high. It was built by Utah workmen and almost entirely of Utah wood. On this particular day, it was played by a young organist, who, however, managed the stops and pedals with a great deal of skill and self-possession.

There was no reading of the Bible during the service and no text was selected for the sermon. It was evident that the preacher depended solely on the inspiration of the moment; and his sermon consisted of a vigorous denunciation of the mistaken denominations, such as the Presbyterian, Episcopalian and Methodists, and so on, and was founded, doctrinally, upon a text of Scripture from the book of Jeremiah, sixth chapter and sixteenth verse. The congregation laughed freely at some of the speaker's funny hits at the various sects. A loud and quite unaminous "Amen" followed the prayer at the conclusion of the sermon.

Emma was charmed with the service and frankly told Norris so.

"Are you convinced, Emma, that the Mormon faith is the only inspired religion on earth?" asked Norris.

"Yes, Richard, I begin to think that it is."

"I hope to see you converted soon, Emma."

"Should you feel happier, Richard, if I joined the Mormon church?"

"I certainly should, Emma, for I believe it is the only religion. Besides, I think that a husband and wife should belong to the same church."

"I agree with you, and I could gladly accept all the doctrines of your church except polygamy; in that I cannot believe."

"You are not alone in that feeling, Emma. There are several sects of Mormons, but the principal are the polygamous and the non-polygamous—the Brighamites and the Josephites."

"Are there many non-polygamous Mormons in Utah?"

"A few only; the majority of the Josephites are scattered in various places outside of Utah."

"Then I will join the Mormon church, for in every other respect I admire the belief."

"You have made me the happiest of men. Now that your health is restored, there is nothing to prevent our being sealed next week."

"I will say nothing against it, Richard. I shall be

glad to have my own home once more. Besides, you have been very patient and kind to me."

"Because I love you, dear. You will be ever the wife of my heart, no matter what may happen."

"I trust that we shall both be happy."

"Next Wednesday week we will be sealed to each other!"

"Let it be as you desire," replied Emma, quietly.

That evening Emma told Kate that she had determined to join the Mormon church.

"I am sorry to hear you say so," returned Kate.

"Why, dear?"

"Because I feel sure you will live to repent having taken such a step. In my opinion there is no such slavery on the face of this earth as that of a Mormon wife."

"Your mother is a Mormon wife."

"Yes; poor mother followed in the footsteps of my father, and she is to-day slowly dying from the suffering it has brought her. My father is a perfect fanatic. He married Alice Courtney to please himself, but he was sealed unto his third wife to please Brigham Young."

"Why did your mother consent to his taking other wives?"

"My poor mother lay on her bed too ill to rise from it the day that my father was sealed to Alice Courtney. She did not care what he did after that"

"But you told me the other day that Mormonism and polygamy were entirely distinct."

"And so they are; but the majority of Mormons in Utah believe in polygamy."

"This portion of the Mormon faith I cannot and do not accept."

"I am sorry that you have accepted any portion of it, my friend."

"Are you not a Mormon?"

"No; I hate and detest the church that would make its wives and mothers slaves."

"I think that you are prejudiced, Kate."

"I am not; but I fear that you will regret the step which you are about to take when it is too late to retrace it."

"I hope not; I know that I shall be happier to belong to some church. I am an unhappy woman, Kate, for I am here against my will. Norris will not allow me to leave Utah, and he insists upon our speedy marriage."

"When are you to be sealed?"

"Next Wednesday. I shall be baptized and received into the Mormon church next Sunday, for I am now strong enough to be immersed."

"My dear friend, I hope that you will not live to repent having become a Mormon convert," said Kate, kissing Emma, who saw that the tears were standing in her beautiful eyes.

CHAPTER XIX.

KATE VAUGHAN'S BETROTHAL.

When Emma became a member of the Mormon church, Kate Vaughan felt that she could not sympathize with her, and she left her friend to be entertained by her father's wife Alice. This lady did all that she could to make the latter portion of Emma's sojourn at her house pleasant. She assisted her guest in her preparations for her marriage, and accompanied her with Richard Norris to the Endowment House when they were sealed. She won Emma's confidence to such an extent that she believed that Kate was prejudiced against her father's plural wife. Alice's captivating manners charmed the unsophisticated convert to Mormonism.

When Richard Norris took his bride to the house which he had prepared, Emma and Alice parted with mutual regret. After Emma's wedding, the Vaughan household resumed its former daily routine.

Kate missed Daisy's innocent prattle, and she felt lonely after the child's departure. Her mother's wrongs grieved her tender heart, but she was powerless to resent her father's plural marriages. Kate

had to endure a thousand daily annoyances in order to make her mother's last days upon earth peaceful and comfortable, but the noble-hearted girl bore all her trials bravely, and devoted herself to her invalid mother with greater assiduity. She was well aware that this beloved parent was dying slowly, but surely. Mrs. Vaughan's life, since their removal to Salt Lake City, was that of a martyr. She knew that her husband was dead to her, so she awaited her approaching dissolution with resignation, as she felt that she could find peace only in the grave. Her married life had been too full of bitter disappointments to make her cling to this world.

It was only when the unhappy mother thought of her daughter's future that she trembled. She knew that her husband would urge their daughter to wed a Mormon, and she thought of the girl's unprotected condition with heartfelt anguish. However, Mrs. Vaughan's fears were mere nervous fancies, for Kate detested the people whose baneful doctrine had blighted her mother's life. Her patience had been very severely taxed since she had lived under the same roof that sheltered her father's plural wife and family, especially as she could see how completely infatuated he had become with his wife Alice. In her heart she cursed Mormonism, as she knew that it was only in Utah such a state of society was tolerated.

Kate tried to be as philosophical as possible under

the circumstances, and she endeavored to bear the burden of her life's cares and sorrows with resignation, but the dreary life she was obliged to lead at times depressed her natural buoyancy.

Kate called occasionally upon Emma, who always gladly welcomed her, but she seldom returned her visits, for she endeavored to avoid Mrs. Vaughan Emma did not possess sufficient tact to be upon intimate terms with both of George Vaughan's wives.

The only female friend Mrs. Vaughan possessed was Dr. Hays' wife. The good doctor often visited Mrs. Vaughan, who had been his patient for years.

The good physician had made George Vaughan's acquaintance as follows: He had been thrown from his horse, almost at the English Mormon's feet, and severely injured. Mr. Vaughan insisted upon Dr. Hays becoming his guest until he was able to return to Fort Douglass, at which post he was stationed. Dr. Hays was the physician of the garrison and greatly beloved by both the officers and soldiers.

The doctor felt grateful for the kindness which he had received from the Vaughans, and an intimacy was established between the two families. The doctor and his wife often drove out to the farm to dine, and Mr. Vaughan escorted his wife and daughter when they received an invitation to spend the day at the doctor's quarters.

Kate always looked forward with delight to these

visits to Fort Douglass. The brief glimpses which she had of military life, on such occasions, gave her unalloyed pleasure. The gay dress-parade, the lively strains of the garrison band, made her heart beat faster and her eyes sparkle with pleasurable excitement.

Since her father's plural marriage the friendship between George Vaughan and Dr. Hays had almost ceased to exist. As the doctor's sympathies were enlisted in his patient's behalf, he had often driven out to the Vaughan Farm and carried off both Mrs. Vaughan and her daughter to the Fort to spend the day with his wife. But when the Vaughans removed to Salt Lake City, and Mrs. Vaughan gradually became a confirmed invalid, Kate's visits to the garrison ceased, because she devoted herself to her mother.

Mrs. Hays often went with her husband when he called on Mrs. Vaughan, she being the only patient he had outside the garrison.

March, the month of gale and bluster, had succeeded an unusually mild winter. Sleet and storm raged in every section of our broad domain and made even robust persons shiver and linger near the fire.

The atmospheric change had affected Mrs. Vaughan's health, and her condition was considered extremely critical for some weeks. Kate was almost worn out nursing her mother, and Dr. Hays, fearing that the devoted girl would become ill herself, pre-

vailed upon her to allow him to send her a woman, who acted as nurse in the garrison hospital, to help her.

Kate was glad to have some kind woman near her, being completely exhausted from her constant attendance upon her mother. As soon as the kind physician saw the nurse installed and his patient comfortable he urged Kate to go out and take an hour's walk daily, but the self-sacrificing girl seldom left her mother's chamber.

During the latter part of this bleak and dreary month the weather moderated and the sun appeared once more to gladden the hearts of the farmers, who welcomed the sunshine as a promise of fine spring weather.

On one of these fine mornings, Dr. Hays visited his patient, and found her able to sit up in her easy-chair.

"I am very glad to see that you are able to sit up, Mrs. Vaughan," he remarked.

"So am I, Doctor. It is such a relief to be able to leave my bed, but I am afraid Kate will be ill—she looks pale."

"Oh, all she wants is a little exercise and fresh air. Nothing else ails her, Madam. Come, Kate, put on your wraps; your mother is better, and Ann will take the best of care of her, and I am going to carry you away to spend the day at Fort Douglass."

Kate's eyes sparkled, but she seemed to hesitate until her mother said :

"Go, my daughter ; the change will do you good."

Ten minutes later Kate was seated beside Dr. Hays in his carriage, driving down the broad avenue that led towards the Fort. As the doctor neared Ensign Park he said, looking at Salt Lake City :

"It is a triumph that such a town should be laid out in such a country. I always like this view, there is so much of graceful architecture and landscape gardening. So many lovely flowers and blossoming trees tend to show that Joseph Smith and his followers were something more than mere Mormon fanatics ; they were live Yankees with keen eyes, and the other senses still keener, determined to make a rose garden out of the wilderness, and cognizant enough of the methods necessary to attain their end.

"Doctor, I think the view is very fine, but I hate Utah, and when my mother dies I am determined to leave the place."

"Ah, Kate, that is easier said than done, for your father will not allow you to go unprotected into the world to fight the battle of life alone," replied Dr. Hays, as they passed through the gate and drove on to his quarters.

The officers quarters stood in a row, fronting the gray level of the parade, surrounded by verandas, bordering upon a well-kept gravel path and an equally

well-graded drive. Clear, sparkling water rippled in tiny fountains through the front yards of each, and so furnished the moisture needed for the life of various little shrubs and flowering plants.

Dr. Hays drove past the parade towards the big brown hospital building, which stood by itself, and past the snug house of the post trader; then turned into another avenue, where he and his assistant surgeons had their quarters.

He assisted Kate to alight just as his servant informed him that he was needed at the hospital, as one of the cannon had burst and injured several artillerymen.

Kate ran into the house, but there she found out that the doctor's wife had gone over to the Colonel's quarters to see his little boy who was ill, so Kate took off her wraps and prepared to make herself quite at home until her friend returned. A bright wood fire was blazing on the hearth, throwing flickering lights and shadows about the cozy room. The piano stood invitingly open and Kate discovered some of Strauss' waltzes, with which she was familiar, and she began to play them. Her back being towards the door she did not notice that another visitor had been ushered in—a gentleman. She continued playing slowly, and just as she was about to turn the leaves, another hand anticipated her.

Kate uttered a slight shriek and turned hastily

around on the music-stool, and found herself face to face with Charles King.

"Lieutenant King!" exclaimed Kate, in surprise, as she extended her hand to him in greeting.

"It is a delightful surprise to meet you, Miss Kate. You have not been to Fort Douglass for months," said the young officer, as he looked with admiring eyes on her beautiful face.

"No, my mother has been very ill, and I was unable to leave her," Kate replied, sighing wearily.

"I believe the doctor told me Mrs. Vaughan was ill, but as your mother has been an invalid for some time, I thought she was neither better nor worse. Forgive my seeming neglect, for it is only seeming. I have often thought of you. It was only your stern command that kept me from calling upon you," said Charles King, reproachfully.

"My friend, I did only what was right in forbidding your visits, because I am the daughter of a Mormon father"—

As Kate abruptly paused, overcome by confusion, the young officer looked down on her flushed face and gently took her hand.

"Kate, listen to reason. Your father's belief is not yours. You are as much a Gentile at heart as I am. I love you, and my love for you will influence my future life. I thank Heaven that I have this opportunity to plead my suit."

Kate was silent but her face was growing white and mournful.

"Dear Kate will you consent to trust your future to my keeping?" urged her lover.

Kate shook her head sadly. "I cannot consent to ruin your life," she moaned.

"Silly child, what makes you think you will mar my life?" anxiously questioned the young man.

"If I did not care for you, I should not be troubled by such fears. I am only a poor girl, imperfectly educated, and not a fit mate for an army officer; besides, my father would oppose our union," replied Kate.

"Pshaw, Kate; you are a lady and a beautiful, intelligent, plucky girl, a fit mate for a general, let alone a poor lieutenant. My love for you is strong and deep. We are ordered off to Fort Adams, Newport, Rhode Island, and I hope you will not let me go without promising to be my wife."

Kate lifted up her shy eyes to his and saw reflected in them a deeper love-light than she ever expected to inspire in the young officer's heart; but she was still silent.

"Think of it, Kate; I may not be able to see you again for months. Will you let me go without the promise I covet?"

"No, I cannot, for I love you," murmured Kate, as

she leaned her head on his shoulder and commenced to weep softly.

The young officer clasped her in his arms and kissed her with genuine fondness, but they both heard the sound of approaching footsteps and separated just as Mrs. Hays opened the drawing-room door and said :

"I am sorry to keep you waiting, dear."

The doctor's wife kissed Kate, and with a sly smile, she turned to her favorite among all the officers and whispered to him : "Oh, I am so glad."

The lieutenant started and looked confused, he could not imagine how Mrs. Hayes had discovered his love for Kate, which he thought no one knew.

"Lieutenant, will you be so good as to entertain Kate while I go and order dinner ; you will dine with us ?"

"I will be pleased to do so," replied Charles King, promptly.

"I am very glad that you are my guests to-day, for the doctor sent me word that there had been an accident and he would not be home until late, so you will have to drive Kate home."

"I shall be only too happy to do so," answered the happy lover, who really felt grateful to the physician's wife for her kind sympathy.

As the door closed upon the retreating form of Mrs. Hays, Charles whispered to Kate: "I would

like to hug her; she is a dear, good-hearted woman. We can spend this day together, thanks to her courtesy, Kate. Let us hope that our future lives will be as full of happiness as this hour is."

"I trust that you will never grow weary of me and repent of your choice," Kate anxiously replied.

"Weary of you!" exclaimed Charles. "Never. While life lasts so will my love endure for you, dear." And he looked down on the fair, flushed face, with a rare smile as he kissed her gently on the brow and led her to the open piano. Then Kate's rich soprano voice was heard blended with her lover's tenor, in Moore's beautiful ballad—"If Thou'lt be Mine."

"If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth and sea, shall be at thy feet;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music sounds most sweet,
Shall be ours—if thou wilt be mine, love!'

CHAPTER XX.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

Emma had been married six months to Richard Norris, and outwardly she appeared to be a happy wife; but she felt that she would never know what real content meant. She often thought of Ernest in spite of her strong efforts to forget him, and her mind would wander back to the happy past.

When she remembered how readily Ernest had resigned his claim upon her, the hot blood dyed her cheeks, and she felt bitterly mortified. Mentally, she questioned the wisdom of Ernest's self-sacrifice. She thought it would have been but right if he had disputed Richard's claim.

Emma regretted that she had not firmly refused to divorce herself from Ernest, and if she could have recalled the past she would have gladly done so. Alas, with the light of past experience, the majority of us would act very differently regarding various matters.

Circumstances, however, had given Richard Norris what seemed to be a moral right to claim her as his wife, at least so the divorce court of Utah had decided,

and he had managed that Emma should be legally divorced from Ernest Van Tine; therefore, according to law, she was the legal wife of Richard Norris.

But in the inmost depths of her heart, Emma felt that she morally belonged to Ernest. She tried to do her duty, though her soul rebelled, as any woman's must who endeavors to put duty in the place of love.

If Richard had not deserted his wife in the first year of her married life, she might have continued to love him as ardently as she did in her girlhood, for the glamor of her youthful romance, with its rosy tints, would have lingered around her husband and he would have still seemed to her to be her ideal man, the one of all the world in her eyes. She bitterly deplored that her calm life had been disturbed and that she had to daily struggle between her love for Ernest and her duty towards Richard.

Now that she knew the two men well and could compare them fairly, the noble and disinterested love and tenderness which Van Tine had shown for her, and the innate honor of his nature, contrasted very favorably with the grosser and more selfish love and attention which she now received from Norris.

Still he was kind to her and to Daisy, whom he was in danger of spoiling by over indulgence. It was impossible not to love so charming a child, and Emma was grateful to Richard for the fatherly manner in which he treated the little one.

Soon after Richard had settled down, Brigham Young became a frequent guest at his house and he occasionally dined with the family. The Prophet found his friend's home a pleasant place to visit. Norris had surrounded himself with a certain amount of the luxury to which he had grown accustomed during his residence in San Francisco, and his wife was an excellent housekeeper and made her home comfortable and pleasant.

During one of those friendly visits, when they were alone the Prophet said suddenly to Richard :

" Brother Norris, your life in Frisco has always been a mystery to me until to day."

" What do you mean ?" asked his host, coolly, though he could not prevent the color from leaving his face.

" Simply, that I received to-day an old copy of the *San Francisco Call ;* in it there was a marked passage in which your name figured conspicuously. You were accused of the murder of your wife, and also her brother, Pedro Ramirez," answered the Prophet, giving Norris a piercing look as if he would read his very soul. " Rather grave charges, 't seems to me !"

" I shot Señor Ramirez, but I did it in self-defence."

" Granted. You did not, however, tell me that you had been married while you were in San Francisco ?"

" I did not deem that necessary."

"Ah, you are a sly dog," exclaimed Brigham Young, smiling disagreeably.

Norris shuddered. He knew that the Prophet had deliberately hunted out his past, in order to get him more completely in his power. Richard Norris was no longer his own master for he well knew that once a man was in Brigham's power he was a slave.

Brigham Young never allowed a man to become, to any very great extent, wealthy—the moment that one of his followers was more than ordinarily prosperous he was orded to take more wives.

The Prophet abruptly broke the silence that had become somewhat embarrassing by asking: "Why do you not take a plural wife?"

"Oh, I do not want to be bothered with two at a time. They disagree and make the house uncomfortable," growled Norris, frowning, for he did not like the tone of command in which his leader had addressed him.

"You can manage all that. It is your duty as a good Mormon to have, at least, two wives. What do you say to the beautiful Kate Vaughan?"

"Kate Vaughan is certainly a very handsome girl."

"And she and Sister Emma are very good friends."

"As friends they agree; but as wives, my dear sir. I fear they might not get on so well."

"Nonsense! don't be faint-hearted. I will speak

to Brother Vaughan about the matter this evening He would be glad to see Kate so well married."

"Do as you think best about it," replied Norris, who knew he dared not disobey his superior.

Norris himself had no desire to take another wife. In the first place, he loved Emma as truly and as much as he was capable of loving, and he did not care to make her unhappy, as she knew he would be if he broke his promise to her. Again, he was an extremely selfish man and he felt sure that all his home comfort would be at an end if there were two women having marital claims on him. Perhaps, too, his early education had something to do with his feelings in this respect; for it is quite possible that he had become a Mormon more from policy than any other reason.

He was aware that the Mormon leader held his life in his hands, that he could deliver him up to the San Francisco authorities to be tried for murder; consequently, the perplexed man could see no way of escape from Brigham Young's command, so he watched anxiously for a favorable opportunity to break the news to his wife, and it soon came about in the following manner:

Mrs. Vaughan's death occurred rather suddenly during the second week in April; her daughter was inconsolable, for she loved her mother devotedly. The affectionate girl was still more grieved and indignant with her father, who deemed it was his duty not to

appear to take his bereavement too much to heart on account of his other wives.

A week after her mother's death, Kate found life in her father's home unbearable and she gratefully accepted an invitation from Mrs. Norris to pay her a visit. Emma's heart went out to the poor young girl in her great sorrow, she endeavored to soothe Kate by her sympathy and kind attentions.

Daisy's companionship was another source of unfailing comfort to the saddened, lonely girl. She felt comparatively cheerful with Emma and she dreaded to return home.

One day Kate said to Emma, rather abruptly: "I am going to leave Utah?"

"Why, where will you go?" asked Emma, in astonishment.

"To my mother's relatives in England for a year"—Kate checked herself suddenly, for she had confided to no one that she was betrothed to Lieutenant King.

Emma shook her head as she said:

"I fear, dear, that your father will never consent to your leaving Salt Lake City; besides, you are too young to go traveling so far alone. I wish that you had a happy home of your own."

"I wish I had," answered Kate, sighing, as she thought of her absent lover who was now stationed at Fort Adams, in distant Rhode Island, far away from her. She arose hastily and took Daisy by the hand

and went into the garden to hide from her friend the fast coming tears.

As she left the room by one door, Norris entered it by another, and, catching sight of the look of sympathetic sadness on his wife's face, he went to her at once.

"Why do you look so sorrowful, little woman?" he asked, as he kissed her tenderly.

"I am grieving for Kate. The poor girl is very unhappy and desires above all things to return to England. I do not believe that her father will ever consent to such a course on her part. What do you think are her chances of success with Mr. Vaughan?"

"Not any; he firmly believes that Utah is the promised land, and he certainly will not allow Kate to leave it. Why not have her come and live with us You and she are almost like sisters."

"Yes, I do love Kate as I would a younger sister."

Norris saw his opportunity, and he seized it at once.

"Then consent to my being sealed to her," he said, "and you can always be together."

The indignant wife rose from her chair and confronted her husband with a face from which every particle of color had fled. She trembled in every limb while she gazed at her husband with a look of surprised inquiry, as though she could not believe that she had heard aright. When she spoke there was a

cold, hard ring in her voice that warned the man what he had to encounter.

"Do you desire to take Kate Vaughan as your plural wife?" she asked.

"I do; at least the Prophet urges me to do so. He says that I am prosperous, and should support at least two wives."

"Traitor!" exclaimed Emma, infuriated by her husband's ready compliance with the Prophet's wishes. "Was it for this that you stole me from my good, kind husband, who loved me as you never can? Was it to degrade me thus that you carried me away from a happy home?"

"You were my wife, not his. Why should I not take you with me when I found you again after so many years?"

"Why did you not seek me in my own home? Why did you so basely desert me after the close of the war? You left me to struggle on alone while Ernest nobly stood by me. He sympathized with and helped me; he waited patiently for the proper time when he might tell me of his love and ask me to be his wife. We had no good reason to doubt that you rested in a soldier's grave when we were married. I committed an unintentional crime, for which I shall be pardoned, when I married Ernest Van Tine; but I committed a willful one when I permitted myself to be entrapped into a

second marriage with you—a crime for which I am now justly punished."

Emma poured forth all that had been dimly revolving in her mind ever since she found herself in the sleigh at Richard Norris' side, *en route* to Salt Lake without her consent. Norris was for once overwhelmed, and he only found voice to say:

"You should have thought of all this before you were sealed unto me here."

"I did think of it; but of what avail was that? I was here in Utah, a helpless woman, and in your power. I bitterly regret my course now that it is too late."

"Be sensible. I love you madly; 'everything is fair in love and war,' is it not?"

"A wretched doctrine, that only a coward would take advantage of."

"But sometimes brave men stoop to conquer."

"Richard, have you entirely forgotten the promise you made me when I consented to become your wife?"

"No, Emma, I have not; but the Prophet's commands must be obeyed. Believe me, I do not do this of my own accord."

"Are we slaves?"

"No, but we are Mormons."

"Alas; it is but another name for slavery. What power has this man over you, that you must obey such a mandate?"

"A power that no man in Utah dares dispute."

"What would be the consequence of disobedience upon your part?"

"Death," answered Norris, solemnly, his face growing a shade paler at the memories which the word brought to his mind.

"Do you mean to tell me that Brigham Young *dares* take the lives of men and woman whose death he thinks would benefit himself?"

"I mean to say that men and women have dissappeared often enough in Utah; I mean to say that I dare not disobey the Prophet's express command. He has us all in his power, Emma."

"Great Heaven, what a horrible place this is. I knew that you were a Danite; but never until now did I fully realize what that really meant."

"What does it mean?"

"That you are simply Brigham Young's executioner; a vile slave to do his bidding. In my opinion the Avenging Angels are men who, if they had their deserts, should be hung."

"Have a care, Emma; you may say too much. My patience is very nearly exhausted."

"How dare you preach patience to me? I have wrecked my life, and that of my child, by becoming a member of your vile church; and you are responsible for it. I should be almost glad to have you take my life, were it not for Daisy. I have no desire to live except to protect her."

"Come, Emma, be reasonable," said Richard, trying another tack; "you will always be the head of my household; you are my first wife."

"That does not alter the case in the least. Besides, I have not the slighest desire to make any woman suffer a thousand petty outrages at my hands, simply because she is your plural wife."

"Then consent to my being sealed to your friend, and"—

At this instant Kate entered the room with Daisy, her hands full of flowers, and her cheeks blooming with health and the glow of exercise. She paused, with a look of surprise at the half-angry expression on the faces of both husband and wife. With a woman's quick intuition she perceived that she had interrupted a scene of domestic discord.

Emma turned quickly to the young girl, and, pointing to her husband, said, scornfully:

"Kate, will you consent to become Richard Norris' plural wife?"

Kate gazed at her friend in bewilderment, too surprised to utter a word.

"I again ask: Will you consent to become Richard Norris' wife?"

"Why, Emma, what do you mean?" asked Kate, indignantly.

"I mean that the man I married six months ago, and who promised then to take no other wife, has

just asked me to consent to your being sealed unto him."

"Emma, you surely will not consent to any such outrage! In the first place, I would not marry your husband under any circumstances; and in the second place, I will never willingly marry any man who is a Mormon, because I do not believe in polygamy. I believe the Gentile law of marriage to be the true one."

"But, Sister Kate," interrupted Norris, "the Prophet has commanded that you be sealed unto me, and has gone to your father to obtain his consent."

Drawing herself to her full height, and glancing from husband to wife, Kate said, with the air of a queen:

"The Prophet can command; his will is law in Utah. But hear me: I will never consent to become a Mormon wife!"

"But your consent is not asked, my dear girl; you will be forced to obey your father and be sealed unto me."

"You are mistaken, sir. I would sooner take my life than become any man's plural wife. Besides, my father has not yet asked me to marry against my will."

"He undoubtedly will do so; and you will probably change your mind regarding this matter. In Utah women must be obedient," said Norris, as he left the room to avoid further discussion.

The two women looked at each other for a

moment, and then sobbed out their sorrows in each other's arms.

"Oh, Kate, what shall we do?"

"Heaven only knows Emma; these Mormon tyrants are all-powerful in Utah. But you may rest assured of one thing; I shall never consent to be thus degraded."

"Will your father consent to see you sacrificed?"

"I hope not; I trust not. Oh, mother, why did you leave your child alone in this wretched world?" cried Kate, suddenly, the full danger of her situation revealing itself to her mind.

Life looked no longer fair to the young English girl, and she longed for the peace which she felt would only be hers when she had passed beyond the grave. The terrible hour had come, the hour that for years she had dreaded, when she should be commanded to consent to being sealed to some Mormon brother, whose religion she actually loathed. She was far too pure-minded, as well as far-seeing, to be able to believe in the teachings of Brigham Young as an inspired prophet. She hated Mormonism because it had been the cause of her beloved mother's unhappiness; it had made of her father, whom she had once loved, a blind fanatic, so that she could no longer help having for him a feeling of contempt.

When she first came to Salt Lake City she was almost a child, she was not unhappy; because she did

not understand the scenes of domestic unhappiness and disagreements which she daily witnessed. But from the time that she had become old enough to understand and comprehend what slaves women were in that territory, she had felt in her secret heart an abhorrence and disgust for the institution of polygamy that had made her determined to die rather than consent to become a Mormon wife.

Mrs. Vaughan, on her death-bed, had been very anxious regarding her daughter's future. She had urged Kate to marry Lieutenant King and go with him to the East, a day before her death, but Kate would not listen to her mother's prayers, as she knew she was all the comfort her mother had.

As President Young had forbidden Mormons to wed Gentiles, Mrs. Vaughan feared that Kate could not be married in Utah, and she was anxious for her daughter to return to England to one of her own relatives until Charles King could obtain leave of absence and join her. Kate preferred to be married in England. She dreaded her lover's return to Salt Lake City, for, if it were known that she was betrothed to him, it might cost him his life, as Kate had refused to wed several wealthy Mormons. This made her afraid that Charles King might fall a victim to some fanatic's murderous bullet.

George Vaughan had solemnly promised his wife that their daughter should return to England. The

poor mother died contented, believing that she had secured her daughter's happiness and had saved her from the horrible fate of ever becoming a Mormon wife.

These facts Kate related to her friend, who said, fervently, at the close of the recital :

"Oh, Kate, God grant that your father will keep his promise ; it is now our only chance. We shall soon know, however."

"I hope that he will keep his promise to my mother, but I seriously doubt his doing so. He is a blind, devoted follower of the Prophet."

"That man seems to have entire control over his followers."

"Yes, he is a despot pure and simple, no one in this community dares dispute his will."

"Kate, I can hardly bring myself to believe all that I hear of the extent of the Prophet's power."

"If you had lived as long in Salt Lake City as I have, you would find no difficulty in comprehending the fact that no more bloody despotism has disgraced the world in modern times than this of Brigham Young's. He, in the self-appointed rôle of God's vice-gerent on earth, has held the lives, liberty and the property of the people of Utah in his hands for years. Disobedience of his commands, lack of entire submission to his will, is accounted by him a crime which can be atoned for only by blood."

"My dear Kate," asked Emma, while her eyes dilated with horror, "are the dreadful stories that I hear whispered about the doctrine of blood-atonement true?"

"Without doubt they are, Emma. I believe that many murders—for I can call them nothing else—have been committed in Utah by the Danites, or Avenging Angels, as they are called, who are the executioners of the Prophet's will."

"Oh, Kate, Dick is a Danite!"

"I know it."

"I cannot believe it; I cannot believe that the lover of my girlhood has become a murderer to please his friend. It is too horrible for belief."

"Do you know that no man or woman in Salt Lake dares to accuse a Danite of any crime? They are looked upon as the chosen instruments of a Divine Justice."

"Does the Prophet preach this doctrine openly?"

"Certainly he does; you can read the reported sermons, which are published in the *Desert News*, the official organ of the Mormon church. Blood-Atonement, as preached by the Elders and practiced by their people, means the offering of human sacrifice for the remission of sins. I have myself heard Brigham Young say that there are certain sins which the blood of Christ could not wash away; but when a man's own blood is shed, and the smoke thereof

ascends as a sweet incense to Heaven, then are his sins remitted."

"It is no wonder to me now that Richard said that he did not dare disobey the Prophet's wishes in this matter! Brigham Young is a dangerous man!"

"Oh, my friend, I wish that I had never slept a single night under your roof, and possibly this sorrow might have been spared us!"

"It might have been spared you, Kate, but the Prophet would have commanded Richard to be sealed to another wife all the same."

"I am resolved to die, Emma, rather than live to become any man's plural wife!" said Kate, with the light of a firm resolve shining in her eyes.

"Heaven will protect us, Kate. Let us kneel and pray to God. He will not desert those who have faith in Him."

And these two pure-minded victims of religious fanaticism, who had been so strangely thrown in each other's way, and who were destined to cause each other the bitterest sorrow of their lives, knelt and fervently prayed to their Heavenly Father to protect and deliver them from their enemies.

CHAPTER XXI.

A MORMON FATHER'S FANATICISM.

The two women rose from their knees strengthened and calmed by their simple devotions. It seemed to them that some unforeseen aid would be vouchsafed them from Heaven.

Norris did not return to tea, and the meal was sent away untasted, except by Daisy, who was too young to understand the sorrowful expression of her mother's face or Kate's gloomy silence.

A little later Mr. Vaughan called and Mrs. Norris left father and daughter alone, hoping that Kate would be able to win her father to their side. Emma felt it to be an almost hopeless task. What Kate had told her of Mr. Vaughan's fanaticism convinced Emma that he would coincide with the Prophet.

George Vaughan had never had very much sympathy with his daughter. Kate too frankly declared her unbelief in the doctrines of Mormonism, until her father was convinced that she was devoid of spiritual grace; in fact, he felt that his daughter was a great trial to him. He would have readily consented to have her return to England had he not known that

by doing so, he should incur the displeasure of President Young, who decidedly disapproved of any of his foreign subjects returning to their own country.

The Prophet was shrewd; he knew that he depended upon them to perpetuate his system. Most of the foreign converts are simple, ignorant people, beyond any class of Americans, and they fall easy victims to the wily missionaries that the Mormon church sends abroad.

Kate Vaughan greeted her father kindly as he entered the room, and then silently waited for him to begin the battle, which she was aware was about to be fought between them.

"My daughter, I called this morning to see you on an affair of importance. President Young has commanded me to get your consent to become the plural wife of Brother Norris."

"Father, have you entirely forgotten the promise that you made to my dying mother?"

"Daughter, such a promise was sinful, and therefore it is not binding."

"*Sinful* to promise to guard your child from *dishonor?*"

"*Dishonor?*"

"Yes, dishonor. You ask me to marry my friend's husband; to betray her, to wrong her as only one woman can wrong another."

"You speak as though I was asking you to commit a crime."

"I do, Father, for you are asking me to become the handmaid of a man I do not love. To become a plural wife ; a favorite for a few months, and then see other wives follow in my footsteps !"

"According to our law all wives are treated alike."

"Father, I have seen even good Mormons evince a preference. They always have a favorite wife. Nature's voice cannot be crushed even by our despotic religious laws."

"You reason like a Gentile woman," cried Brother Vaughan, with a frown of displeasure.

"I speak as my heart dictates. I believe marriage to be sinful unless it is sanctified by love."

"Now you are talking like a silly, romantic girl. By being sealed to Brother Norris, you will ensure your eternal salvation."

"I do not believe it. I shall only wreck my life and imperil my soul," replied Kate, as she thought of her absent lover.

"Kate, you know it has been revealed that a woman cannot go to heaven unless she be sealed."

"I do not believe in that silly doctrine. Possibly I am superstitious, but not enough so to believe such an outrageous idea. I have not the faith of old Sally Combs, who, as you know, lived all her life single,

refusing to be sealed to any man until she found herself dying, and then sent for Brother Grey in great haste, so that she might be sure of eternal salvation."

"What you deem silly and superstitious, girl, is an exalted faith in the revealed Word of God."

"Father, I do not believe that Brigham Young is a Prophet."

"Do you believe that the Bible is the inspired Word of God?"

"Yes, I firmly believe in the inspiration of the Bible."

"If the old Patriarchs received revelations direct from Heaven, why should not Brigham Young receive them?"

"It does not follow that I can see. At any rate, I doubt if he has ever received a heavenly communication, and I for one refuse to submit to his tyranny, and you can tell him so."

"My poor, misguided girl, you must obey the Prophet."

"I repeat that I would rather die than become any man's plural wife."

"Kate, you have never examined our doctrine of plural marriage; let me explain it to you. Polygamy was not of our seeking; it came to us from Heaven. We recognized, and still do recognize, in it the voice of Him whose right it is not only to teach us, but to dictate to us and to all men; for in his hands is the

breath of our nostrils, the life and existence of the proudest."

Kate simply looked at her father and shook her head doubtfully and sadly.

"I know, my child, it is extremely difficult—nay, well-nigh impossible—for those who have not been blessed by the gift of the Holy Spirit to enter into our feelings in this matter."

"You must, then, understand, Father, that it is impossible for me to believe in any direct revelation from Heaven in favor of polygamy. I am not, nor can I become a hypocrite."

"Do not brand a whole people, Kate, with the foul stigma of hypocrisy. From their leader to the latest converts, who have come to these dreary mountain wilds for the sake of their faith, they have proved their honesty of purpose, and their deep sincerity, by the most sublime sacrifices."

"Of course, there are any number of fanatics in this world."

"Kate, you admit the truth of the first revelation; why not admit the truth of the second. If one is from God, all others must have their origin in the same Divine source."

"Father, I cannot believe that God ever inspired the doctrine of Mormon marriage. I am only a girl, perhaps not a very intellectual one, but I am not insane."

"Kate, do you mean to insinuate that we Mormons are lunatics?" asked Mr. Vaughan, angrily.

"No, Father, the majority are the dupes of artful impostors," replied Kate, firmly, as she looked at her father with a pathetically sad expression on her beautiful face.

"My child, I cannot understand why you are convinced our ideas of marriage are immoral."

"Father, plural marriage, in my opinion, is criminal, and what you term spiritual marriage, revolting. How can any one believe in marriage for the dead, by which living women are sealed to dead men, and *vice versa*, some one standing proxy for the dead. But let us waive the argument of revelation, upon which we shall never agree, and consider the question from the standpoint of affection; yes, of common feeling. How can a man love a number of wives?"

"Just the same as a parent is able to love more than one child. You do not often find one child in a family jealous because of the parents' love for the others."

"Father, I have seen a great deal of jealousy among Mormon wives."

"My dear, perfect happiness is not to be found in this world in any condition of life. How many monogamic wives, think you, curse the hour that they ever entered into the bonds of wedlock. Every argument against polygamy can be met by a counter

argument in its favor. The people of this country have had experience in the workings of both forms of marriage. Take fifty families in this community, indiscriminately, and the same number in the same manner from any monogamic country in the world, and there will be found more conjugal happiness in the former than in the latter."

"Father, you cannot alter my belief by a repetition of these arguments, which I have heard over and over again. My belief is fixed. I would rather be the sole wife of a man than a plural wife."

"What difference can it make?"

"Not much, perhaps, to those who are convinced of the truth of your faith; but to me, who am not at all convinced of it, it makes all the difference in the world. I could not become the wife of a man for whom I had no affection. On the contrary, if I loved my husband I should want to share his every thought; I should not be willing to permit the obtrusion of even the most dearly-loved sister," said Kate, decidedly, as the hot, indignant blood dyed her cheeks.

"My wives are perfectly contented," remarked Mr. Vaughan, complacently.

"Because they are women without any great depth of feeling. Mrs. Courtney has no right to complain, as she followed you to Utah to supplant my dear mother, who was a thoroughly wretched woman from

the hour that she knew you were false to her. Do not force me to suffer my mother's martyrdom."

George Vaughan raised his eyes to his daughter's face in pained surprise; for a moment he was silent as if his conscience smote him, but by an effort of his will he assumed an indifferent air, for he wished to convince his daughter that his treatment of her mother had been justifiable.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "Kate, you are wrong. Your mother was an invalid, and besides, she had a morbid imagination and made herself unhappy over trifles."

"Father, you malign my mother's memory," replied Kate, indignantly. "She loved you and her heart was broken because you took other wives. I alone witnessed her mental agony. I have seen her walk the floor night after night, while she shed the bitterest tears that a woman can shed. Her heart was wrung with misery and she welcomed death as a happy release from her sufferings."

"Unfortunately, Kate, your mother was of a jealous disposition."

"Yes, where you were concerned. It was to prevent me, her daughter, from a fate as wretched as her own that she implored you on her death-bed to permit me to return to England."

"I could not think of allowing you to go there

alone, Kate. You are a young girl, and would be exposed to many dangers in taking such a journey."

"I shall be exposed to greater ones here."

"Besides, the Prophet," continued Mr Vaughan, not noticing his daughter's interruption, "would not allow you to depart. If I sent you out of Utah I should be made to suffer even as Charles Graham was. He sent his child to her Gentile grandmother in San Francisco, in compliance with his wife's dying request. What was the consequence? His land was made to suffer from drought. You know that the land is all irrigated, and the Mormon church owns all our ditches and the water. The Prophet has only to have the flow to any man's property stopped, and that man must starve or repent."

"Did Charles Graham repent?"

"No, he was obliged to leave Utah to save his life."

"A charming system of religion, which requires that a man should break his promise and go against his own conscience in order to satisfy a tyrant like Brigham Young!" cried Kate, passionately.

"Kate, I command you not to speak so disrespectfully of the Prophet. I have the right to say to whom you shall be sealed; you dare not refuse, because you are a part of my flesh. No one has a right to take you unless I give my permission."

"Oh, Father! I beg of you to have pity upon me

Do not insist upon my making this terrible sacrifice. I despise Brother Norris. I look upon him with horror as a murderer, for he is a Danite."

"Therefore, he is the more to be respected; because he enjoys the confidence of the Prophet," replied George Vaughan.

"I would as soon be sealed to the vilest murderer as to that man. Heaven only knows how deeply dyed his hands are with the blood of his neighbor," replied Kate, shuddering visibly.

"Child, you talk wildly. Brother Norris is a great light in the Mormon church. He has made your friend a good husband, and I have no doubt that he will make you a good husband, too."

"Father," ejaculated the poor girl, looking at her fanatical but sincere parent in dismay, "can you calmly urge me to submit to such a wretched fate?"

"Bah! you will soon get over these strained notions and settle down into a sensible and happy woman when you are Brother Norris' wife."

"Father," cried the young girl in desperation, grasping her father's hand to compel his attention, "have mercy upon me. Do not force me to an act which even you, in your blind fanaticism, will regret as long as you live. Protect me, Father; do not allow me to be sealed to that cruel man! I love another!" exclaimed Kate, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Calm yourself, Kate; it is impossible for me to

grant your prayer. I must obey the commands of the Prophet; I dare not disobey his express orders, even if I did not myself believe that this step will be for your good. You will get over your foolish fancy for Lieutenant King. You mother told me that he had proposed to you, but as he never asked my consent to your engagement, he knew that I would never allow him to wed you. He has gone East and forgotten you by this time. Young officers amuse themselves with young ladies. Even if he were in earnest, I would never consent to your becoming the wife of a Gentile."

The poor girl now abandoned all hope. She turned from her father with a gesture of despair and there settled on her face such a look of misery that the rigid old fanatic shrunk from encountering her gaze.

"Father," she said, "I shall obey you—I must obey you; but may Heaven forgive you for the course you have taken to-day; it seems to me that I never can. My obedience will be purchased at a frightful cost and Heaven will, I believe, hold you responsible."

As she finished speaking, Kate turned to leave the room, but staggered and fell in a swoon at her father's feet.

"Heaven forgive me if I am doing wrong, but it is the Prophet's command and I must obey him," thought the poor man, his conscience smiting him for a brief moment. Then he called for assistance in reviving his daughter. When he saw her eyes slowly open

he took his departure, trying to strengthen his position in his own mind by thinking he had only done his duty, and Kate would live to thank him for the course he had pursued with her when she was Richard Norris' plural wife

CHAPTER XXII.

BAFFLED.

As soon as Kate was able to walk, Emma assisted her to her room, and induced her to lie down ; but the maddening thoughts that her conversation with her father had forced upon her prevented her from getting either rest or sleep.

"Kate, dear," said Emma, anxiously, "do try and sleep. You will be ill if you grieve in this way !"

"I wish that I were dead !" cried this wretched victim of Mormon injustice ; and rising from her bed she commenced walking the floor and wringing her hands. Her anguish and excitement were pitiable to see.

"My dear friend, try and be calm ; you will need all your strength."

"How can I be calm when my own father has refused to help me or to listen to my prayer? How can you be so composed, Emma ?"

"I appear calm, Kate, but it is the calmness of despair. Oh, why did I not take your advice, and fly from Utah before it was too late? What evil spirit was it that tempted me to become a Mormon, and above all, a Mormon wife ?"

"Your fate was too strong for you."

"Alas! I believe we make our own fate!"

"Or circumstances weave around us the meshes of a net that is too strong for us to break; and we quietly submit in the end. I have felt for years an impression that my father's mad infatuation for this accursed religion would wreck my life as it did my mother's. I longed to get away from Utah, but I could not leave my dear mother, for she had only me to comfort and care for her."

"Have you no friends or acquaintances among the Gentile families of this region with whom you can find an asylum for a little time?"

"No, I have not a true friend except yourself in this country. All our friends are among the Mormons, and they would only laugh at my scruples. Besides that, they would not dare to defy the Prophet by sheltering me at such a time."

"What are we to do?"

"Submit."

"Great Heavens, Kate! are you going to submit to the sacrifice?"

"How can I escape, surrounded as I am by people who believe most implicitly in this detestable doctrine? Even my own father tells me that he cannot help me. Oh, Emma! was there ever such a vile religion in existence?"

"Never, I believe. I now acknowledge that you

were right in all you told me before my marriage about the degradation of Mormonism. I see it all, now that it is too late. Its influence has so changed the playmate of my childhood and the lover of my youth, that his own mother would not know him. This change is due, it seems to me, to the dangerous and poisonous teachings of Brigham Young."

"Oh, Emma, appeal to your husband?"

"No; I have already done so, and in vain. He, like all the rest, says he is in President Young's power, and cannot disobey him."

"If God does not send me miraculous help I am doomed!" and the poor girl wept convulsively at the thought of her forlorn condition.

Emma tried to soothe her friend, although her own heart was very heavy. All feeling seemed dead within her, and she waited for the blow with the calmness of despair. She could not, for herself, be reconciled to accept the fate which Mormon wives know is inevitable for them. She had not changed her opinion regarding the marriage law when she became a Mormon. But the acuteness of her own sufferings was dulled by the anxiety she felt for Kate, and the sight of her misery wrung her heart.

In this sad hour she longed with an unutterable longing for the presence of the father of her child, for she now felt how superior was Ernest Van Tine's love to that of her Mormon husband.

Norris did not come home until late, then he went immediately to his own room. His wife was not there; he was not surprised, for he knew that Emma would object to accept even Kate as a partner in his affections. He really was very unhappy about the whole matter; he would have been better pleased to have matters remain as they had been for the past few months. But it was impossible to defy the Prophet, and he felt just a trifle indignant with Emma because she would not accept the inevitable, and try to influence Kate to do so too. So he retired without seeing either of the wretched women, who were thankful to be spared the trial.

Towards midnight Kate fell into an uneasy sleep. Silence settled over the household; Emma's footstep, as she paced back and forth, was the only sound that disturbed it. She could not rest. Her heart was beating violently, and she felt that she must move about or she would lose her senses.

All the past rushed over her, and she saw clearly that she had been in a measure responsible for the present trouble. She had yielded too easily to the wishes of the two men who had loved her. If she knew now where to seek Van Tine, she would have gladly done so; he would protect Kate and herself. Alas! it was too late!

Then she stole down to her little daughter's room, and gazed long and sadly upon the face of the little

one, who was asleep with her doll in her chubby little arms, her long golden hair streaming over the pillow; the picture of childhold's sweet repose.

"Oh, my baby, my baby!" cried the poor mother, why did I ever consent to that vile divorce, which bereft you of a father and me of a true and loving husband? I should have been divorced from Richard and returned to Ernest, for he was the father of my child! Oh, God in Heaven! what will become of us?" sobbed the poor mother, giving way to the feeling of utter misery, loneliness and helplessness which oppressed her.

The next morning Norris and Daisy took his breakfast alone.

"Where is Mamma?" he asked the child.

"Mamma is up stairs with Aunt Kate; she is sick."

"Who do you mean is ill, Daisy; Mamma or Aunt Kate?"

"Aunt Kate."

"What is the matter with Aunt Kate, Daisy?"

"Oh, don't you know, Papa Norris? Her papa came last night, and he scolded Aunt Kate so that she fainted; and she is in bed now."

"The old brute! Why could he not leave the girl alone?" muttered Norris to himself, rising from the table with his breakfast untasted.

Strange as it may appear, Norris had not the least desire to force Kate to his arms, though he did feel

provoked with Emma for her refusal to submit to his wishes, for had he not told her that he was in the Prophet's power?

Just as Norris was on his way to his wife's apartment, in order to see for herself that what Daisy had told him was true, the house bell rang. He opened the door himself, and was a little surprised to see Brother Vaughan and a well-known elder of the Mormon church awaiting admission. After the gentlemen were seated in the parlor, Mr. Vaughan handed Norris a letter, saying:

"A letter from President Young, which he asked me to hand you. Please read it."

For an instant the Danite hesitated, and then he tore open the letter and read as follows:

"DEAR FRIEND:—

"I will await you and your bride (Kate Vaughan) at the Endowment House at ten o'clock to-day. Please be prompt; I wish to seal you unto Sister Kate myself.

"Yours sincerely.

"BRIGHAM YOUNG."

After reading the letter, Norris, turned to Mr. Vaughan and said:

"I suppose you know the purport of this note?"

"I do; and I come to see that my daughter does

her part toward fulfiling its command. She must obey the Prophet at all costs."

"But she is ill."

"I am sorry to hear it; but I hope she will be able to drive to the Endowment House and back again. May I see her?"

"Certainly. Daisy, take Mr. Vaughan to Aunt Kate's room."

"I will, Papa Norris, if he will promise not to make Aunt Kate cry," said the child.

"No, child, I won't make her cry. So you call my daughter Aunty, do you, little girl?"

"Yes; and we love her like a real aunty, too," answered Daisy, as she led Vaughan up to his daughter's room.

Kate had just finished dressing, for she felt that she must exert herself, and that she had no time to lose if she would save herself from destruction. She had made up her mind to go to Camp Douglass and ask protection of the officer in command of the post. It was her only hope. She had but little money, for her father had never been very liberal to her; she believed, however, that if she could reach Camp Douglass, the Colonel, with whom she was acquainted, would protect her, also loan her sufficient funds to enable her to go to Rhode Island, where she could join Lieutenant King.

She was very weak, and could scarcely manage to

stand long enough to complete her toilet, but she knew that the Prophet—who always managed to enforce his authority—would allow her but a short respite, so she made the effort to go at once. Emma thought the idea was a good one; at any rate, worth trying; and she was dressing in order to accompany Kate a part of the way. She knew that the poor girl was too ill to go so far alone, but she felt that she must return and brave the storm which Kate's escape was sure to raise. While they were discussing their plan, they heard Daisy's voice at the door:

"Mamma, please open the door."

Emma opened the door to admit Daisy, and was thunderstruck to see Mr. Vaughan standing beside the child.

"Good-morning, Sister Emma. I have come to inquire how Kate is this morning."

Kate saw her father and heard his question, and she answered him:

"I feel a little better, thank you," replied Kate, coolly.

"I am glad of it, for I am sent by the Prophet to bring you to the Endowment House."

"Merciful Heaven!" shrieked the unhappy girl.

"He will seal you himself to Brother Norris."

"No, no, Father; not so soon! Go and beg the Prophet to give me a little time before I accept my fate."

"My dear Kate, we must obey the Prophet's commands."

"Mr. Vaughan, how can you force your daughter to become the plural wife of my husband?" demanded Emma, indignantly.

"Sister Norris, it is the wish of President Young, and as good Mormons we must submit to his wishes in the matter."

"Not when he demands of you the sacrifice of your daughter's happiness. Kate does not even like my husband; she does not believe in the doctrine of plural marriage. Why will you persist in aiding President Young in his attempt to wreck her fresh young life," said Emma, excitedly.

"Because I believe, Sister Norris, that Kate does not know what is best for her own happiness."

"Father, you are consigning me to a fate to which death would be far preferable. You will not listen to my prayers; I am a helpless girl in your power, and I must yield. But remember what I say: you will purchase my obedience at a terrible price. May God forgive you for your work this day; *I never can!*"

"Daughter, you will live to think otherwise."

"Never!" cried Kate.

"Come, we have not a moment to lose; we must be at the Endowment House by ten o'clock, and it is after nine now," said Mr. Vaughan, consulting his watch."

Kate put on her bonnet and mantle, and followed her father quietly down stairs. She even allowed her would-be husband to hand her to the carriage that was waiting at the door, without a word of protest. During the drive to the Endowment House, Kate sat pale and silent. When they arrived at their destination, she made no resistance, but followed her father into the Sealing Room, where the Prophet was waiting to seal her to the man she loathed.

Brigham Young smiled a little when the party entered the room, but he only said :

"I am delighted to be able to seal you, Sister Kate, to so good a husband as Brother Norris. Daughter, do you gladly accept the proud position of handmaid to my friend ?"

"I do not."

"Sister Kate, your position will be an exalted one, as the plural wife of Brother Norris."

Kate Vaughan looked at the Prophet with flashing eyes.

"There is possibly some excuse for my father's conduct in this affair ; his fanaticism has driven him even to the destruction of the happiness of his own child. But you, whose blood is cold, and whose hypocrisy is so evident, to you I appeal. I do not submit willingly to this sacrifice of myself and my own wishes in this most important matter of my life. I do not acknowledge your authority over me, nor your right to force

me to accept as a husband the man I detest. Above all, I ask you why you insist upon sealing me to the husband of another ?"

"Because I will to do it ; and when I will a thing who shall say otherwise ?"

"I will," answered the voice of Emma Norris. She had just entered the room, and was quite out of breath, for she had not lost a moment in following the bridal party to the Endowment House.

Norris started, and exclaimed under his breath :

"Emma ! She is mad !"

Brigham Young frowned heavily.

"Why are you here, Sister Emma, if you come in no friendly spirit ?" he demanded.

"To beg of you to spare my friend."

"My dear woman, you know our law forbids a man to have but one wife, if he is able to support more than one."

"Oh, Prophet, you are all powerful here, and your victims tremble before you ; but you will be punished by the Judge of All in the last Great Day. You shall ask for mercy, and you shall be refused, if you do not have mercy on that poor girl," said Emma, excitedly.

"Silence, woman !" commanded the Prophet.

"I refuse to be silent ; I protest against this infamous outrage. Richard Norris is my husband—my twice-wedded husband ; he is joined to me by bonds so strong that only death can sever them."

"Brother Norris, the woman is mad!"

"Oh, you inhuman father, how can you thus sacrifice your own child? I blush for you!" cried Emma, as her eyes flashed scornfully at George Vaughan.

"Emma, remember where you are!" exclaimed Norris, in some excitement.

"Let *your* memory take you to the blacksmith's shop, where we met, after years of separation, nearly a year ago. Believing you to be dead, I had married again a man who was both true and loyal, and who was to me a loving and devoted husband. When he discovered that he had wronged you, though it had been done unintentionally, Ernest did not hesitate to sacrifice his happiness to yours; he nobly relinquished his claim upon me in your favor. What return have you made for that sacrifice, Richard?"

"This talk is useless, Emma; we must obey the Prophet's commands."

"Sister Norris," interrupted the Prophet, "you are the first wife, your claim no one can dispute. You will always remain at the head of your husband's household."

"I shall be first in my husband's household, but not first in his heart. And you, sir, by what right do you style yourself a prophet and your followers saints? You transform them into murderers, perjurers and outlaws. You rob women of their happiness and

honor; and you do your vile work under the garb and in the name of religion."

"Sister, reason has forsaken you; you offer the objections of the Gentiles to our divinely-revealed law of plural marriage. God has given to the Latter-Day Saints the same powers that He gave to the Saints of old. Therefore it was that the Lord revealed it unto me that I should command the Latter-Day Saints, like the saints of old, to have more handmaids than one. If the old law was right, so is the new. God can make all things clear to his Saints. Have faith, Sister Emma, and all things will be added unto you."

"How can I have faith in your claims, when I see such crimes committed in the name of religion? On my knees I implore you to spare this young girl!" implored Emma, casting herself down before the unrelenting Prophet.

"Arise, Sister; it is better as it is. Your heart is too much possessed by the affairs of the world; the Lord requires you to sacrifice your feelings. Those who make sacrifices for the Lord will lay hold of eternal life. You will be enabled by faith to endure to the end."

"Monster!" exclaimed Emma, indignantly, rising from her knees, "I blush that I condescended to ask anything of you in the name of mercy. Your heart is too much hardened by a long life of iniquity to be moved by the prayers of the just. I will appeal to

the Federal authorities," cried the excited woman, as she walked hastily towards the door of the Sealing Room.

"Stop her!" commanded the Prophet; and Emma was seized by Brother Vaughan and the elder who had come to witness the ceremony, and, in spite of her struggles, was placed in a chair that stood in one corner of the Sealing Room. The instant that she was fairly seated in this chair, the arms closed together with a snap, and the poor woman found herself completely deprived of her liberty. It was useless now to struggle. From each of the arms of this chair there projected a strip of iron which closed in the centre with a spring, and locked themselves securely, thus leaving no chance of escape for the unfortunate, who became imprisoned within their iron embrace.

"There, Sister, upon the chair of atonement you shall offer your expiation; for it is only through penance that we can satisfy the Lord. You will remain where you are until sundown. Employ your time in prayer; ask the Lord to give you faith, and to make you humble and meek of heart."

Norris had witnessed his wife's humiliation unmoved; he believed her to be only justly punished for her outrageous behavior. Mormon husbands exact strict obedience from their wives; and woe to the woman who dares murmur against the decree of her lord and master.

The Prophet turned quietly to the bridal party and said: "I will now proceed to seal the child of the saintly Vaughan to Brother Norris;" and the ceremony proceeded without further interruption. Kate no longer attempted to make the slightest resistance, but answered the questions put to her by the Prophet mechanically. When the ceremony was completed the entire party left the room, without so much as a word or look at the prisoner in the chair.

Emma felt as though she were doomed, and she prayed for strength to die bravely. She did not for a moment suppose that she should be released from her confinement; she fully expected her life would be the price of her temerity.

The long weary hours passed and no one came near her. She began to grow faint; her temples throbbed; her limbs ached from the cramped position in which she was compelled to sit.

After what seemed to the wretched woman an age, the sun set and darkness began to settle around her. Still no one came to her; and she expected now to remain a prisoner until the following morning. It seemed to her impossible that she could support the agony of her situation through the night. She thought of her little one, and regretted that she had not been more cautious in her efforts for her friend's release. When she thought of the circumstances and events of the past few days, anxiety and despair almost unset-

tled her brain. Suddenly she heard far away the sound of footsteps ; they came towards her door ; and in a few moments a key turned in the lock, and the elder who had been present in the morning entered the room, took a key from his pocket and deliberately unlocked the iron bands that imprisoned her.

Emma made several efforts to rise before she was able to do so, and then she could only walk with the utmost difficulty. She could scarcely use her feet. The blood had stagnated during her long continuance in one position.

Finally the elder said to her :

" Sister Norris, you can return to your home. The Prophet desired me to say to you that he had not punished you severely, because he felt convinced that your sharp tongue had caused you to utter words which your heart and your reason would not permit you to endure. Let me tell you to beware how you again offend the Prophet. Other women have been punished far more severely for much less than you were guilty of to-day."

Emma made no reply to the elder's message or his admonition. She was thankful on her child's account that her freedom had been restored to her. When she found herself alone in the street, she made her way with all possible haste towards her home, where she was destined to witness a scene, the horror of which would haunt her to her dying day.

CHAPTER XXIII.

KATE VAUGHAN'S DESPAIR.

When the bridal party left the Endowment House, Mr. Vaughan accompanied his daughter and Norris to the residence of the latter. After they had entered the house Norris turned to Kate, and said, kindly:

"Welcome home."

Kate's eyes flashed with indignation, and the hot blood dyed her cheeks crimson, for she felt the degradation of her position. She was trembling with pent-up rage, but she remained silent.

Her father perceiving that she did not answer, turned to her and asked:

"Kate, did you hear your husband speaking to you?"

"He is not my husband," answered the persecuted girl, sharply.

"My dear child, why do you persist in your Gentile ideas?"

"It is not that I am a Gentile, but my belief as a Mormon would not allow me to accept this man as my husband."

"You speak in riddles; please explain yourself,' said Mr. Vaughan, impatiently.

The high-spirited girl went to a book-case which stood in the corner of the room, and took a small volume from it. Opening it at a particular place she said:

"Father, Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, is my authority for what I have just said to you. This book is entitled 'The Doctrine and Government of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-Day Saints.' Let me read to you what he says on page 330 regarding marriage: 'According to the custom of all civilized nations, marriage is regulated by laws and ceremonies; therefore we believe that all marriages in this Church of Christ of Latter-Day Saints should be solemnized in a public meeting, or feast prepared for the purpose; and that that solemnization should be performed by a presiding high priest, bishop, elder, or priest, not even prohibiting those persons who are desirous to get married from being married by any other authority. We believe that it is not right to prohibit members of this Church marrying out of the Church, if it is their determination to do so; but such persons will be considered weak in the faith of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Marriage should be celebrated with prayer and thanksgiving; and at the solemnization, the persons to be married, standing together, the man on the right and the

woman on the left, shall be addressed by the person officiating as he shall be directed by the Holy Spirit, and if there be no legal objections he shall say, calling each by name: "You both mutually agree to be each other's companion, husband and wife, observing the legal rights belonging to this condition; that is, keeping yourselves wholly for each other and from all others during your lives." And when they shall have answered "Yes," he shall pronounce them husband and wife, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and by virtue of the laws of the country and the authority vested in him. Then he shall say: "May God add his blessings, and help you to fulfil your covenants from henceforth and forever, Amen." '

"I should think that Joseph Smith, in this chapter, had spoken plainly enough to enable him to be understood by every one. Please tell me where President Young has received his doctrine of plural marriage?"

"From a revelation given unto him, my child."

"Father, I do not believe that God ever revealed unto man such a vile command."

"Oh, Daughter of Zion, have faith, for it is said: 'Let the unbelieving hold their lips, for the day of wrath shall come upon them as a whirlwind; and all flesh shall know I am God. And he that seeketh signs shall see signs, but not unto salvation.' And again it is said: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' "

"Father, such quotations are not to the point. I believe in God, but not in this false prophet, who has changed the original Faith of Mormon, and who has introduced into this Church the doctrine of Polygamy. Listen ; can anything be plainer than this ?" And she read again a passage from the chapter on "Marriage."

"'Inasmuch as this Church of Christ has been reproached with the crime of fornication, and polygamy, we declare that we believe that one man should have one wife, and one woman but one husband, except in case of death, when either is at liberty to marry again.'

"I believe in Joseph Smith's ideas regarding marriage. He was a sincere Christian, and one who did not grudge to give up his life for his belief. It is heresy to disobey the laws which he has laid down."

"We will not argue, child, for we cannot agree."

"So it appears ; and I am sacrificed with your consent, as thousands of other women have been sacrificed in Utah."

"Daughter, you must learn to submit."

"Because I am a helpless girl," answered Kate, bitterly.

They were interrupted by the sound of Daisy's voice. The poor child had fallen, and she was crying bitterly, and calling :

"Mamma ! Mamma !"

"Poor little thing !" exclaimed Kate, going at once

to the child's assistance. When she had left the room, Norris turned to Mr. Vaughan and said :

"Leave her to me. She will learn to love me in time, and to be content with her lot."

"I hope so."

"They all do."

"Kate, I fear, is unlike most of our young girls. She has too many Gentile notions."

At this moment Kate returned to the room, with Daisy in her arms. "Go at once!" she said, angrily, "and tell President Young to release this child's mother. In my excitement I had forgotten poor Emma. Think of what she must be suffering! She may be driven mad before sundown."

"Emma has behaved very badly."

"Shame on you, Richard Norris, to say so. She nobly besought our tyrant to spare me!"

"My dear Kate, you might have had a worse fate than to be sealed unto me."

"Impossible! I ask you, as a man of some honor, to go and obtain Emma's release."

"I dare not."

"You are a coward," declared Kate, with flashing eyes, "to allow your wife to suffer alone in that place. Go, sir, and make an attempt, at least, in her behalf."

"The Prophet will not listen to me, Kate ; but as it is your command, and as it is our wedding day, I will obey you."

"And do not return without Emma."

"Not if I can obtain her release. Brother Vaughan, will you aid me in fulfilling my wife's wishes?"

Kate shuddered as the word "wife" passed the lips of the man whom she so intensely loathed; and when the door closed upon her tormentors she clasped Daisy to her heart and moaned and sobbed in agony.

"Don't cry, Aunt Kate," pleaded Daisy, trying to kiss away the tears which rained down over the wretched girl's face.

"Oh, baby, baby, what shall I do?"

"What is the matter, Aunt Kate?"

"Daisy, you would not understand if I told you."

"Where is mamma? I want my mamma."

"I have sent Papa Norris for her, Daisy; she will soon be here I trust."

"How soon, Aunt Kate?"

"In an hour, I hope."

"Oh, I want to see my mamma. I haven't had any kisses from her to-day."

"Mamma will give you all the kisses you want, little one, when she returns home."

"Aunt Kate, I am awful hungry, arn't you!"

"No, child; but you ought to have had your dinner long ago. Why did Ann not give it to you?"

"She said mamma had gone out, and she didn't know what to cook, so I couldn't have any dinner. Wasn't that too bad, Aunt Kate?"

"Stupid woman!" exclaimed Kate. "Come with me and I will see that you get something to eat."

"I was afraid to go to the kitchen, Aunt Kate, Ann is so cross. She said she wished that she had never seen this place."

"Ann is not the only one who wishes herself back in Old England," murmured Kate, as she made her way to the kitchen with Daisy.

She saw that the child had her dinner and then asked Ann if she would take Daisy and go to her father's house with a letter.

"Certainly, ma'am; but where is the mistress?"

"She has been detained, but will be home to-night."

"Poor lady!" sighed Ann. She feels badly, I know, for this was the first time she ever forgot to to give me my orders."

"I will go and write my letter. Send Daisy to me when she has eaten her dinner."

"Yes, ma'am."

Despair had taken possession of Kate Vaughan, and when she found herself alone, she set herself to discover what there was left for her to do.

"Oh, my God," she exclaimed, in her agony, "must I submit to this dishonor? If I go to Camp Douglass my father will compel me to return here. No; so far as I can see, there is but one dreadful alternative!"

After a little she grew calmer, and sat down to write her note to her father; and when Daisy entered the room she she took the child in her arms and kissed her and gazed at her long and affectionately.

"What is the matter, Aunt Kate? Why do you look at me in that way?"

"Nothing that you can understand, darling. Will you give mamma some kisses for me to-night?"

"Oh, yes, a thousand!" answered the child, affectionately, throwing her arms about Kate's neck and kissing her a great many times.

Kate dressed the child and took her down stairs. When she gave the letter to Ann, she said:

"You need not be in a hurry to return; take Daisy for a walk."

"Shall I wait for an answer, ma'am?"

"There will not be any reply. Here is some money for your trouble."

"Thank you, ma'am; and may the master make you as good a husband as he has made the mistress."

Kate kissed the child again.

"Good-by, darling, good-by," she said.

She lingered a moment at the door, gazing at Daisy's retreating form; then with a weary sigh, she turned hastily and closed the door.

Kate was alone in the house—alone with her anguish.

Was this the bridal day to which she had so joyfully looked forward?

She had not wept since she had nerved herself to obey her father's commands, but as she thought of her absent lover, the man to whom she had given her whole heart, the tears rained in torrents over her white face, and clasping her hands nervously together, she cried:

"How can I give him up when I love him so much! Oh, merciful Heaven! I shall never see his dear face again; never hear his voice or feel the warm clasp of his hand. My noble, brave Charles! When he hears that I have become a plural wife, he will detest me."

Kate flung herself on the stairs, sobbing passionately. After the first paroxysm of her grief had passed, she became calmer; gradually her thoughts took a definite form.

She acknowledged to herself that her love for Charles King was the noble, unselfish love that a woman only feels once in a life-time, and that death itself could not have as much bitternees for her as she now suffered. She had drained the cup of her degradation almost to its dregs.

She had been true to her absent lover in thought, word and deed.

Alas, her constancy had been of no avail and the man to whom she had plighted her troth would live to

despise her when he learned that she had become the plural wife of Richard Norris.

Almost driven insane by her thoughts, she sprang to her feet, flung up her arms and exclaimed:

"I can die!"

She turned her thoughts upon the means. Kate knew she had not a moment to lose; and, with the light of her noble self-sacrifice shining in her eyes, and a new-born womanly expression on her face, she walked into the back parlor and sat down at the writing table.

The first fearful burst of her grief was over—but for a moment the scalding tears blinded her, as she essayed to write a farewell letter to Charles King, which would seem to him a cry of despair wrung from a breaking heart.

"DEAREST CHARLES:—

"When you receive this letter, I shall be no more. My heart is broken for I was forced against my will to become Richard Norris' plural wife.

"I am still your promised wife and I shall go out of the world pure and faithful to my promise to you.

"Oh, my love! My heart aches with bitter pain. Death itself cannot be harder than bidding you farewell.

"Remember me sometimes; and may your life be a happy, contented one. I cannot walk by your side,

dear, but trust when time has made me a sad memory that you will find some noble woman to brighten your days and be to you what I had hoped to be.

"My darling, farewell.

"Yours faithfully,

"KATE."

"N. B.—Write to Emma Norris, she will tell you all, as my time is precious, and I have not a moment to spare."

Kate folded the above and put it in an envelope. She then severed a long golden curl from her head and enclosed it with her engagement ring and sealed the envelope, which she addressed to Lieutenant King.

She then wrote to Emma. As soon as she had finished writing to her friend, she took both of the letters in her hand and ran hastily up stairs.

The poor girl went first to the apartment occupied by the Danite. She opened the drawers, closets and cupboards, searching in every corner and in every place that she could think of. She could not find what she so eagerly sought.

Clasping her hands wildly together, the half distracted woman muttered:

"There's no revolver there, and yet I felt sure I should find one. What, oh! what can I do? No one, I fancy, will sell me poison; there would be too many poor wretches who would use it if the law allowed it

to be sold. Oh, that I could die without committing this sin! Oh, that God himself would show me the way!"

By this time Kate had wandered into the little room that was occupied by Daisy. The moment she entered the room the child's swing, which hung between two doors, attracted her notice. Norris had hung this swing for Daisy's use when it was too stormy for her to be out of doors. It was hung from two strong iron hooks, which were driven into the wood-work of the door. This was to the poor, half-distracted girl like an answer to the prayer that had been on her lips when she entered the chamber.

Without a moment's hesitation, Kate tried the strength of the rope and hooks with her weight. They seemed to be strong enough for her purpose. Unfastening the rope, which she shortened, she then arranged a noose, which she worked back and forth until it gave her entire satisfaction. She next took off the two rings which she was accustomed to wear and taking Emma's letter from her pocket she placed the rings in the envelope.

Placing the letters on the bureau, Kate knelt down and remained in prayer for nearly half an hour. When she rose from her knees, she calmly placed the noose about her neck and stepped upon a chair, saying aloud: "May God have mercy upon my soul." She pushed the chair from her and hung suspended about

a foot from the floor. As the rope tightened around her neck she commenced to struggle, for hanging—unless it is scientifically performed—is a terrible death Kate flung out her arms wildly ; her eyes started from their sockets and she gave gasp after gasp ; but presently her arms relapsed, her head rested on her right shoulder, and then all was still. The poor girl had been driven to suicide by the injustice which had been meted out to her by those who should have loved and protected her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TOO LATE.

Norris returned about five o'clock, hoping to find Kate a little reconciled to her fate. He was surprised to see no one in the house, and was about to go in search of Kate, when Ann and Daisy returned.

"Where is Aunt Kate?" he asked of the child.

"Up stairs, Papa Norris. Where is my Mamma?"

"Oh, she will soon be home, now, dear."

It was nearly sundown now, and he looked for her return every moment. He took the child upon his knee, kissed her tenderly, for he really felt a strong affection for her, and he spent fully an hour amusing her, and watching the while for her mother's return with great anxiety. In his heart he was indignant with the Prophet for the course he had taken with Emma, but it was useless to interfere. The clock struck six, and still no signs of either of the women for whom he was on the lookout. By this time his anxiety was so great that he would have borne gladly the upbraidings of both the women rather than the suspense which he was now undergoing.

HE STARTED BACK IN AFFRIGHT. P. 279.

At last Daisy fell asleep in his arms, and he took her up stairs to place her on her own little bed. The moment he entered the outer room, a strange sensation of horror crept over him, which, however, he resisted, and attempted to pass into Daisy's room. But the lifeless body of Kate Vaughan barred the doorway. He started back in affright, very nearly dropping the sleeping child from his arms when her form met his eye. He, however, mechanically retained his hold of his burden, and, laying Daisy hastily on the bed, he struck a match, for the room was almost dark. Hardened villain though he was, Richard Norris shuddered from head to foot when the light revealed the ghastly sight before him.

The unmistakable palor of death upon her face, the wide-open glassy eyes, the fallen jaw, and the open mouth, with tongue protruding, and above all the look of agony that was stamped upon that once beautiful face, told him the dreadful truth at once; and yet, after the first few moments, when he had gazed at her as though fascinated by the awful spectacle, he hoped against hope. He refused to believe the plain evidence of his senses, and felt for the pulse and listened for a faint beating of the heart of the poor girl. When he was convinced that she was indeed dead, he fell on his knees by Daisy s bed and buried his face to shut out the horrible sight :

"Good God, I must have gone mad !" he ex-

claimed, as shudder after shudder shook his strong frame.

His agony awoke the child from her light slumber, and she, seeing his attitude, asked him if he was saying his prayers. Norris could not answer the child, he was too completely unnerved to speak. The child raised herself in bed, and as she did so her eyes lighted upon the dead girl in the doorway.

"What is the matter with Aunt Kate? Look, Papa, what is she doing with my swing? Aunt Kate what is the matter?" called the child, in a frightened tone. The dead stillness in the room, and the silence of the two people to whom she appealed, filled the little one with a vague alarm.

This innocent speech of the child to ears that no earthly sound could reach, sent such a thrill of horror through Norris, he snatched Daisy from the bed and fled with her to the floor below. He at once sent Ann for the doctor and for Mr. Vaughan. Entering the parlor with Daisy, he set himself to try and form some plan of action when the two men should arrive. Daisy was eager to render some assistance to Aunt Kate, and he was obliged to invent all sorts of excuses to the child for his seeming unkindness in leaving Aunt Kate alone.

"I don't care, Papa Norris, I think you are a real mean man not to let me go up stairs and help Aunt

Kate," cried the affectionate child at last, out of all patience with her papa.

Dr. Grey and Mr. Vaughan arrived very soon, and at about the same time, Daisy was at once given into Ann's charge.

Norris rose to his feet when the gentlemen entered the parlor, and said in a voice which he vainly endeavored to keep firm and clear :

"Mr. Vaughan, I deemed it my duty to send for you ; your daughter has suddenly become alarmingly ill."

"Let me see the patient at once," interrupted the doctor, "do not waste time here. I can do something to alleviate her suffering."

"Doctor, come with me," said Norris. Turning to Mr. Vaughan he said : "I think you had better remain here until after Dr. Grey has seen Kate."

"I think I had better go up stairs, and know the worst at once. I will remain in the hall until Dr. Grey has seen my daughter."

As the gentlemen went up stairs Emma entered the hall-door, and Daisy, who had been watching for her mother, sprang into her arms, exclaiming :

"It is my Mamma, my own Mamma !"

"My darling !" cried the poor mother, as she clasped her child to her heart and wept tears of joy, for she realized fully now that she wanted to live for her child.

Suddenly a loud cry, uttered in tones of the most intense horror, and which chilled the blood in the veins of the hearers, rang through the house :

"I have killed my child ! I have killed my child !" cried the wretched father, as he fell insensible at his daughter's feet.

Emma, alarmed by this dreadful cry, ran hastily up the stairs. She met Ann, who had gone by the back staircase, coming out of the bedroom.

She was wringing her hands, and the utmost terror was depicted upon her countenance. The poor woman's agitation and fright were so great that she was quite unable to make any reply to Emma's inquiry as to the cause of the disturbance, and what it was that had so alarmed her. Ann, could only shake her head and point with a shaking hand to the room she had just left. The sight of Daisy, who had followed her mother up stairs and was about to enter the chamber with her, restored the power of speech to the frightened servant.

Catching hold of Daisy, she exclaimed :

"For God's sake, don't let that child go in there !"

Emma was now thoroughly frightened, but she managed to say to Daisy, with some calmness :

"Go down stairs with Ann, dear."

"I want to see Aunt Kate, Mamma."

"By-and-by, Daisy. Go down now and get your

tea. Ann will take good care of you until I come to take you to bed."

Ann took the child with her and hastened down stairs, while Emma passed into the chamber. Here she saw her friend stretched at full length upon the bed, and believing her to be ill she went at once to her side.

"What is it, Kate dear—are you so very ill?" she asked, anxiously, taking Kate's hand in hers. When she felt the chill of that icy touch, she was terror-stricken; and a close look at the face of her friend told her that the Angel of Death had spread his wings over the persecuted Mormon girl, and had claimed her for his own.

"Kate, Kate," she called, frantically; "speak to me, my darling. Have they killed you because they could not break you to their customs? Oh, she is really dead? No, it cannot be so; she was in perfect health this morning. Oh, my poor wronged, murdered darling!" And Emma threw herself upon her knees beside her friend and tried in vain to rouse her to consciousness.

Dr. Grey, who had been attending the wretched man whose fanaticism had driven his daughter to the act of self-destruction, now entered the chamber from the adjoining bedroom. Seeing Emma weeping over the body of her friend, he said:

"Sister Norris, this is a very dreadful affair; I

must go at once to the Prophet for instructions. I am sure he will not approve of a Coroner's inquest. When Brother Toot's daughter shot herself last year, there was an inquest, and it caused no end of scandal. Every Gentile paper in the country had something to say about it, and the Prophet was exceedingly indignant."

Emma listened to the physician's rather heartless speech in astonishment, at first; this was the first intimation she had had of the cause of Kate's suicide. "Please give me all the facts, Doctor," she said, calmly.

"My dear lady," answered the doctor, cautiously, "I only know that when I entered this room with your husband, I saw Kate Vaughan hanging there between the doors," pointing to the door that led into the adjoining bedroom.

"Was she alive, Doctor, when you got here?"

"No, she had evidently been dead for some hours. Your husband sent for me as soon as he discovered that she had committed suicide."

"May I not close her eyes, Doctor?"

"Yes, you can do that; and bind a handkerchief around her jaws. That is all that you can do until the undertaker arrives; your husband has gone for one now, I believe. I will call again this evening;" and Dr. Grey bowed himself out of the room.

Emma was, of course, unutterably shocked by this terrible climax to a day that had been full of shocking

events. She loved Kate, and had the poor girl died under any ordinary circumstances, she would have mourned for her as for a dearly-loved sister. But in view of all that had been, and all that was to be, she could not help a feeling of almost joy, that her friend was already where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." She felt no doubt that God had pardoned the rash act, or that she, who was so true and dutiful a daughter, and so pure-minded a woman, was now among the saints and angels of God.

On going to the drawer for a handkerchief Emma discovered the letter which Kate had placed there for her. She opened the envelope hastily and the two rings dropped to the floor. It was as though her friend had spoken to her, and revealed the whole scene of her dreary death. "Poor, poor girl," she murmured, as she took up the rings and pressed them to her lips. The letter read as follows:

"DEAR EMMA:—I have tried to reason with my father, and to show him that my self-respect forbids my becoming the wife of a man who has already a living wife; but he refused to see the matter in the light that I did. I cannot permit the degradation, both for you and myself which this vile marriage will cause. I thank you for your effort in my behalf; it was nobly done, but you were powerless to aid me. I regret it only on account of the suffering which I know

it has caused you this long and weary day. I begged my father and your husband to go to Brigham Young to intercede for your release; but I fear the attempt was a futile one.

"My dear friend, I am standing on the brink of eternity, so let my prayer come to you as from one who has passed to the other side. I implore you to leave Utah as soon as possible. Do this for Daisy's sake, as well as your own. There is nothing but misery and disgrace possible for you in this degraded community, and it is your duty to save the little one from the dreadful fate which has overtaken you and me—that of becoming a victim to Mormon lust and fanaticism.

"The enclosed rings I wish you to keep. Give one to Daisy when she is old enough to wear it, and with it my love.

"I am going to commit a crime for which it appears to me that I am, in a measure, not accountable. It seems to me, that there is no other way of escape for me from the shame of being forced to become the handmaid of your husband. It is the choice between two crimes, and I choose the least.

"May God direct and protect you, my dear, dear friend, and dear little Daisy.

"With a great deal of love, I am

"Yours, affectionately,

"KATE VAUGHAN."

"N. B.—Please send Lieutenant King the letter you find addressed to him, also write to him and inform him of the events which have transpired since his regiment left Utah."

"Poor murdered girl! She was a martyr; God will grant her a martyr's crown," murmured Emma, as she kissed the letter and put it carefully in her bosom. She then closed the eyes of her friend and tied the handkerchief around her face, saying as she performed these last acts of kindness: "May God compensate you for the cruelty of men!" She then sat down quietly by her friend's lifeless body, to think of all that had happened and to try there, in the presence of the dead, to form some plan of action whereby she could carry into effect the advice which her letter had contained. When Kate had urged her, before her marriage, to leave Utah, she had refused to take her warning. Now that Kate was dead, she would lose no time in doing as she had wished. In fact, Emma almost felt that she was communing with her dead friend as she sat by her side. Her meditations were interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Vaughan, who was assisted by Norris, as he was yet too weak to walk without aid.

At the sight of those two men bending, as it seemed to Emma, with hypocritical sorrow over the form of their victim, the gentler feelings which had held their

sway in her heart vanished, and those of the avenger took their place. In a moment she was seized by an irresistible desire to avenge Kate's death, and to make the cowardly father suffer for his share in his daughter's suicide. Starting to her feet, she came swiftly over to the side of the miserable old man, her countenance transformed by the spirit of contemptuous indignation which flashed from her eyes.

"Behold your victim!" she said, with a mocking bow and a wave of the hand towards the bed.

"Woman, have pity upon me!"

"Yes, such pity as you had for her! Did you spare her when she plead with you, only this very morning? She besought your protection and you drove her to take refuge in death. You were deaf to her prayer because you desired only to please the Prophet; you sacrificed your child. You should have known that she was too pure minded to submit to such an indignity. It is you, sir, and your tool here"—with a glance of contempt at Norris—"who will have her death to answer for in the last Great Day."

The wretched father groaned aloud as the excited woman related to him these bitter facts, the truth of which he fully realized.

"Emma, Emma, how can you be so cruel?" interrupted her husband. "Do you not see that Brother Vaughan is suffering intensely? Do not add to his suffering by your reproaches!"

"His conscience will reproach him until the hour of his own death," answered Emma. "His fanatical faith in the doctrines of his church will not keep the dark shadow of remorse from his pillow; he, as well as you, I fancy, will remember this day's work while you both live. Kate's face will haunt you, sleeping or waking, for you two men drove her to this awful death."

"It is true, it is true! I killed my child!"

"Emma, I command you to conduct yourself in a more Christian-like manner!" exclaimed Norris.

"Perhaps you think, sir, that my imprisoment this morning in the iron chair of atonement, has subdued me, and that you will now find me a pliant tool in your hand. Allow me to assure that you are entirely mistaken. You can kill, but neither you nor your wicked master, Brigham Young, shall conquer me. Why do you not bring him here that he may view his victim?" she said, with flashing eyes.

"Come with me, my friend," said Norris, leading the old man from the room.

Norris thought it best to leave his wife alone; it was not wise, under the circumstances, to try her too far. He was unnerved by the awful events of the day, and he was quiet ready to make allowances for all that she might say. Though he was so familiar with crime, Kate's tragic death had thoroughly shaken him; and it is not wholly impossible that he did feel some

remorse for having driven Kate to seek death in preference to dishonor.

He led Mr. Vaughan down stairs, for the conscience-stricken man was as helpless as a child, and made him lie down ; but it was useless to speak to him of sleep ; Emma's words rang in his ears. He soon started up and, grasping Norris by the arm, exclaimed :

"Your wife is right ; I drove my poor girl to her death. I should have realized that she was different from the majority of our Mormon girls. She had always insisted upon taking Joseph Smith's view of marriage, and I could not convince her that the Lord had inspired Brigham Young to show us the truth of the doctrine of polygamy. And it is a hard belief for our women, Brother Norris ; sometimes it tries our soul and our hearts to be obliged to take more than one wife, in obedience to to the Prophet's commands. Oh, my God, thou knowest that I would give all I possess to have my poor girl restored to life ."

"I beg of you, Brother Vaughan, not to take Emma's rash speeches so much to heart. She loved Kate, and she is terribly excited by her dreadful death."

"Your wife told me the truth, I say ; and I shall never feel like the same man again," persisted the old man. "Kate was my only daughter, Brother Norris." And the man fairly broke down and sobbed like a child. His punishment had commenced, and he was destined to suffer the pangs of remorse until his death.

Norris succeeded, after much persuasion, in inducing the poor old man to lie down, and before long had the satisfaction of seeing him in the sound slumber which followed naturally upon the terrible excitement of the day. Norris then left the house in quest of an undertaker, as he had been detained when he first started on his errand.

Emma remained beside her dead friend until her husband returned. When he entered the room, she arose to leave, but Richard detained her, saying:

"Emma, you must take your leave of Kate now, before I bring the undertaker up stairs. As soon as he has finished his duties, and Brother Vaughan has taken leave of his daughter, I have orders to see that the coffin is closed at once."

"Who has dared to give you such orders?"

"The Prophet. I met Dr. Grey on my way home, and he brought me a written order to that effect."

"When do you bury Kate?"

"To-night, Emma."

"So the poor girl is to be buried like a dog, in order that the Mormon community shall not be shocked."

"It will prevent scandal."

"Say rather that Brigham Young does not wish the women of Utah to learn of this sad case. He does not wish them to reflect upon the slavery of their

position. My poor friend was too pure to become contaminated by the people with whom her lot was cast, therefore she preferred death to dishonor."

"I will leave you alone with Kate's remains until the undertaker arrives," said Norris, quietly, as he left the room.

"Go, go," said Emma. When she was alone she kissed the dear face many times, and then knelt in prayer until her husband's footstep sounded in the hall below. Then she rose, gave her friend one farewell kiss and left the room.

Emma went to the library, where she thought it possible that she might be left free for a time to indulge in her grief; but Norris, hearing the sound of her foot-fall, as she paced back and forth the long room, came to her at once after he had finished giving his directions to the undertakers.

"My poor girl," he said, coming to her side and endeavoring by his air of solicitude to conciliate his wife, "you will make yourself ill if you allow your grief to overcome you in this way. You must remember Daisy, if you do not think of yourself in the matter. I sympathize with you deeply," and he attempted to take his wife in his arms.

"Do not touch me!" cried Emma, as she motioned him away from her, her color rising in his presence.

"Why do you repulse me, Emma? Can we not be friends?"

"There is no longer any chance for even friendship between us. I do not forgive you for your share in the events of to-day. In the first place you should have been too manly to break your promise to me, even at the Prophet's express command, or to permit those two men to force Kate to accept a fate which she herself had told you was worse than death in her eyes. In my opinion, Richard Norris—as you call yourself—the blame of that poor girl's death rests primarily with you. I tell you this plainly; and so long as I live I can neither forgive nor forget it. Besides all this, you merit only my contempt for your course to-day in the Endowment House. You showed yourself a coward in standing tamely by while I was imprisoned in that iron chair by order of your most excellent Prophet. You never uttered even a protest against it."

"Because I knew that it would only make matters worse for me to do so. Why did you follow us to the Endowment House?"

"It was the last chance for me to save Kate. Her appearance made me fear that some terrible event would take place if the marriage were allowed to go on."

"The Prophet seemed to you harsh; but I assure you that your punishment was light in comparison

with that of some who have before defied his will. He thought that you needed a lesson."

"And you agreed with him. I have a contempt for you both. How dared he commit such an out rage?"

"Brigham Young dares to do anything in Salt Lake City."

"So it appears. He can with impunity drive an innocent girl to commit suicide, and then bury her quietly before her body is scarcely cold. He can so debase and degrade an hitherto honest man, as to cause him to violate the most sacred obligations, and to commit readily the most terrible crimes. I have suffered to-day more than I had supposed it would be possible for any woman to suffer. It has been almost more than I could bear; but I feel that I am justly punished for my weak compliance with your wishes, either in marrying you, or in joining your contemptible church."

"Emma, I warn you to be more prudent, or you will ruin me and yourself as well. Whatever you think, you must not express your opinions so openly; the walls have ears here."

"What do I care? I am certainly not afraid of death. I am an American; I am used to liberty of speech. I am not one of those miserable foreign women whom you have imported, who have known degradation in their own land, and are only too thank-

ful to get a shelter and enough to eat, and who are ignorant and superstitious enough to believe anything that the Mormon elders tell them."

"I quite agree with you, Emma, that American women do not make good Mormons."

"Nor would your foreigners if they had received a common-school education."

"Do not let us enter upon an argument, Emma. We have trouble enough already."

"I have no wish to quarrel with you, Richard; I am sorry for you as well as myself. My life for the past year has been all a mistake."

"What do you propose to do?"

"To leave Utah; to leave you. I cannot live with you any longer. As I told you before, you have trampled upon my self-respect, outraged my best and holiest feelings, and destroyed the friendship that I had had for you."

"You wish to return to Ernest Van Tine?"

"I would give ten years of my life to be permitted to see him for a moment, to hear his dear voice again. Oh, if I could only ask and receive his forgiveness for my weak desertion, I would ask for nothing else!"

"Take care, Emma," exclaimed Norris, harshly.

"I am not afraid of you; I defy you."

"Again I say, have a care. I love you, Emma, and I am not a man who is accustomed to be thwarted. Do not rouse the demon within me; if you do I will

not answer for the consequences. You shall never return to Van Tine; that I tell you distinctly. I would kill you before I would allow you to return to his arms."

"Ah! You call yourself a gentleman, and a brave man; and yet you threaten a helpless woman. Allow me to tell you that if I live I will try to find Ernest, and ask his forgiveness, and restore to him his child. If there was any divorce necessary, I should have had one from you."

"In order to return to your lover."

"Take care what you say, Richard; it would be as well not to reproach me with a misfortune for which you alone are responsible; I see that clearly now. You discovered that I was Ernest Van Tine's wife by accident, and you made the most of that fact. I have never been able to determine in my own mind why you did not leave me there in peace. I was a happy wife and mother, for Ernest was a devoted husband."

"Beware!" hissed the now infuriated man.

Emma did not heed her husband's exclamation, nor the gathering cloud upon his brow. Her thoughts were busy with the happy past.

"The few years that I spent with him," she continued, half musingly, "taught me that he had a great nature and a loving heart. He lived to make others happy, and he succeeded. Without seeming religious he lived a pure Christian life. If ever there was a

happy home, that home was ours. I might have known that such happiness could not last. You came and snatched me from the man who, according to laws both human and divine, was my husband. When the war closed, had you chosen to play the part of an honest man, you would have returned to me."

"I could not; but you know that I wrote to you."

"There is no good to be obtained for either of us by going over all this again. You know me well enough to believe that I should not have married your friend had there been the shadow of a doubt in my mind about your death."

"You should have waited longer," said Norris, doggedly, knowing well that his position was a weak one.

"I did my duty, even to your memory. I was alone in the world, and Ernest loved me."

"You did not love him, I suppose; you married him for a home?" said the exasperated man, sneeringly.

"No; I will not deceive you. I loved him far better than I ever loved you. Oh, man, you committed a sin when you ruthlessly parted two loving hearts!"

"Take that!" exclaimed the man, blinded by his passion, dealing his wife a heavy blow, which felled her to the floor. Then the coward left the apartment without so much as a look at his victim. He would

far rather see his wife dead, than to know that she was happy again with the man she loved and whom he so thoroughly hated. He fully realized that there was no one in the world who could ever occupy her place in his heart; he had found that out by experience. He had admired the beautiful Californian, but he had admired her fortune more, and he had coolly sacrificed her life in order to obtain possession of it. But the playmate of his youth was as dear to him as it was possible for any woman to be, though his love was necessarily of the basest sort; and the knowledge which her words forced upon him—that he had lost her love by his own foolish act—and her fearless avowal of her love for his rival drove him to the verge of madness.

Ann had partially heard the words which passed in the library between husband and wife, and when she heard the words which accompanied the blow, and the sound of her mistress' fall, she made her way to the library at once, taking Daisy with her.

"Mamma, Mamma!" cried Daisy, trying to help her mother to rise.

Ann gave her mistress all the necessary assistance, inquiring anxiously if she was hurt.

"Thanks, Ann; not seriously, I fancy;" but she sank immediately upon the nearest chair.

"Come with me to the third story front room, ma'am, and let me put you and little Daisy to bed. I will bring you up a nice cup of tea; you have not

eaten a mouthful to-day. You must not get ill for Daisy's sake, ma'am."

"Yes, Ann, you are quite right. I do feel wretchedly ill, and I will try to sleep."

"May I sleep with you, Mamma?"

"Yes, darling; you are all that mamma has to love or to comfort her now," answered the unhappy woman, taking Daisy in her arms and pressing her to her aching heart, covering her sweet little face with kisses and shedding over her bitter tears, which seemed to relieve her over-burdened heart.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE MIDNIGHT FUNERAL.

The first thing that met her eyes when Ann opened the library door, was the undertaker and his assistant, bearing the coffin with its precious burden. Emma shrank back into the room.

"Oh, Ann, I wish that I could sleep with her; I am tired of this hard and cruel life!"

"Don't speak like that, ma'am. You have trouble enough, but remember the little one, and bear up."

"Yes, yes, Ann, you are right; she needs me, and I must live for her sake."

"Madam, in what room shall I place the coffin?" asked the undertaker, respectfully.

"In here," answered Emma, briefly.

"Come up stairs with me, Mamma; Daisy is sleepy."

"Let Ann put you to bed, dear; mamma will come up presently," said Emma, giving the tired child a loving kiss. She then went into the library and prepared a place for the coffin to rest; this done, she went out into the garden through a side hall door. At the farther end of the flower garden Emma knew

there were late flowers still in bloom, although it was now the latter part of October. She hastily gathered all that her hands would hold and returned to the house. Carrying her bright burden to a small room that opened off the hall, which was used for a sewing-room, and where she and Kate had spent more than one happy afternoon, Emma arranged it in two large flat bouquets. In this room the two women had, a few weeks ago, put some large pots of choice rose-bushes, hoping to keep them through the coming winter. These were full of blossoms, which Emma cut and proceeded with her store of fragrance to the library. The undertakers had gone, and Emma was free to indulge her grief openly, while she placed her offering of flowers, and took what she knew must be the last farewell in this world of the gentle girl whose beauty and grace of mind and heart had so won her love, and whose fate in life Providence had so strangely linked with her own.

Emma put a bunch of flowers in the folded hands and laid the other upon the plain white dress in which they had dressed her for the grave. The roses she scattered over her. "Poor Kate," sighed Emma, while her tears fell fast upon the face of her friend. She took a long, last look at the loved features and kissed her friend again and again. "My darling," she whispered, "all I am sure is forgiven you; and I—oh, how I envy you!"

At the sound of approaching footsteps Emma left the room and went up stairs to her child.

While Emma had been engaged in her labor of love, Dr. Grey had returned to the house, and had gone with Norris to the room where Mr. Vaughan still lay sleeping.

"It seems a pity to awaken him to a sense of his sorrow," remarked Dr. Grey.

"Yes, Doctor, it is a pity. I think the Prophet is wrong to insist upon this hurried burial."

"It is always better to avoid scandal, you know," answered the doctor, as he proceeded to rouse the sleeping man. As gently as possible he told of the hasty funeral which the Prophet had ordered.

"Poor, poor Kate!" sighed the father; "I do not understand why the Prophet desires to have her buried to-night."

"He says that we shall avoid all unnecessary scandal by so doing."

"Perhaps so, Doctor," said the old man, shaking his head doubtfully, with a long, weary sigh. He, however, prepared to follow his friends, but found himself obliged to lean on the doctor's arm when he attempted to walk.

The three men grouped themselves around the coffin, while the father took his last look of all that was left of the old happy life in England. Kate was the last link to that life, and not until this moment did the

poor old man know how dear that life had been to him. There she was before him, in the peaceful sleep of death; the look of agony and suffering had nearly all gone from he face; she looked like one whose dreams are slightly troubled. Her beautiful hair had been put away under the muslin cap, such as the generality of Mormon women are buried in, and the flowers which Emma had scattered over her relieved the plainness of her shroud. Norris' sin-hardened heart was touched when he recognized the womanly pity of his wife, who had put aside her own sorrow to pay this tribute of love to her friend.

The sorrow-stricken father gazed sadly and longingly upon the face of his child. All his old love came back, and he kissed her face and hands as tenderly as her mother could have done.

"My dear, dear daughter!" he said, "I did not think to part with you so soon." Then, turning to Dr. Grey: "I should have sent Kate back to dear old England; she longed to return to her native land. She was a Gentile at heart, and I wish now that I had kept my promise to her mother; but the Prophet told me that it was not a lawful promise, and that such a one was better broken than kept."

"I am sure, my dear sir, that you acted for the best."

"I thought I did, Doctor, but this is the result."

A suddden movement of the undertakers, who

were waiting to perform their last duties, attracted Mr. Vaughan's attention, and he groaned in his sorrow:

"Oh, Lord, Thy hand is heavy on Thy servant!"

"My friends," said the really kind-hearted and sincere doctor, "the Lord has been pleased to afflict our brother by this sudden death of his daughter, and his burden is heavy. But let us all find comfort in believing that she has received forgiveness from that Judge whose mercy is as boundless as the ocean. God's ways are not as our ways; without doubt He will not hold our sister responsible for her last rash act. Few persons, I believe, take their own lives when they are perfectly sane. My friends, let us pray;" and Dr. Grey knelt, the others following his example.

He repeated the "Our Father," and then he prayed fervently that the Lord would comfort the bereaved friends, and especially the sorrowing father.

Mr. Vaughan rose from his knees somewhat comforted, and more resigned than he had been before the prayer. He tried hard to restrain his emotion, for he was a proud, reserved man, and one who shrunk from showing any feeling in public; but the suddenness of this shock had brought to the surface all the hidden love and feeling for his daughter that could not be repressed. He kissed her cold lips again and again, and then he allowed the doctor to lead him from the room. The remembrance of his refusal—

only that morning—to listen to Kate's prayer that he would spare her, may have rested heavily upon his heart, but, if so, he comforted himself with the thought that he was only fulfilling the commands of the Prophet, who could not err. After all, the poor fanatic was more to be pitied than blamed. The responsibility of that day's work rested chiefly upon other shoulders —shoulders which had borne many such burdens. He, who in his arrogance drove this young and innocent girl to seek refuge in her Maker's presence, has himself since gone to that other world, where we must all give an account for the deeds done in the body.

The undertaker fastened down the coffin lid as soon as the gentlemen had left the library, and then he and his assistant carried it down the steps, over which their burden had so unwillingly passed that very morning, and placed it in the hearse which was waiting at the door. A single carriage followed it to the grave, and a single sincere mourner was all that was allowed to accompany the poor girl to her last resting-place. Emma, who would gladly have gone to the end of the earth to pay respect to the memory of her friend, was not permitted to leave the house.

Dr. Grey and Norris accompanied Mr. Vaughan in his dreary midnight ride. When the carriage stopped before the door of the farm-house, some three miles beyond the city limits, they all felt relieved.

They at once alighted and followed the coffin, in

mournful procession, towards what was evidently a family burial place. It was a small plot, neatly enclosed by a plain wooden fence, with a few head-stones gleaming whitely in the moonlight among the dark trees.

"I am going to bury your daughter, Mr. Vaughan," said the physician, "in my own lot. Here lies the bodies of two of my wives and several of my children. This farm is mine, and is managed and cared for by one of my wives, with her two sons. So you see, my dear friend, that all will be safe, and her last resting-place well cared for."

"I should have preferred to have her put by the side of her mother; though you are very kind, Dr Grey," answered the old man.

The undertakers had been busily digging the grave, and they now lowered the coffin to its place. The voice of the devout doctor broke the silence:

"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. Such is the end of the bodies which in life gives us so much care, and cause us so much suffering. Were it not for the blessed promises of the resurrection, and of our redemption in the next life, we should sorrow as those without hope; for the grave is the end of all earthly hopes and ambitions."

These words of comfort seemed to fail in their object, which was to give solace to the heart-broken father. His remorse and agony of mind was some-

thing terrible to see when the sods fell upon his child's coffin, and he remained there long after the grave had been filled.

The scene was strangely weired. The newly-made grave, the sombre forms of the three men standing like statues beside it, the empty hearse and its waiting attendants in the background, and over all the streaming moonlight. The voice of the wind, sighing sadly through the tall trees, was all that disturbed the stillness ; otherwise there reigned the silence of the first creation. They stood thus for a few moments, hushed and awed by the spirit of the place, and then led the sorrowful and misguided father to the carriage, leaving the grave to nature's kindly care.

On the way back to the city, Mr. Vaughan fainted, and it was with great difficulty that Dr. Grey revived him. When they reached his house they carried him up stairs and put him to bed at once.

The doctor remained with him all night, and tried to the best of his ability to comfort and quiet the excited man. It was useless, however, and when Dr. Grey left him to go home for a little rest, he felt sure that Mr. Vaughan would be dangerously ill.

The next morning when the physician called, he was shocked to find his patient unable to recognize him. Mrs. Vaughan followed the doctor anxiously from her husband's bedside, as she was alarmed at his strange appearance.

"Dr. Grey, do you think Mr. Vaughan seriously ill?" she asked with quivering lips.

"My dear lady, I am sorry to grieve you, but I always think it best to tell the truth. Your husband is paralyzed, I can ameliorate his condition, but he may not live out the month."

Alice Vaughan looked at Dr. Grey with a face from which every atom of color had fled, as she moaned out: "My punishment is greater than I can bear." The unhappy woman swayed and would have fallen if the physician had not caught her in his arms as she swooned.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EMMA'S RESOLVE.

Let us now return to the scene of the tragedy. Oh, how heavily and wearily dragged the long hours of that sleepless night for poor Emma. She lay upon her bed, but sleep refused to visit her eyes. Grief for her friend's terrible fate would ordinarily have been sufficient cause for sleeplessness ; but now her friend's last warning rang ceaselessly through her mind. Yes, she must take Daisy away as soon as possible ; of that there could be no doubt. But how to accomplish it, and where to go, were questions which she revolved in her mind the livelong night.

Above all other things, Emma would have been glad to return to Ernest Van Tine, but she believed fully in the legality of her divorce from him, and necessarily in the legality of her marriage with Norris, and she was far too pure in mind and upright in purpose to consider such a course for an instant. However, she fully determined not to live with Norris any longer ; the remembrance of the cruel blow he had given her rankled in her heart ; she was too high-spirited to submit tamely to such treatment. She was

determined to sacrifice her feelings, and return Daisy to her father, and to bury herself in some of the great cities and fight her own battle of life. In her present weak state of mind and body this was all Emma could decide upon; she would develop the plan, she told herself, when she was stronger.

Towards daylight she fell into a troubled slumber, which was disturbed by hideous visions, the result of utter exhaustion. The mental excitement of the previous day and the anxiety of the night, together with the physical suffering that she had undergone in the chair of atonement, proved to be too severe a strain upon Mrs. Norris, and the next day she was too ill to rise from her bed.

Norris felt too much ashamed, and he regretted his share in the Vaughan tragedy; therefore, he did not make any attempt to see his wife when she was taken ill; but he sent frequent messages to her and made anxious inquiries of Ann regarding her illness. The honest English woman gave him very short and rather unsatisfactory replies; she could not forgive him for the cowardly blow he had given her mistress.

When Ann came to Utah she was a childless widow. Soon after she was settled there, she was sealed to an English Mormon. Death again deprived her of her companion, and then Ann declared that she had "done her duty," and that no earthly power would tempt her to marry again. She kept her word,

and went into service in the family of a Mormon bishop. She lived with them some years, until they moved to a farm some miles from the town. Not caring for country life, Ann had sought another place and so had fallen into her present quarters. The woman had been thoroughly convinced of the truth of the Mormon faith when she came to Salt Lake City, but her experience there had served to thoroughly disgust her with the people, the country and the religion, and she was now diligently saving her money in the hope of a speedy return to dear old England.

Ann had taken a great fancy to her present mistress—who, in fact, had the faculty of making friends among all classes—and she was anxious to do all that she could to aid her, and ready to defend her from the dangers which it was too evident threatened the lonely woman in Utah.

On the evening of the second day of his wife's illness, Norris decided to go to Nevada and spend a few weeks in looking into the affairs of their mines there. The morning's mail had brought letters which contained news of importance, and Norris felt that it was best for him to go and investigate the matter. He hoped the storm which threatened his domestic horizon would have cleared away before his return.

The next morning at breakfast Norris sent Daisy

to her mother to say that he was going away, and that if possible he wanted to see her before leaving.

"Where are you going, Papa Norris?" questioned the child. "Take me with you?"

"I wish that I could, Daisy, but you must not leave Mamma alone when she is ill, you know. I'll take you some day, when you are a big girl."

"I'm getting a big girl," declared Daisy, with an air of satisfaction.

"Yes, you are certainly growing, my dear."

"Bring me something pretty when you come home, Papa Norris?"

"Indeed I will, little woman."

"You think I am a woman, Papa Norris? I think I'm a little girl."

"A dear little girl, Daisy," replied Norris, taking the child tenderly in his arms and kissing her fondly. "Now run up stairs, dear, and take my message to Mamma."

The child bounded away upon her errand, and, bursting into her mother's room, exclaimed as soon as she could find breath:

"Mamma, Papa Norris is going away, and he wants to come up and see you. Can he come?"

"Yes, darling."

The child flew away again to find Papa Norris, and, after faithfully delivering her mother's reply, made her way to the kitchen to impart the news of

the intended journey to Ann ; for Daisy was an inveterate little gossip.

Norris made his way immediately to the sick room, and he was thoroughly shocked to see how much his wife had changed during the past few days. His heart smote him, and he took her hand and kissed her tenderly.

"I am sorry, dear, to see you looking so very ill. Do you feel any better to-day ?"

"Yes, I think that I do feel a little stronger to-day than I did yesterday, Richard."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Emma. I will ask Dr. Grey to call every day during my absence ; I should not think of going away unless I could leave you in his care."

"Where are you going ?"

"To Nevada. There are a number of matters connected with the mines which require my personal and immediate attention."

"How long shall you remain ?"

"I suppose about two weeks ; certainly as long as that, I know. You will want money for household and other expenses while I am away, and I think this will be sufficient," said Richard, handing Emma a roll of bank-notes; "but in case you should need more, you will find a check already signed in the drawer of the desk in the library. Emma, I was a brute the

other night, and I am sorry for it. Can you forgive me?"

"I will try, Richard," replied Emma, sadly.

"Believe me, Emma, you are the only woman that I love, or ever could love. I was so madly jealous the other night that I really did not know what I did. Kiss me good-by, dear."

Emma did as he desired; but her kiss was hardly a satisfactory return for the passionate one which she received. When he left the room, the tears stood in his eyes, and in spite of himself, he sighed wearily when he was alone in the library. He could not shake off a premonition of coming evil, though he tried to convince himself that it was caused by the sad events of the past few weeks. It is not an uncommon thing for such forebodings to force themselves upon us all, and it is impossible to say whence they come. In fact, the explanation which we offer to ourselves is generally the farthest from the real one. At any rate, when Richard Norris left Salt Lake City, he took with him to the mines of Nevada a sad heart. Indeed, he almost decided after he had gone one day's journey, that it was better for him to return and postpone his trip until Emma had fully recovered from the shock which her nervous system had received. But after due consideration of the matter, he determined, in spite of his anxiety, to go on, for his

common sense told him that his absence would be a relief to his wife at the present time.

In the meantime Emma had gained rapidly in health and strength, and two days after her husband's departure, she was able to sit up long enough to eat, and rather enjoyed the dainty dinner that Ann had prepared with much thought and no little skill. From that time forth she gained strength rapidly.

During the afternoon of the second day after her husband's departure, Mrs. Norris received cards, and calls in abundance.

Her last caller was a fair type of a contented Mormon matron, for even in Utah are to be found women who endeavor to make the best of their unhappy lot.

Mrs. Stevens' happy disposition made her popular wherever she went. This lively little lady was a favorite of Ann's, who, thinking to enliven the dullness of her mistress' convalescence, at once ushered the caller to Emma's chamber.

Mrs. Stevens was a particular friend of the Vaughan's, and of course knew something of Kate's tragic death.

The two women went through the general form of greeting, kisses not excepted—for women in Utah are the same in such matters as the women of all the rest of the world—and then Mrs. Stevens said :

"I am sorry to find you so ill, dear; but Ann tells me that you consider yourself quite convalescent?"

"Yes, I have been really ill, but I am fast regaining my health."

"Such a thing is a terrible shock to a person; especially to a friend such as you were to poor Kate."

"Certainly," answered Emma, the tears springing at once to her eyes. "Where did you learn the particulars, Mrs Stevens?"

"At Sister Vaughan's, dear; of course you know that I am very intimate there. Dr. Grey was obliged to tell her the cause of her husband's illness."

"Is he ill?"

"He is paralyzed."

"Oh, Mrs. Stevens, what a terrible thing! When did it occur?"

"The morning after Kate's funeral."

"Poor man! poor man! I am sorry for him," said Emma, thinking of the sorrow that he had shown after Kate's death, and, woman-like, forgetting his transgressions in sympathy for his sufferings.

"Yes, so am I. Dr. Grey says he may have another stroke at any moment."

"Poor Kate!" said Emma, softly; "how earnestly you pleaded with your father to spare you, and he refused. Alas! I fear he sealed his own earthly fate," sighed Emma.

"Yes, Kate could never reconcile herself to accept

the life of a Mormon wife ; such a pity ! Our religion is, of course, sometimes at variance with the dictates of the natural heart ; it is a burden, it sometimes seems, that the Lord has laid upon us; we must bear it for His sake, and to His glory."

"I cannot believe as you do."

"And yet it is the teaching of our divinely-inspired church."

"Not as I understand that teaching, Mrs. Stevens ; for Joseph Smith, in his book of 'Doctrine and Covenant,' says that one man should have but one wife and one woman but one husband."

"Yes, but Joseph Smith taught us that God would speak to us by the mouth of inspired prophets ; such a one is Brigham Young."

"I cannot believe that God requires such a sacrifice. In most families, where they obeyed this law, the first wife is either changed into a fury or she becomes a broken-hearted woman."

"Well, Mrs. Norris, my husband did not want to take a plural wife ; his sufferings were great when he did so, but I have tried to make his burden as light as possible."

"Because you are a noble, unselfish woman ; you have done what you believed to be your duty, regardless of the cost to yourself."

"And you will do the same, my dear, when the time comes. I have often heard women say that they

would not consent to their husbands taking plural wives, but for one reason or another they submitted when their turn came."

"I shall never submit to it, Mrs. Stevens."

"Yes, you will; and you had better make up your mind to take up your cross cheerfully. The Prophet will insist, and when he insists Brother Norris will obey, for he is a good Mormon, and a firm believer in the leadership of Brigham Young."

The arrival of Dr. Grey interrupted the conversation, which was a painful one to Emma. The two women at once made inquiries about Mr. Vaughan.

"Poor man," said the doctor, "I fear that his days of usefulness are numbered. He may live a few weeks, but he is sure to have another attack, and when he does he cannot live. He is already speechless."

"What a terrible affliction!" said Mrs. Stevens, while Emma's face showed plainly the sorrow that was in her heart. She could not forget that he was Kate's father.

"You may well say so, Mrs. Stevens. We had always thought him a somewhat cold and unfeeling man; but there was warmth in his heart after all. Kate really was his favorite child. She was a beautiful girl, too, and her fate was a sad one. I do not myself believe in forcing our girls to marry against their will."

"Dr. Grey, you are right; marriage without love is a mortal sin!" said the invalid, positively.

"Well, we should not be worrying you with these sad stories. You are to think only of getting your health and strength. Your husband left you in my charge, and for the sake of my professional reputation, you must try and do justice to my treatment, Mrs. Norris."

"Oh, Doctor! I am trying to get well," said Emma.

"That is the way to talk. There is nothing more serious the matter with you than a little nervous exhaustion, and a few days of rest and nourishing diet will bring you out all right. I shall see you to-morrow, Mrs. Norris. Mrs. Stevens, I am going your way, and I shall be very glad of the opportunity of taking you along with me in my carriage."

"Thanks, Doctor; I am delighted to accept your invitation. It is late, and I should have gone before. The children will wonder what has become of me." Then followed more kisses, and the usual promises to call, and the good woman took her departure with Dr. Grey.

Emma had made up her mind to do her part towards fulfilling Dr. Grey's prognostications about her recovery, so she called Ann, and in half an hour was snugly tucked away in her comfortable bed. Before she slept, however, she offered a prayer to God

that He would help her to carry out the determination, which had now fully taken possession of her, to escape from this dreadful community with little Daisy. She had no desire for her to share Kate's fate. Thus planning for her child's safety, the weary woman fell into the most refreshing sleep that had visited her eyelids since Kate's coffin had been carried from her home to rest in her lonely grave.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MISSING LINKS.

After Ernest Van Tine had resigned wife and child to his old comrade, he found that unless he were ready to become a perfectly useless member of society, or to be driven to actual madness, he must leave the old place, and among new scenes and in new work, strive, in a measure, to obliterate the past. He had been so truly blessed in his married life that he did not wish to blot it out entirely; but he determined to occupy his time and his thoughts with other matters in order to be able to live without continually brooding over the past.

In a short time after his home was broken up, he disposed of his business, locked up the charming little log-cabin—which now seemed to him like a body from which the soul had fled—and left Nevada for San Francisco.

He went to work at his trade there. Life was, of course, altogether dismal. He had not heard, nor could he hope to hear, a word from Emma since that dreadful day when he had rushed off, leaving her in his rival's care. Was she happy and satisfied? he

wondered sometimes. Hardly that, he thought; for he knew that Emma had loved him; and he felt perfectly certain that he was not forgotten. And yet he wanted her to be happy; he desired her welfare above all other things, unless it was the happiness and well-being of his child.

The more he reflected upon the matter, the more he felt convinced that he had been too hasty in thus giving up his child, allowing her to go among strangers, to become estranged, to grow up and regard his rival as her father.

He reproached himself severely for the course he had pursued in the madness of his despair. He now felt that he should have retained both his wife and child until the law had decided that his marriage had been illegally contracted.

He argued that Norris' desertion had made Emma a widow in the eye of the law.

Ernest Van Tine sighed wearily as he thought of the past, and he toiled incessantly, striving to forget his vanished happiness.

One quiet Sabbath morning, after his return from church, Ernest took up a San Francisco paper, and in glancing over it his eye lighted upon an account of the discovery of a vein of rich ore in a mine in which he held a large number of shares. The property had not been considered valuable, and he had bought these shares of a friend, who was in need of a few

hundred dollars of ready money. In fact, he had never regarded the thing in the light of an investment, and would have thought himself fortunate to realize the amount originally paid for the said shares.

Although Ernest doubted the reliability of the report, he thought he had better look into the matter, and the following week he started for Nevada. When he reached Virginia City he found the miners were excited over the discovery which they had made, and he found the reports fully verified.

As soon as he had attended to the necessary business arrangements of the mine, Ernest proceeded at once to the house of his old friend and neighbor, Mrs. Wood.

The good woman was delighted to see him, and welcomed him in true Western fashion. Van Tine could scarcely do justice to her hospitality, or listen to the neighborly gossip which she poured into his ears so freely. The fact was that the good dame did not know how to introduce the subject which was uppermost in her thoughts, without opening afresh wounds which she knew must still bleed. So she took refuge in a lively dish of gossip.

Van Tine understood the kind heart of his entertainer, and at last put the question which he had come all this way to ask.

"Have you heard any news of Emma since she left?" he asked, abruptly.

Mrs. Wood at once showed him the telegram which she had received from Emma, and the answer which had been sent.

Ernest read the dispatch over and over again. His mind went back to the day of their separation, and he saw clearly that he had not acted for the best. At last he roused himself from his reverie. "I am afraid I did wrong, Mrs. Wood, in leaving here so suddenly. I should have waited until I could have received some news of Emma."

"Mr. Van Tine, I am afraid you acted rashly," said Mrs. Wood. Going to a bureau which stood in the room, she took from it a letter which she gave to Ernest. "This letter will tell you all that transpired after your wife left this place up to the time of her marriage in the Mormon church. Read it, and you will see that she had suffered."

Ernest fairly devoured the contents of the letter. When he had finished it he groaned aloud.

"God forgive me for my rashness. I thought Emma loved Richard, and so I gave her up. I have sinned; oh, my God, I have sinned! She certainly was my wife in God's sight; I am not sure that she was not legally mine, too, Mrs. Wood. May I have this letter?"

"Certainly, Mr. Van Tine; I kept it for you in case I should ever see you again."

Ernest Van Tine considered it a very fortunate thing that chance had placed that letter within reach

It was of far more value to him than the fortune which had brought him to Nevada. He knew that he had the best love of the woman whom he loved. If that must suffice for this world, he could bear it; she would be his in the future life, in which he fully believed. She was married to Richard, and he would never disturb their relations. When he thought over the matter more calmly he knew that he had failed in his duty as a father. He could not tell how he should rectify his mistake; but it was a source of constant worry to this upright man and loving husband and father, whose nature was pure and noble. When he thought about his daughter's future he determined that he would not leave her always among the influences which he so much dreaded, but that he would become a rich man for her sake.

After some consideration it was decided to work the mine to its full extent, and the stockholders asked Van Tine to become their general manager. Their offer was accepted, and under his judicious oversight everything prospered, and riches poured in upon the delighted owners. One of these gentlemen—Professor Hobart he was called by his friends—who was deeply interested in the mine, being the largest shareholder—had the reputation of being a very clever judge of mankind. It was at his suggestion that the company

had invited Van Tine to become their manager; it was not long before these two men became fast friends. When the new shaft was about to be sunk, some distance east of the old one, Professor Hobart came down to stay for a time in Virginia City, and took up his quarters in the same house with Ernest Van Tine.

One evening the two friends were smoking a cigar together, and talking as usual about the working of the mine

"Did you have any further trouble with that workman this morning, Van Tine?" asked the Professor.

"No, I paid him his wages and discharged him. I told him plainly that I would not have a man in my employ who was in a continual condition of intoxication."

"You acted wisely; that man would have made trouble for you. He has a villainous countenance. Did he give you any trouble?"

"No, he took his discharge quietly enough. Do you believe that human faces are to a certain extent the reflection of their true character?"

"Certainly I do; and not only in that, but in mind-reading also. If ever mortal possessed the gift of clairvoyance, I do. Don't smile so skeptically; I never practiced it professionally."

"Why do you speak of your gift as of the past? Explain yourself."

"Because it is a long time since I have tried my

powers in that direction. I had an adventure, some time ago, which entirely sickened me of ever attempting such a thing again. It's not an altogether agreeable story, but I can vouch for the truth of it."

"Pray relate your adventure ; I am exactly in the mood for a story, no matter how exciting ;" so Professor Hobart sacrificed his cigar to the vindication of the doctrine of Mismer.

"In the course of a scientific tour through California, some years since, I was detained for some weeks in Sacramento City. Material and instruments necessary for the completion of my survey in that State had not been forwarded, through some misunderstanding, and I was at a dead stand-still in my work. The time passed rather heavily, and for the sake of amusement I exhibited to the guests at the hotel my powers of mesmerism. One of these impromptu séances was by chance witnessed by a young Mexican, also a guest of the house. After the evening's entertainment was concluded, this young fellow, whose name I afterwards found to be Ramirez, followed me to the smoking-room, and asked permission to question me as to my powers, a specimen of which he had just witnessed. I told him plainly that I could put ninety-nine out of a hundred of the people with whom I came in contact into a state where I could entirely control the mind and sometimes even the body also.

"He begged of me to return with him to San Fran-

cisco immediately and try my powers upon his brother-in-law, whom he strongly suspected of having instigated the assassination of his wife, who was Ramirez's sister.

"I tried hard to persuade him to relinquish the idea, assuring him that any evidence he should obtain in this way, while it would perhaps convince him, and so serve to make him more wretched than ever, would not be accepted in any court of law in the country.

"He quite understood this, and promised that he would not act, or attempt to act, upon the knowledge he obtained from me. He only wanted to see what his brother-in-law would do and say while he was in my hands. He pleaded so hard, and the poor fellow seemed so anxious and miserable, that I finally yielded to his entreaties and went with him to San Francisco. He took me to his brother-in-law's house, introduced me as a personal friend, and during an after-dinner chat I found an opportunity to put him in a sound mesmeric trance."

"Do you mean that you really discovered him to be the criminal?"

"Proved it beyond a doubt; and what he told us while he was in the mesmeric state only confirmed the estimate I made of his character from reading his face during the first hour of our interview. It was no proof that Ramirez could use, however, though, as after events proved, the discovery of the criminal was

due to events which sprung out of that affair. I have always regretted it, however, and shall to my dying day."

"Why?"

"Because it ended in his shooting poor Ramirez, who was too hot-headed to keep his promises made to me before we left Sacramento. Then and there he tackled the villain, who coolly shot the poor fellow on the spot.'

"Was he punished?"

"No, he escaped. Poor Ramirez fell into my arms when he was wounded, and before I could alarm the servants he had taken leg bail. I felt confident that he was too thorough a scoundrel not to make good his escape; but I did my best to prevent it and got arrested myself for my pains. I have ever since been on the lookout for Richard Norris, in the hope of having him brought to judgment."

"What do you say?" cried Van Tine, in some excitement, rising from his chair to grasp his friend by his arm. "My friend, for Heaven's sake repeat his name again."

"Norris; Richard Norris. Perhaps you saw an account of the affair in the papers."

Van Tine made no reply, but walked the floor some minutes before he could trust himself to speak. Presently he said:

"Perhaps it may be only a similarity of names;

but unless I am very much mistaken that man is alone responsible for the wretchedness of my life."

"What in the world do you mean?" asked the Professor, whose turn it was to be mystified.

Ernest gave his friend a concise account of the events of his life bearing upon the matter in question, and finished by handing him the letter which had been given him by Mrs. Wood. Professor Hobart listened attentively, and when he had read the letter he said, promptly:

"That man must be arrested; there is enough evidence against him to hang him three times over. Without any doubt he is the same man, though your description does not exactly tally with that of my San Francisco friend. That, however, does not count in evidence; for it is one of the first lessons of a rogue's life to become able to thoroughly and successfully disguise himself. You must set about finding the man at once; it is a duty that you owe to the world as well as to yourself and your wife to expose him. It is an outrage for any pure minded woman to be forced to live with such a scoundrel for an hour."

"I agree with you, Professor Hobart; but I can scarcely collect myself; pray advise me of the first step to be taken in the matter."

"It is simple enough. You know the whereabouts of the man, and there is evidence enough to cause his arrest. Send for Hoyt, he's the best detective on the

Pacific Slope, and he will settle everything in the shortest possible time."

Before he slept that night Ernest sent a letter to Hoyt, asking for his immediate presence in Virginia City. He knew that he was only doing his duty, but his heart ached at the thought of his beloved Emma, whom he had relinquished without a word to the protection of such a man. He could hardly realize that his old friend and comrade had so degenerated from the path of honor, and become a noted criminal.

Ernest Van Tine believed, from the information contained in Emma's letter, that Professor Hobart was not mistaken regarding the identity of Richard Norris as the San Francisco assassin.

In a few days Hoyt made his appearance at the mine, received his instructions and left for Salt Lake City.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"THEY SHALL TAKE WHO HAVE THE POWER."

When Detective Hoyt returned from Nevada after his trip to Utah, he found both of his patrons impatient to hear his report.

Ernest Van Tine could not trust himself to ask the detective about his loved ones.

Professor Hobart understood his friend's eloquent silence, and he eagerly asked : "Did you find Norris ?"

"No, sir ; he is not in Salt Lake City. I called at his house, which is one of the handsomest in that city. The servant told me that her master was away on a journey. I then asked for Mrs. Norris, and was told that she was too ill to be seen. I was leaving the house in a deep study as to my next step in the matter, when I met a gentleman coming up the walk, whom, I decided in my own mind, was the family physician, from his gig at the gate, and the long black case which he held in his hand, also from the servant's story of her mistress' illness, all tended to confirm this decision ; so I accosted him without delay. I had come a great distance to see Mr. Norris, only to meet with the indefinite information that he had 'gone on a

long journey.' His wife was ill, and I could not be permitted an interview. If, as I fancied, he was the physician, and a friend of the family, would he not assist me in my dilemma, and give me something definite in the way of information?

"The gentleman was only too glad to be of use to any friend of 'Brother Norris.' That gentleman had gone to Nevada to look after the interests of the Mormon mines in that part of the country, expecting to be absent for two or three weeks. He had already been gone about four days. Mrs. Norris was suffering from an attack of nervous prostration; nothing serious, but perfect rest was imperative. In a day or two, he had no doubt, she would be sufficiently recovered to grant me an interview. This is the extent of the information I obtained in Utah."

"Very good; very good," said Professor Hobart, with a satisfied air. That's all that is necessary for us to know in that direction. What should be our next move, Hoyt?"

"To get an order for the arrest of your man for the murder of Pedro Ramirez and start for the mine at once; better strike while the iron's hot. The man may get wind of the thing. Those Mormons are a sharp lot, I tell you. I have already communicated with the San Francisco authorities, and there's not a shadow of a doubt but that this is the same Richard Norris of whom they are in search."

"Do you know just where the mine in question is situated?" asked Van Tine.

"About five miles from the Gold Hill claims. I have all the information necessary to enable us to find him this time."

Early the next morning the three men started upon their journey. It was a charming October morning. The sun had just risen above the grand old peaks, and shed his glory over hill and dale, mountain and valley, making old Mount Davidson shine like a mass of solid gold, that dazzled the eyes of all beholders. The balmy air was perfumed with the scent of a thousand flowers, and laden with the voices of myriads of feathered songsters. Nature can be seen at her best and grandest in the wilds of Nevada.

The three horsemen rode leisurely along, drinking in all this beauty. They had not a long journey before them, and they found the mine without any trouble. When they reached the camp the miners were at breakfast. As the riders drew rein one of these men came forward and politely inquired their errand.

"Be so good as to inform us where we can find Mr Norris?" answered Van Tine.

"I am afraid you cannot see him, sir; he is very ill."

"Is it a serious illness?"

"Well, I believe it's a sudden attack of pneumonia. Brother Norris is a very sick man."

"Has he had a doctor?"

"Yes; we sent to Gold Hill for one, and he has stayed with Brother Norris since yesterday."

"Will you ask the doctor to step this way for a moment?" interposed the detective.

"Certainly, sir," answered the miner, with a look of curiosity at the new spokesman.

"Mark my words, Van Tine, that scoundrel will cheat the hangman after all," said the Professor.

"So I believe," was Van Tine's reply.

"Pshaw; he may not be so ill as you imagine," said the detective, coolly.

At this point in the conversation the miner came up to them, accompanied by the doctor, who proved to be an old acquaintance of Van Tine's.

"Ah, Dr. Graham, I did not expect to see you here."

"Nor did I you. What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

"We came to see your patient on particular business; is it possible for us to see him?"

"Mr. Norris is too ill to attend to business, no matter how important it may be."

"Is his condition dangerous?"

"In my opinion he has not many hours to live. I have told him so, and have sent a dispatch to his wife. I expect her here to-day. He has been a little delirious at times, and has called continually for his wife,

and a child, whom he calls 'Daisy.' He fully realizes that he cannot live; he made his will yesterday, after my arrival.'

"How long has he been ill?" asked Ernest Van Tine.

"Only two days. He told me that he rode half a dozen miles into the country last Monday in that pouring rain, and neglected to change his clothing after he returned, allowing it to dry upon him. He woke during the night feeling an oppression of the lungs, which grew worse the following day. He thought little of it, though, until yesterday, when the difficulty in breathing increased to such an extent that he sent over to Gold Hill for me. If I had been called sooner, I might have done something, but it's too late now."

"Doctor, perhaps it is the hand of Providence. If your patient recovers, he will be a subject for the hangman's skill."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the surprised physician.

"We have an order for his arrest," said the detective, producing the legal document.

"Then I suppose it will be necessary for you to see him," said Dr. Graham.

"Undoubtedly," replied Mr. Hoyt.

"Come with me, then; I will go in with you."

They followed the doctor to the log-house a few yards distant

"I shall not be sorry to see Richard Norris die a natural death. It will save a world of trouble, scandal and suffering," said Ernest Van Tine.

"So far as you and your wife are concerned that is undoubtedly so; but if ever a man deserved hanging he does. He certainly shot Ramirez through the heart, I saw him do it; and there is little doubt he procured the assassination of Ramirez's sister," replied Professor Hobart.

"All that you say is no doubt true; still, I shall not be sorry to prevent all publicity for Emma's sake," remarked Ernest Van Tine.

Dr. Graham went into the cabin for a moment, leaving them outside. In a few moments he reappeared and beckoned them from the doorway.

The three men entered the low-roofed cabin with a feeling of awe, knowing that he whom they had come to punish was virtually beyond their reach. A messenger from the higher tribunal had been there before them. The room was furnished only with the barest necessities of life, and in one corner, on an iron bedstead, lay the object of their search.

The two men who had known Norris were astonished at the change which had taken place in his appearance. He lay back there on the bed, supported by pillows, struggling for breath, with nostrils pinched and blue, the cold drops of perspiration standing already upon his forehead, and eyes that showed the

near and certain approach of death. He recognized both Van Tine and Professor Hobart, for he muttered their names in an indistinct tone.

Ernest, in spite of himself, felt sad as he looked at his old comrade's dying face, and for the moment he forgot how bitterly Richard Norris had wronged him. Ernest took the cold and lifeless hand in his and pressed it kindly. Norris looked him in the eye for a moment; and he asked in a weak tone of voice: "Ernest, can you ever forgive me?"

"I can and I do forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven in the last hour. May God in His mercy pardon you," replied Ernest, feelingly.

"Where is Emma?" moaned Norris.

"She will be here soon," answered the physician. "I have sent a wagon to the station for her."

Ernest whispered to Hoyt not to make known his errand. "Let him die in peace," he pleaded.

"As you please, sir; it is evident that he will have to answer for his crimes at another bar; at any rate, he will not live to be tried by human law."

"May God grant him the mercy that he could not have received here!" said Ernest, fervently.

"Oh, where is she? where is she?" murmured the dying man. "I cannot go until I have seen her again."

The doctor wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and gave him a teaspoonful of brandy, for he was

evidently sinking fast While they were thus occupied, the sound of the approaching wagon reached the ear of the sick man, who started up in bed eagerly at the sound, and in a moment or two, Emma and Daisy came into the cabin.

"Oh, Richard," was all that the poor woman could say, as she bent down to kiss the man who had treated her so cruelly.

"Will you forgive me, Emma?"

"Yes, dear; and God will forgive you, too."

"I don't know about that; I am sorry for all the evil that I have done, and it seems to me that if I could begin again that I would do better. But I don't know; I don't know. May I—kiss—Daisy?"

They lifted the child up to him, but she was frightened and commenced to cry. Ernest came forward and took her in his arms. Daisy recognized her father, and exclaimed, joyfully: "Oh, my own dear Papa!"

"Don't be afraid, Daisy, give him the kiss he wants, dear."

The child obeyed at once, and kissed Norris tenderly, saying:

"I'm sorry you are sick, Papa Norris."

Emma had turned when she heard Daisy's exclamation. She had noticed no one when she entered the cabin; her whole attention had been directed to the bed and its occupant. The shock of the sudden

recognition was great, and at a less critical moment might have been too much for her strength. She turned pale and staggered when she saw Ernest, and it was with great difficulty that she mastered her emotion. Norris raised himself on his elbow and motioned to Ernest to draw near to him. Giving Daisy to Professor Hobart, Ernest went and bent over his friend. Taking his hand, Norris placed it in that of the woman he had loved and wrong. He tried to speak, but the ominous rattle sounded in his throat when he attempted to give utterance to his last words; but the two whose hands he had solemnly joined understood what he would have said.

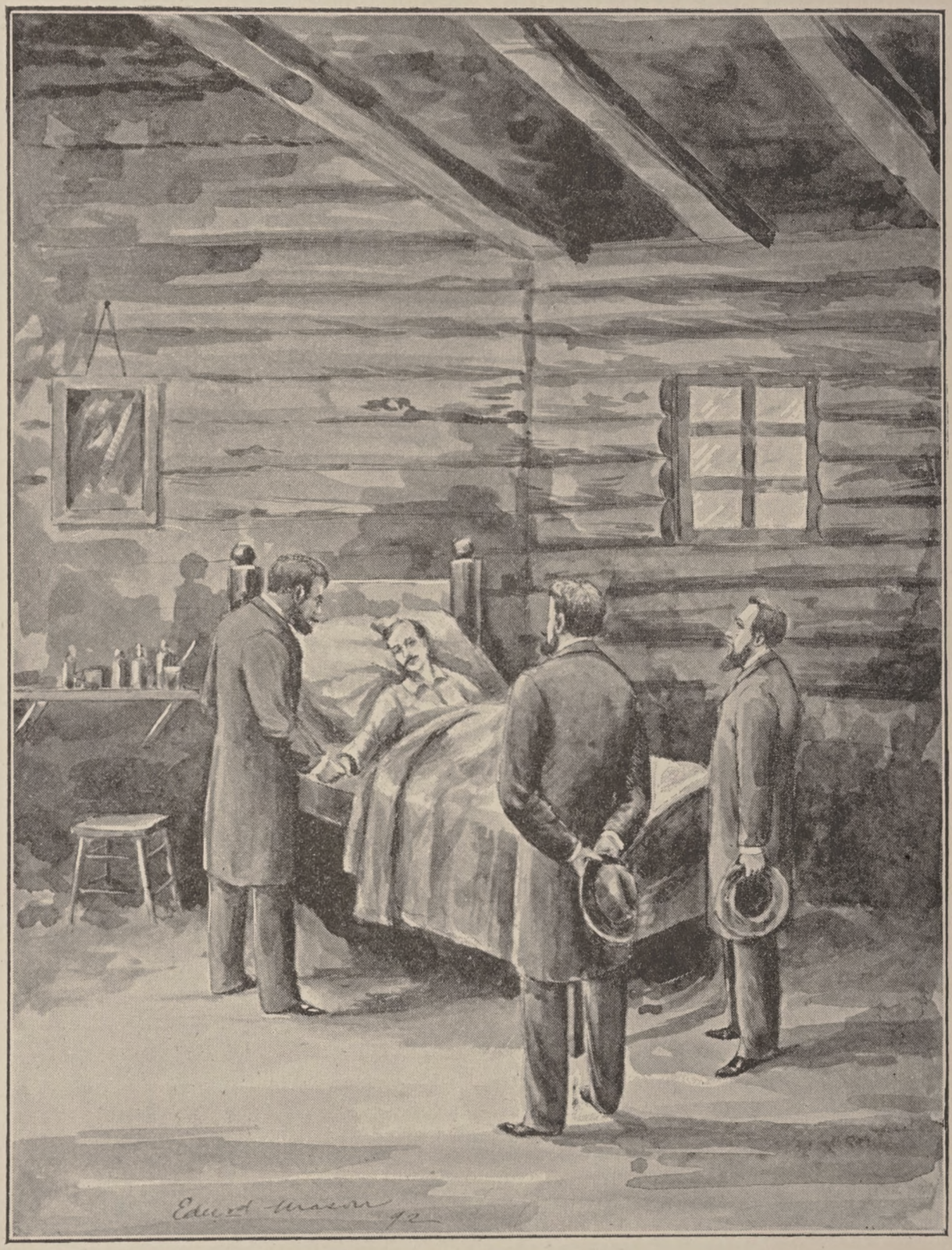
"He is dying," whispered the doctor; and Ernest, who was gazing anxiously at the face of the man who was battling with death before him, saw that he was yet conscious. He put his mouth close to the ear of the dying man and said distinctly:

"I will do as you wish; I will marry Emma when you are gone."

Norris' face lighted up; he had heard the words and knew that he had done all that there was to be done towards earthly reparation; his countenance showed the belief that he felt.

"Let us pray," said Ernest Van Tine; and they all knelt while he offered up a commendatory prayer for the departing soul.

When they arose from their knees Professor



"HE IS DYING," WHISPERED THE DOCTOR. P. 340.

Hobart took Daisy out of the room. The sight of the awful struggle that was going on before her terrified the poor little thing. A few more gasps, another struggle, and the shadow of death settled upon the face of the suffering man. He had gone to meet those whom he had sent before their time into that other world.

"He is dead," said Dr. Graham, solemnly; "may God receive his soul."

Ernest led Emma from the room, and saw her provided for in another cabin.

The next day these few people followed all that was mortal of the once dashing and unscrupulous Danite to the little cemetery at Gold Hill. On his coffin plate was engraved his real name, "Richard Melton."

This man was a strange combination of strength and weakness; of good and evil. Unfortunately, the powers of darkness seemed to control him; he was blown hither and thither, following blindly the first impulse that seized him, until he was ripe for any deed. He could accept implicitly the selfish and sensual teachings of Brigham Young; or fall readily into Matteo's lawless way of life, and murder without hesitation the woman he had loved, in order to obtain money to squander in vices of the basest sort. And yet, when he again fell in the way of the one pure love of his life, he was ready to be influenced by her truth

and purity to a great extent; and probably, had he been more fortunate in the choice of his religious faith, he might have lived an altogether different and purer life.

A day or two after the burial of Norris, Professor Hobart said to Van Tine:

"I do not think that Norris realized that we came for his arrest."

"Nor do I. He was too near to death's door to be able to comprehend your errand, although I am sure that he recognized you, for I heard him mutter your name when we entered."

"Yes, his time was too short for him to say very much. I think his love for your little daughter was genuine, however, for he he left her ten thousand dollars in his will. He made out the check in her mother's name, Dr. Graham tells me, and explained to him—in case there should be any objection made to her accepting it—that it was money he had gained honestly. The balance of his money goes to the Mormon church. He did not leave your wife anything."

"He did right. Richard knew Emma well enough to realize that she would not accept any of his estate."

* * * * * *

About six months after the death of the Danite, Ernest and Emma were married again. The wedding was a very private one; Professor Hobart being the only witness.

Emma, though loving and tender as of old, was a trifle graver in her manner, and her character was much more dignified. She had grown stronger through the purification of suffering.

She never ceased to thank Providence for delivering her from the bondage of being a Mormon wife, and restoring her Daisy to her father's arms. She had learned, through bitter experience, to prize her noble devoted husband as her greatest earthly blessing.

* * * * * *

Charles King never recovered from the shock of Kate Vaughan's suicide, though he rose rapidly in his profession. He is now known as Major King, and he is one of the most zealous officers that we have in our army.

He never married, for he could not forget the fair young English girl who loved him so devotedly. His brother officers never suspected that his life had been shadowed by the tragedy of Kate Vaughan's death, and that all his hopes of happiness had been buried in her grave on the other side of the Rocky Mountains.

THE END.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00022803207